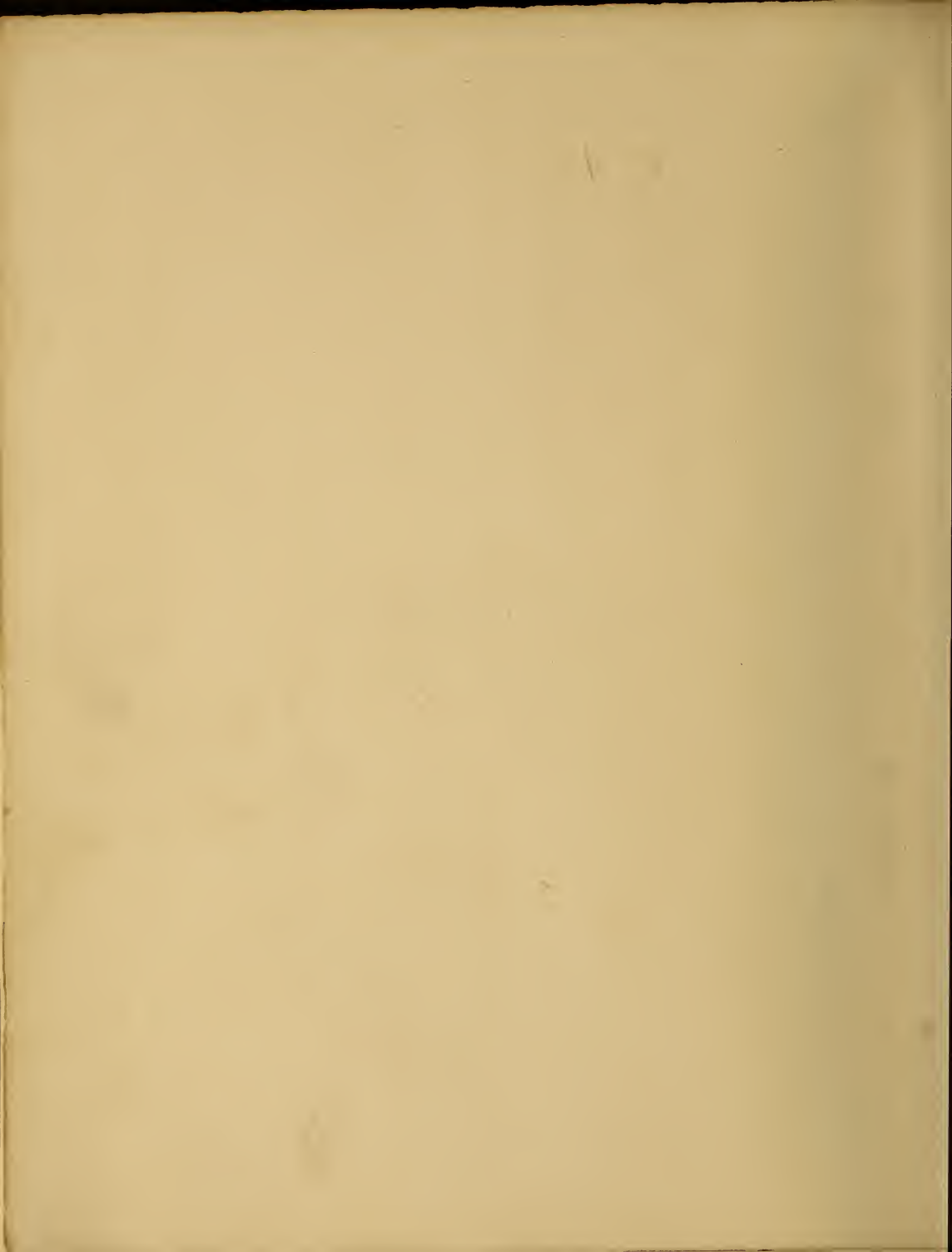
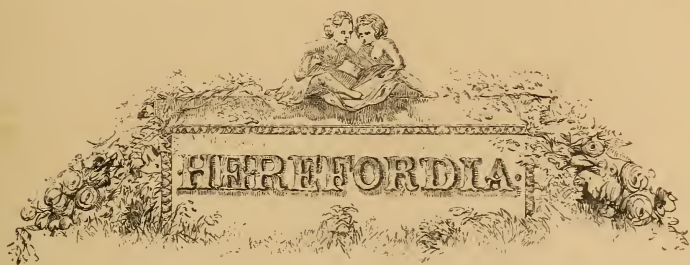


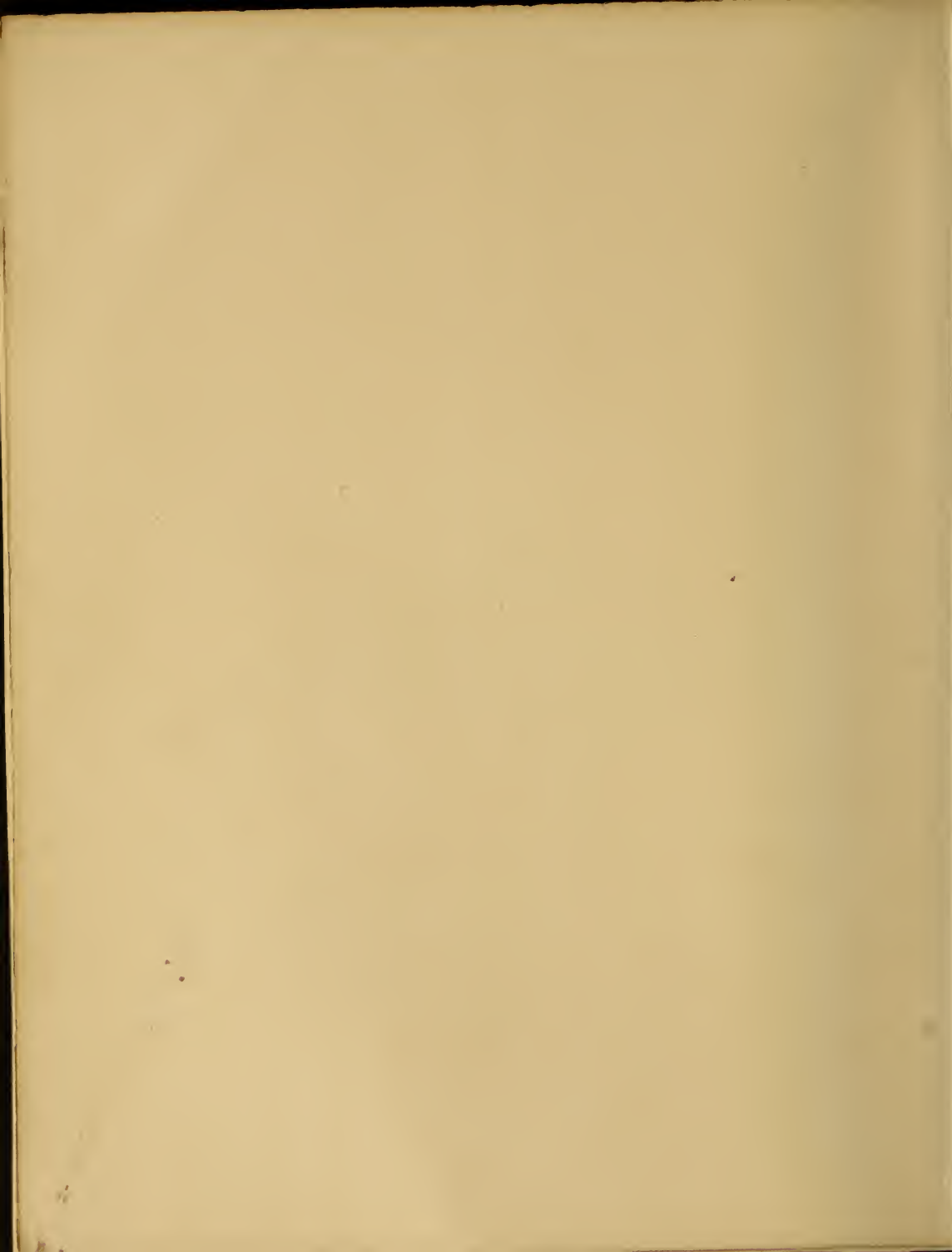




THE ACCEPTANCE,  
By Her Most Gracious Majesty,  
**QUEEN VICTORIA,**  
OF THIS VOLUME,  
ILLUSTRATING A PICTURESQUE  
**ENGLISH COUNTY,**  
IS HUMBLY SOLICITED  
By Her Majesty's Faithful Subject,  
**THE AUTHOR.**











WYE BRIDGE, HEREFORD.

"Nor distant far, the stout Old Bridge appears,  
Withstanding flood and storm three hundred years.  
Its arches, rough, yet sturdy all now seem ;  
And jealous of the piers high up the stream,  
Would to the rival fabric slily say—  
' We shall be strong, when you are in decay.'"

HEREFORDIA. — CANTO II.

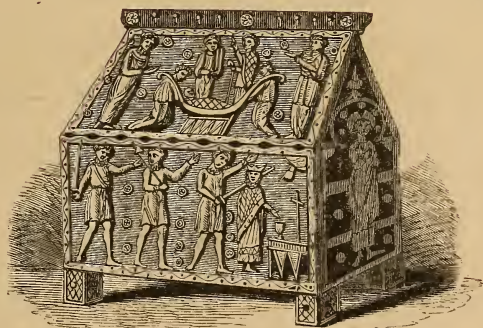
# HEREFORDIA

A Poem.

BY

JAMES HENRY JAMES,

*Middle Temple.*



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## P R E F A C E.

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HEREFORDSHIRE, by its historical associations, its beautiful scenery, so delightfully intercepted by the picturesque and winding river, the Wye, at all times claims the admiration of travellers.

The highly cultivated soil, rich with orchards, hop-yards, and cattle, adds greatly to its importance as an agricultural district. These natural advantages, united with the truly hospitable character of its inhabitants, render it a most agreeable place of sojourn to strangers, who cannot fail to be interested in rural scenery, and in the pleasant and peaceful occupation of the resident population.

Whilst the County thus enjoys an unrivalled position amongst the other districts of the ancient Siluria, and indeed amongst the most favoured parts of all England, the many eminent persons (either natives, or closely allied with it), who are and have been identified with literature, science, art, and with her ecclesiastical institutions, make it not unworthy of commemoration in a special form.

The Author has attempted this pleasing yet not easy task ; but the spirit which has prompted him will, he trusts, cause the many defects, too palpable in the working up of its varied subjects, to be considerably overlooked.

The difficulties inherent to poetic composition, when applied to objects which embrace not only scenes in Nature, but also historical facts, local allusions, names and dates, will be readily appreciated by the reader. These, it is hoped, may be taken as an apology for the apparent want of connection between, and the somewhat awkward blending of, the matters consecutively discussed in the Cantos which compose the Poem, of which the Author now ventures the publication. But he cannot do so without tendering his best acknowledgements to his valued friend, the Rev. Albert Jones, M.A., Minor Canon of the Cathedral, for his kind assistance in procuring for him several of the drawings for the Historical Illustrations, as well as the Notes relating to them.

Whilst adhering to the History of Hereford, as the leading thread of the Poem, the aim has been throughout, to render it acceptable to general as well as local readers, by the introduction of subjects associated with rural life, and also by relieving the heroic metre (in which the principal portion of the text is written), by the occasional adoption of lyrical measures.

The Author must not omit to express to Mr. Freudemacher, Artist, and Messrs. Wertheimer, Printers, his approval of the very able manner in which they have seconded his efforts in the Illustrations and Typography of the Volume, to make it not unworthy of his native county.

MIDDLE TEMPLE, *Jan. 15th*, 1861.

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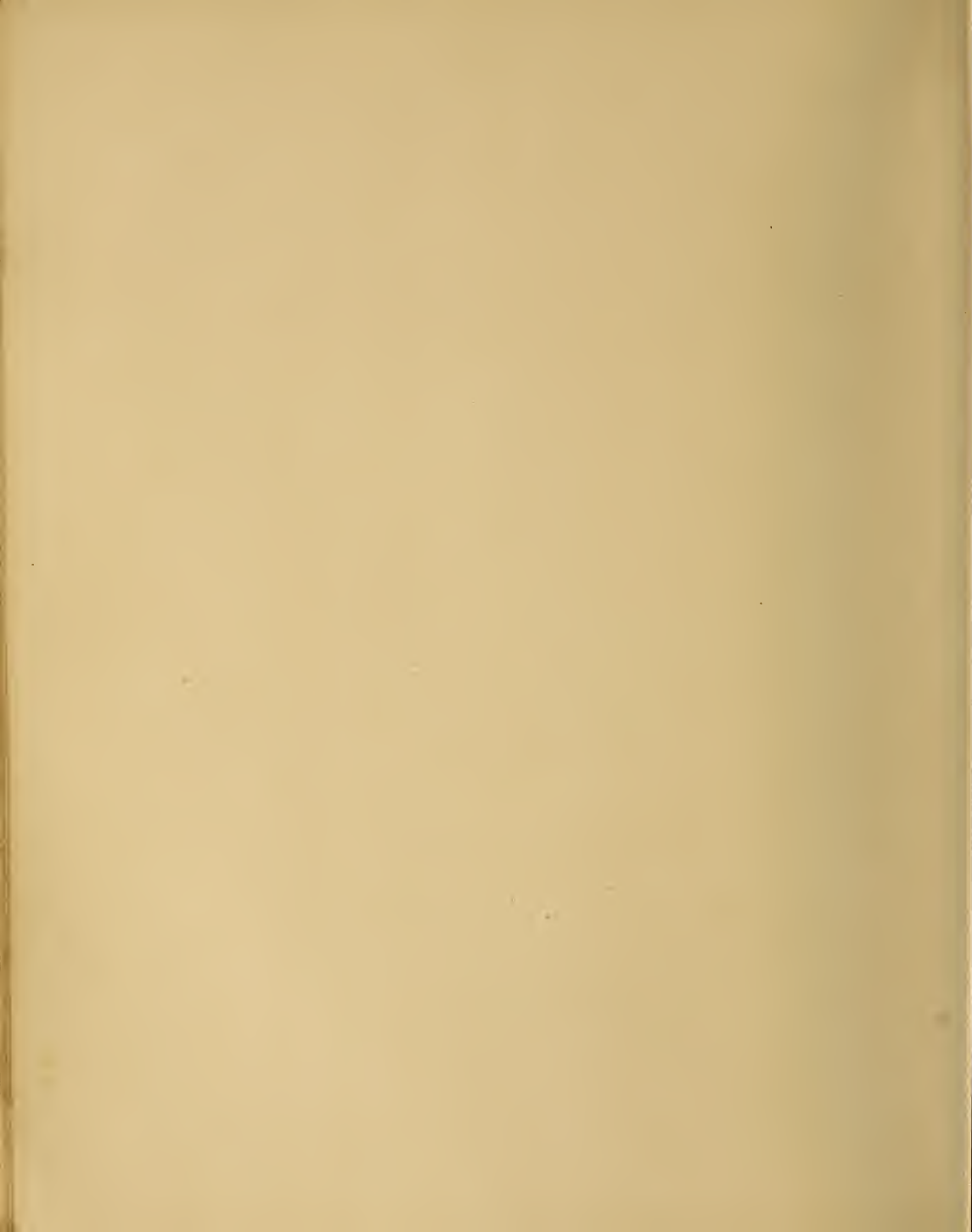
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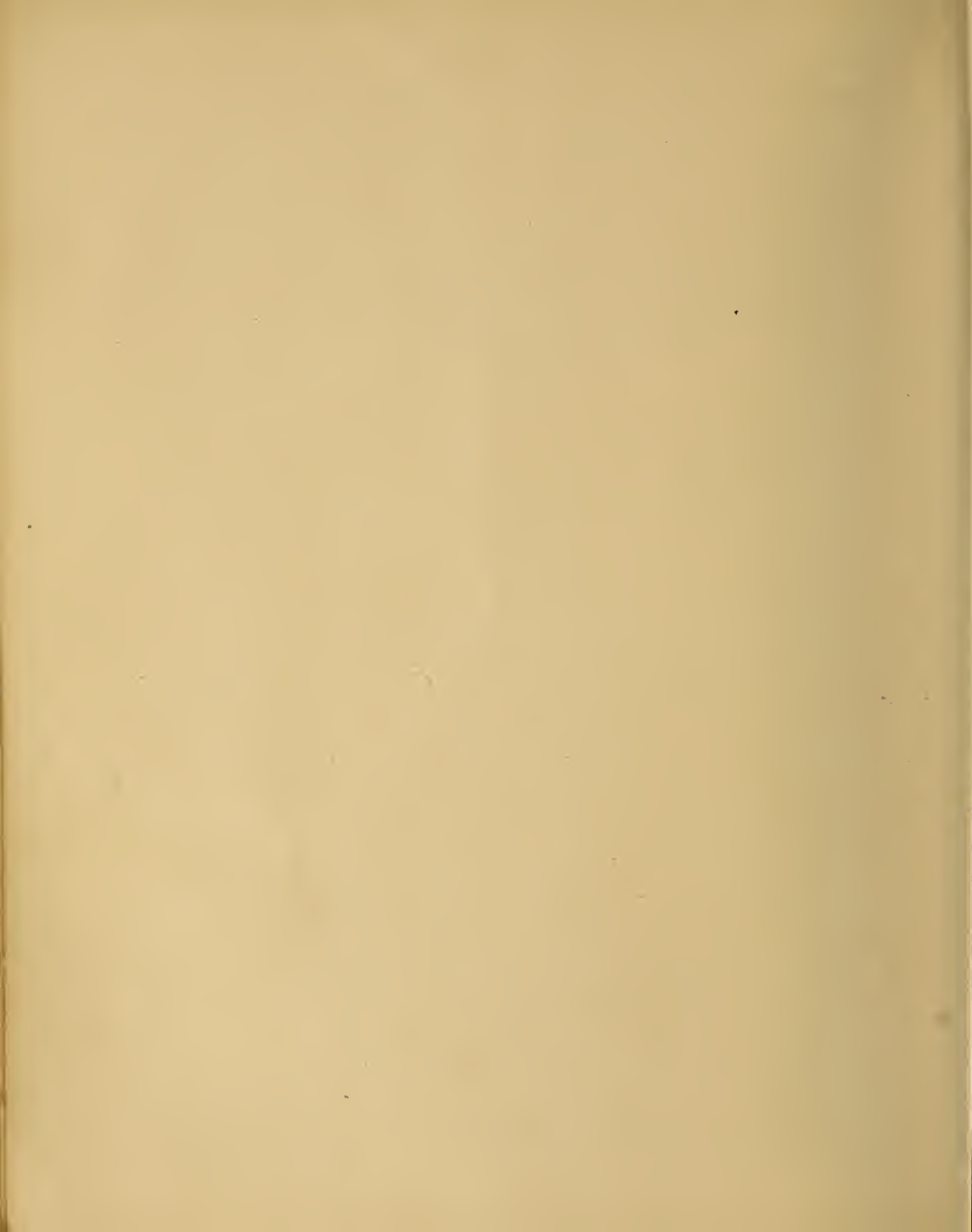
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FAMILIAR with the scenes my youth had known,  
Thou mad'st my thoughts and feelings all thine own !  
Thee, whom to know was but to see and love ;  
Thee, whom to love was but a joy to prove.  
That joy none holds, save He, who now doth bless  
His humble creature with such happiness ;  
The happiness which warms a husband's heart,  
The sympathy which prompts a parent's part :  
And next to thee and thine, my former home  
(The which to picture in this modest tome  
My pen hath tried) commands a child's sweet care,  
Leaving many a sweet remembrance there !  
*This* then accept, a token of my love,  
A poor thank-offering to the Power above.  
Who so far on our earthly pilgrimage,  
For us, hath deign'd His mercies to engage !





I.

SILURIA, our fathers' cherish'd home,  
Where fought invincible, through wounds and death,  
Britannia's hardy sons, defying Rome,  
Her galling chains, and slavery's hated breath !  
Land of the brave, where drawn from ancient sheath,  
The sword of freedom met a hostile world,  
Her bands all led Caradoc's arm beneath,  
Nor vainly strove, where'er his flag unfurl'd,  
And shedding life for life, he back th' invader hurl'd.

## II.

Herefordia, favour'd part of that blest land,  
We and our children hold through years of peace ;  
Abode of industry, where Nature's lavish hand  
Doth give to labour hundred-fold increase :  
The region, too, where now in joy and ease,  
Religion bids us use the treasures given,  
As trusts for those, whose wants we should appease,  
The poor and meek ; who oft by trouble driven,  
May lack the things of earth, but not the wealth of heaven !

## III.

Rashly, in vain, with feeble hand and lyre,  
Untuned to strains befitting such sweet theme,  
To sing thy beauties doth my muse aspire,  
A task most grateful, though it unwise seem,  
Fruitless as ends the sage's frequent dream.  
Yet as a parent eyes a much loved child,  
Hiding a fault in virtue's brighter beam,  
Thou must regard the poet's venture wild,  
Praising the thought, e'en if his work doth prove unskill'd !





### SUBJECT.

Contemplation.—Morning on the Plinlimmon Mountains.—

Source of the River Wye, its Descent to Rhayader, its Course by Penybont, Glasbury, Hay, Clifford and Whitney, into the County of Hereford.—And by way of Clifford, Hereford, Goodrich, Tintern, and Chepstow, to join the River Severn.—

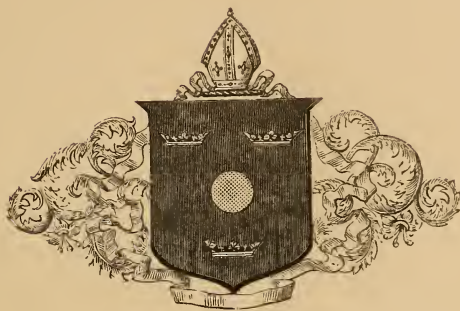
The peaceful Condition of the Country and its pleasant Villages and Churches.—Allusions to Owen Glendwr and Henry V.—

The City of Hereford, the Old Castle, and its defence against the Parliamentary Troops in the Time of Charles I.—The Castle-

Green, River, Bridge, Dinedor Hill.—A Summer Storm as seen from Dinedor.—The Mutability of Worldly Grandeur.—

Allusion to the prevailing Spirit to restore and sustain our Ancient Temples devoted to Divine Worship.—The joyous

Character of Rural Life.—The Sportsman's Song.



I.

HAIL, Herefordia ! clothed with hill and plain,  
Where grateful peace, and smiling plenty reign :—  
A paradise, where clustering orchards bloom,  
And pear and apple blush with soft perfume.  
Garden of flowers ! where hop on slender bine  
And damask rose with honeysuckle twine.  
Land of beauty ! where garner'd riches crown  
The labour of man's hand with fruit its own.

## II.

Hail, Herefordia ! Freedom's charm'd retreat,  
Where mind and mind in kind communion meet,  
All free to think and act, aloud express  
That which but makes a Briton's happiness,  
Personal independence ; this, to move  
Here none would rashly try, below, above :  
Not the least fair of England's fair domain,  
Where Ceres triumphs with her golden train !

## III.

Hail, Herefordia ! damsel coy and bright,  
With cheek of roses, eye of piercing light.  
Thee, modest, joyous, e'en the wanderer loves  
To greet in cottage, hall, or sylvan groves.  
Gen'rous of heart, sedate in form and face,  
There shine alike thy kindness and grace,  
Apt with sweet words, whose truth and eloquence  
Bespeak thy candour, purity, and sense.

## IV.

Hail, Herefordia, hail ! The welcome warm  
Thou bid'st thy children, and the matchless charm,  
Which Nature to thy landscape doth impart,  
Delight the eye, felicitate the heart.  
The aids thou giv'st to impotence and age,  
The charities thy liberal hand engage,  
Mark the best feelings of humanity,  
The founts of holy love that never die.

## V.

Lo ! Morning dawns ; bright o'er the arc are traced  
Faint streaks of crimson from the opening East.  
Then, hie Thee, rambler, where, all robed in snow,  
Plinlimmon's rugged heights resplendent glow ;  
There, view for once, athwart the mountain plain,  
The rising sun illumine the pathless main,  
Piercing with glittering beams the cold grey sky,  
Ere first his face doth greet thy straining eye.  
Chill'd though thy blood be in its purple vein,  
Perception touch, but slow, the sentient brain,

Sublime and fair shall grow the wondrous scene,  
Warm wax thy heart, pleased be thy smiling mien.  
As Night retires before the God of Day,  
The waning mist assumes its upward way,  
The light, on Morning's spangled front unfurl'd,  
Gives life and language to the waking world :  
The tongues, all mute through Darkness' dreary hour,  
Now celebrate Jehovah's love and power !

## VI.

In deep defile, beneath the granite cone,  
Where sits the eagle in its eyry throne,  
There may you trace a small yet limpid spring,  
By pebbles chafed, o'er pebbles murmuring ;  
The fount whence Vaga, like a serpent's trail,  
Draws her quiet course through Siluria's Vale :  
A brooklet, here, its shallow bed descends ;  
A river, there, with broader current bends.  
Here shelving rocks, with lichens overgrown,  
Form shady haunts where salmon sport alone ;  
There, sloping margins, warm'd by sunny beam,  
Entice the trout to gambol in the stream.

## VII.

Threading their stony way, all rough and steep,  
The widening streams in ample volume sweep,  
And thundering down the rugged precipice,  
Where caldron-like the seething eddies hiss,  
The currents mingle in the plain below,  
Beneath the bridge at Rhayader now flow.  
Then passing close by Penybont and Builth,  
Through scenes of rustic toil and buoyant health ;  
Skimming the fertile vale of Glasbury,  
The river glides Hay-Church, and Castle nigh,  
Touching the fruitful soil of Hereford,  
Where Whitney-meadows stretch their velvet sward.

## VIII.

Silent, and clear, fair Vaga flows along  
Through groves enliven'd by the skylark's song ;  
In frequent groups, kine fill the open glade,  
Sipping the liquid glass in cooling shade.  
Here fleecy flocks, like stars in th' azure sky,  
The meadows stud, delightful to the eye,

Where tiny daisies rear their crownlets sweet,  
So tempting e'er to children's rambling feet !

## IX.

Through shocks of ages past, of war and storm,  
Unchanged and fresh, yet smiles loved Nature's form  
The hill, the dale, the boundless sea and sky,  
The rivulet and rock, still catch the eye.  
Nor should we feel the wasting hand of Time,  
Did not pale Ruin, in her face sublime,  
The once staunch oak, the tower, and fane assail,  
Leaving but crumbling stones to tell the tale,  
How work of human skill must share the doom,  
Which yields its maker to the lowly tomb.  
So droops De Clifford's strong-hold bleak and bare,  
(The childhood's home of Rosamond the Fair.)  
With Goodrich walls, old Chepstow's frowning keep,  
And Tintern's shrine ; 'neath which, in noiseless sweep,  
See, Vaga hastes to kiss Sabrina's wave,  
Fringing with flowers the bank her waters lave.



## X.

All fickle as the wind, that turns aside  
At morn, at night, at noon, and evening tide,  
Are human thoughts. So, e'en the weaker part,  
Which holds the female's soft, and loving heart,  
In waywardness and change doth come behind  
The rougher sex, the master of mankind,—  
Who e'er would woman's gentler mind control  
With bonds, which bears not his maturer soul.  
Now cold and sullen, hot and jealous, he  
Doth exercise relentless tyranny :—  
Yet, doubly cruel still, is womankind,  
Who, in a sister's ways doth error find,  
(Denying sympathy for faults her own).  
If accident doth make the lost one known.  
So Rosa fell, and paid the penalty  
Devised by Ellen's cruel jealousy ;  
Yet who but mourns the hapless maiden's fate,  
Who doth not loathe her rival's murderous hate ?

## XI.

Peace triumphs here, where War once had its sway,  
Briton and Saxon mix'd in bloody fray :  
Corn-fields and Gardens rich with apple-bloom,  
And Hop-yards redolent with soft perfume,  
And smiling Hamlets with their copse-wood hide,  
The Village Church, its land-mark, and its pride :—  
The Sacred Court, where praise, and prayer, and love,  
On Sabbath-morn, address the Power above ;  
The Font which seals the younglings of Christ's flock,  
Our Saviour, King, our Hope's ne'er-failing rock ;  
The Altar-stone where kindred hearts agree  
To bear Life's toils, share its felicity ;  
Our latest couch beneath the verdant sod,  
Till call'd to taste the Paradise of God !

## XII.

The restless spirits, once all fire and life,  
Are dead and cold, have ceased their angry strife.  
The princely Glendwr sleeps at Monnington,  
In humble grave, the river's bank upon ;



CASTLE-GREEN AND CATHEDRAL.

"To trace the growth of yon stupendous pile,  
Its massive tower and well proportion'd aisle,  
A thousand years ere Queen Victoria's reign  
The Muse recalls."

HEREFORDIA. — CANTO II.



Henry of Agincourt is gone to earth,  
Yet Monmouth stands, which gave the hero birth.  
Old Hereford, fair city of the Wye,  
Famed for its cyder and its loyalty,  
Still holds her place amid the pleasant scene,  
Where groves and varied landscapes intervene.  
Reft is her castle, all her ramparts lost,  
Which bade defiance to the Scottish host.  
Preferring bloodshed, in Charles Stuart's cause,  
Brave Scudamore upheld the crown and laws,  
So, earn'd he then a victor's wreath and fame,  
Link'd ever with the City's spotless name.  
The fortress gone, yet on its former site  
The Green remains, to all affords delight ;  
Its slopes, its trees, its beauty ever fill  
(With river, bridge, and Dinedor's wood-clad hill),  
The gazer's eye with pleasure seldom known,  
Save, Art and Nature make the work their own !

## XIII.

Now looking down from Dinedor's camp and hill,  
Where late, the view was all serene and still,

Dun clouds appear upon the changing sky,  
Surcharged with Jove's august artillery.  
Hot grows the air, a tremor strikes the earth,  
The darkness looms, such at volcano's birth  
Appals the mind, ere pent-up fires escape,  
And make the mountain-cone with fissures gape.  
Now loud, and louder, distant thunders speak,  
From murky clouds the rain-drops melting break ;  
Then flash on flash, and peal on peal succeed,  
Sweeping th' horizon's line with giant-speed.  
See, here and there, the forkèd lightning flies,  
Through the blue vault, the rolling bolt replies,  
Now lost and hid, each tower, each spire, recedes,  
And, shorn with wind, trees quake like trembling reeds.  
Reckless and quick, as spoil'd and wayward child,  
The tempest triumphs in its fury wild,  
Till the broad sun, all conquering, full and bright,  
Regilds both field and stream with living light.

## XIV.

All worldly grandeur, wealth, and pomp, and power,  
Are creatures of a day, a fleeting hour.

That which belongs to finity and time,  
Tainted by death, decay, perchance by crime,  
Soon fades, and, wanting reproducing force,  
Declines through Nature's perishable course !  
That which endures through immortality,  
Must breathe of love, a holy sympathy,  
Preserving all from sin's impending fate,  
Leading to life, in life's most perfect state !  
So, pious hands from time to time restore  
The sacred temples built in days of yore ;  
The tapering spire, the huge expanded dome,  
Where duty bids us seek our heavenly home.  
Old and young, rich and poor, with pressing feet,  
His grace to share, in God's high presence meet ;  
As wave on wave, along the river flows,  
Each race of worshippers but comes and goes ;  
Now clear, now dim, then lost to human eye,  
Swept in the ocean of eternity !

## XV.

A country-life is stirring, free, and gay,  
Unlike the townsman toiling, day to day.

None need be sad, if they but love the field,  
A sportsman's life doth recreation yield.  
Enjoyment, there, will Melancholy cure,  
The best of pill to keep the doctor poor ;  
Save now and then, a crack, a fall, or sprain,  
Will cost some cash, and not a little pain !  
To learn to tumble is no sad mischance,  
It mars the risk, and doth the fun enhance,  
And he whose foot in stirrup oft doth get,  
Ne'er fears a broken bone, a somerset !

## I.

Hurrah ! Hurrah ! The thrilling horn  
Doth wake the portals of the morn,  
And drives dull sleep away.  
See ! see ! once more, the golden sun  
To streak the east hath just begun,  
And hails the coming day.



2.

“Up and astir!” the sportsman cries,  
 And quick the downy couch he flies,—  
     To take th’ exciting field.  
 Both horse and hound are on the move,  
 Whilst Reynard lurks in yonder grove,  
     By tangled brake conceal’d.

3.

Hark! hark! Again, at headlong pace,  
 The sky doth echo back the chase,  
     Each footstep, shout, and breath!  
 O’er hedge and ditch, at dawn of day,  
 See, gallant Reynard leads the way,  
     Heedless of all, save death.

4.

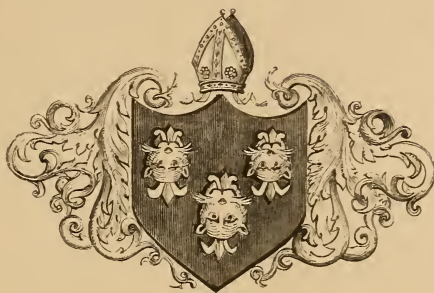
Hurrah! hurrah! With clattering heels,  
 And heavy tramp, the landscape reels,  
     As ’twere a whirlwind’s birth!  
 To die this morn he hath no mind  
 So Reynard leaves his foes behind,  
     And safely runs to earth!





### SUBJECT.

A Retrospect.—The Introduction of Christianity into England.—Reflections upon that Dispensation.—Sketch of the History of the Cathedral Church of Hereford.—From the time of the Heptarchy (including the Murder of King Ethelbert), to the end of the Eighteenth Century.—Fabric raised by Wilfred and Athelstane.—And Additions by Bishops Lozing and Raynelm.—Its Restoration under Deans Merewether and Dawes.—Story of Ethelbert and Elfrida.—St. Cantilupe's Shrine, and Works of Bishops Audley, Booth, and Stanbury.—The New Altar Screen.—Allusion to the late Dean Merewether, and the late Mr. Joseph Bailey.—The Cathedral and its central position amongst the Parochial Churches of the City.—The Ancient Monastery and Hospitals.—The Attractions afforded by the Fields surrounding the City.—The Child's Song.



I.

How oft, and pensively, in life's young day,  
When summer sparkled in its silvery way,  
Fair Nature wooed me, with her flowery sheen,  
To rove o'er fields and thread the sylvan scene,  
The mind thrown backward for a thousand years,  
(Long interval of changes, joys, and tears) ;  
When with infant step, half averted smile,  
Civilisation scarce had touch'd this isle ;  
Fearful to stay, till from the brighter east,  
Religion first her starry mission traced.  
Dark was the land, and drear old England's shore,  
When Saint Augustine and his compeers bore

The Cross of Christ, and His enlightening Word,  
(By Saxons, simple-minded people heard) ;  
The ray of hope, the pledge of heavenly love,  
Which made man heir of endless bliss above !

## II.

Love e'er be with thee, sainted Virgin mild,  
Grace be with thee, mother of Holy Child ;  
Honour and praise to Jesus, God's own Son,  
Our Saviour, King, and Lord, most Mighty One.  
Glory to Jehovah, the Great, All-wise,  
Maker of heaven, and earth, and sea, and skies.  
Father of all, Giver of life and light,  
Ruler Supreme, All-powerful, Infinite ;  
God of the Universe, Whose mercy hath  
Saved us from death, eternal woe and wrath,  
By one complete and lamb-like sacrifice,  
Ransom, His goodness could alone devise !  
What marvel then that o'er the landscape rise,  
The stately piles whose summits climb the skies :  
Altars for praise and prayer, temples of love,  
Where man (his soul and mind withdrawn above),

To God e'er present on His kingly throne,  
His wants, his cares, his inmost thoughts, makes known.  
Oh praise ! Oh prayer ! rare privileges given,  
That not a sigh escapes His ear in heaven !  
Based on a Rock, Messiah's church withstands  
The wreck of age, and Satan's fiendish hands ;  
Nor guile nor tumult can His truth efface,  
Nor infidelity His star displace.  
He hath declared, and who can dare gainsay,  
"That His dread word shall never pass away !"  
Jesus, the once-rejected Corner-stone,  
With hope, and joy, His saints will ever crown ;  
To those who seek will point the ready way  
That leads to life and never-ending day.  
There, faith engrafted on the Holy Three,  
Assures the yearning soul's felicity !

## III.

To trace the growth of yon stupendous pile,  
Its massive tower and well proportioned aisle,  
A thousand years ere Queen Victoria's reign,  
The Muse recalls, when, high o'er South-Town's plain,

Stern Offa's palace reared its stately head,  
A scene of treason base,—a tragic deed !  
Swept are its walls, its ancient gate, and fane,  
Yet lurks there still foul murder's loathsome stain ;  
For history tells how Mercia's monarch took  
Counsel with Quendreda, and vilely broke  
Hospitality's ties. He, by her, led,  
The blood of Royal Ethelbert then shed,  
Who thither lured, claim'd for his queenly bride,  
Their child Elfrida ; but so brideless died,  
Leaving the hapless maiden sad, forlorn,  
In Croyland's shade the Anglian Prince to mourn !  
But crime like this could ne'er unpunish'd be ;  
His harrow'd soul, bent down with misery,  
From Marden Church the slaughter'd king he brought,  
And 'neath a tomb magnificently wrought,  
Enshrined his bones within Saint Mary's aisle ;  
With divers lands endow'd the sacred pile,  
Gave to the church the sainted sovereign's name,  
Wherein to worship pious pilgrims came.  
The gifts, so made, the old Cathedral shares,  
Erected now, some full eight hundred years.



## IV.

Within that space, lo ! Time hath done its worst,  
Devouring fire, rapine, and war accurst ;  
Wilfred's work, that by Athelstane begun,  
By Griffith, Prince of Wales, were soon undone,  
Till Lozing, and Raynelm, with master-hand,  
The fabric in its present outline plann'd ;  
Save, that about a century ago,  
The Western Tower was suddenly laid low.  
The modern front by Wyatt then replaced,  
Exhibits little skill, and doubtful taste,  
Assorting badly with the first design,  
Noble, elegant, of dimensions fine !

## V.

So long as stands about thy sacred walls  
A stone on stone, the busy mind recalls,  
With thoughts still sad, the Saxon monarch's fate,  
Seeking within thy courts now consecrate,  
The crumbling effigy defaced and worn,  
O'er which his Anglian lieges loved to mourn ;  
The relic fails, yet in the poet's verse  
His blood-stain'd death impressive words rehearse.

## 1.

"Night wanes apace, the crowd are gone,  
The lamps have ceased to glow ;  
And Cynthia's beams reflect upon  
The placid lake below.

## 2.

"The song of mirth is heard no more,  
No guests the goblet fill ;  
The banquet's revelry is o'er,  
All, all is hush'd and still !

## 3.

"No more amid the stately pile,  
The dance affords delight ;  
Nor tale, nor jocund sports beguile  
The silent hours of night.

## 4.

"All seek the downy couch of sleep,  
The host and worthy guest ;  
The drowsy guard on duty keep,  
And envy them their rest !

5.

“No minstrels strike th’ enlivening string,  
     None sound the thrilling horn !  
 The nightingale hath ceased to sing,  
     And slowly breaks the morn.

6.

“The portals of the dappled east  
     Assume their bright array ;  
 The sun, in new-born splendour drest,  
     Drives lowering clouds away.

7.

“Thick vapours from the earth arise,  
     And pass away unseen,  
 Till night again shall veil the skies,  
     Now lucid and serene.

8.

“Above proud Offa’s gate the gold-  
     Embroider’d banners hung,  
 And ’scutcheon’d shields emblazon’d told,  
     From whence his race had sprung.

## 9.

“The glittering lance and crested plume  
Adorn the sculptured wall,  
And deepening shadows cast a gloom  
Around his spacious hall.

## 10.

“On South-Town’s ‘heaven-directed’ fane,  
Sol sheds his glaring ray ;  
And peace and joy through Mercia’s plain,  
Their gladsome sceptre sway.

## 11.

“How different far the scene will be  
When night appears again,—  
O’er all now reigns festivity,  
But lamentation then !

## 12.

“A richly silver-braided vest  
The virgin train prepare ;  
A scarf to wrap the snow-white breast,  
And gems to deck the hair.

13.

“Elfrida, at her lattice high,  
Sits with the bridal throng,  
She looks and looks, then heaves a sigh ;  
‘Why tarries he so long?’

14.

“He comes, ’tis he ; and by his side,  
Attends a noble band ;  
He comes to claim his royal bride,  
His loved Elfrida’s hand.

15.

“The wish’d for hour is gone and past,  
Slow chimes the marriage bell ;  
May heaven forbid it prove his last,  
The bridegroom’s funeral knell.

16.

“The priest before the altar stands,  
The maid bends on her knee,  
And lifts to God her heart and hand,  
In pious fervency.

17.

“ But where is he who should have knelt,  
Before his Maker low ;  
And where are they, who might have felt,  
What none but parents know ?

18.

“ In vain she waits and looks around,  
Still vainer are her cries,  
With shrieks the sacred aisles resound :  
Save echo,—nought replies.

19.

“ Full grief her throbbing heart enthrals,  
Her lips grow ghastly pale ;  
She weeps, she faints, and senseless falls,  
Before the altar rail.

20.

“ But where is he by whom the vows  
Of love were pledged so late ?  
Demand of Offa's artful spouse,  
Whose fiat seal'd his fate.

21.

“The blush of guilt, upon her cheek,  
Sends forth its purple hues ;  
And agitation seems to speak,  
What conscience dares refuse.

22.

“Quendreda, mother, queen, and wife,  
In heart a loathsome thing,  
With subtlety assail’d the life  
Of Anglia’s youthful king :—

23.

“Ethelbert, suitor for her child,  
(Fond hope of Mercia’s lord !)  
To whom, in accents sweet and mild,  
She gave her plighted word.

24.

“To Him, who gives life’s fleeting breath,  
His soul hath ta’en his flight ;  
He sleeps the last long sleep of death,  
Upon his bridal night.

25.

“His guards were gone, no friends were near  
To bless him ere he died ;  
None, none to dry the falling tear,  
Or bid his pains subside.

26.

“Oh ! where is she whom fate hath made,  
Dejected and forlorn ?  
She goes to Croyland’s hallow’d shade,  
To live, alas ! to mourn !

27.

“Weep Anglia, weep, thy monarch’s dead ;  
To heaven his spirit’s flown ;  
And he, whose hands his blood have shed,  
Will mount thy vacant throne.

28.

“He reigns ; but, mark, how self-reproach  
Pervades his inmost breast ;  
And pangs of sad remorse encroach  
Upon his fever’d rest ?



29.

“He lives, but life hath little left,  
Of aught his love to claim ;—  
Of all but grief 'tis now bereft ;  
To him, 'tis but a name !”

VI.

While aught is left of Cantilupe's fair shrine,  
(The Bohuns in their altar-tomb recline),  
Of Audley, Booth, and Stanbury, who wore  
The mitred cap—in the cathedral bore  
Their share of decoration ; so, thy name,  
Dean Merewether, shall survive to fame,  
Whose knowledge, taste, munificence display'd,  
Restored the Lady Chapel, and here made  
The Lantern Tower the glory of the scene ;  
Where stands, too, Bailey's richly sculptured screen.  
But both, alas ! removed, are dead and gone,  
Ere they the finish'd work had look'd upon ;  
Not ta'en too soon to suit th' eternal mind,  
Too early lost to those they left behind.

## VII.

Nor wanting there be other sights around,  
Fresh charms imparting to the sacred ground ;  
The ancient College with its spacious square,  
The Bishop's Cloister and the palace near ;  
Nor distant far, the stout old bridge appears,  
Withstanding flood and storm three hundred years.  
Its arches, rough, yet sturdy all now seem ;  
And jealous of the piers, high up the stream,  
Would to the rival fabric slily say,  
“ We will be strong, when you are in decay.”

## VIII.

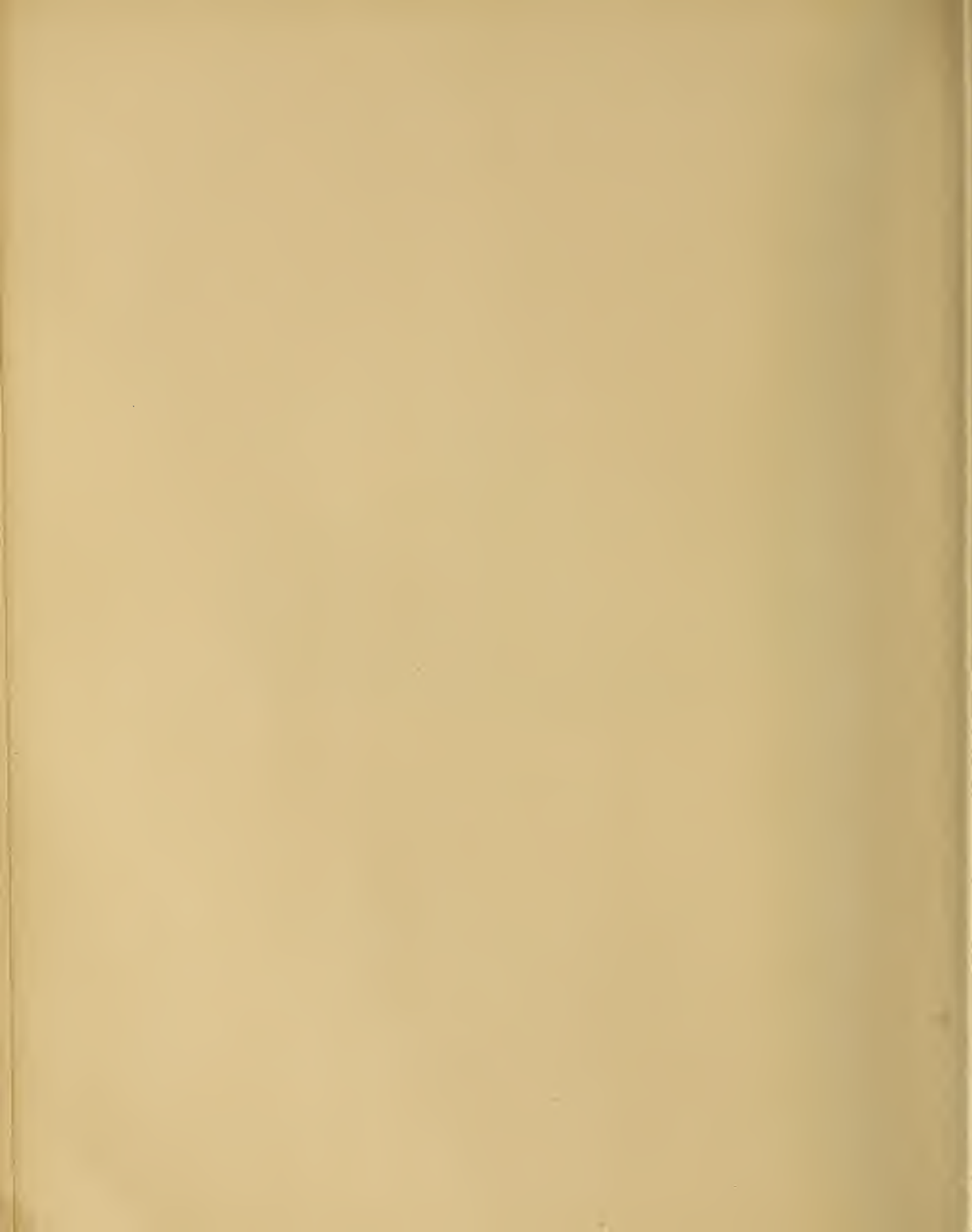
Like aged parent, with his children nigh, .  
The Minster keeps its place revered and high ;  
The neighbouring fanes surround it close at hand,  
All-Saints', Saint Peter's, with Saint Martin's stand  
With spires uplifted, proudly looking o'er  
Saint Nicholas' Church, and its low stunted tower.  
On site remoter, raised in days bygone,  
Where creeping ivy hides the soften'd stone,



HEREFORD CATHEDRAL AND LADY CHAPEL.

"Like aged parent, with his children nigh,  
 The Minster keeps its place revered and high;  
 The neighbouring fanes surround it close at hand.  
 All Saints', Saint Peter's, with Saint Martin's stand,  
 With spires uplifted, proudly looking o'er  
 Saint Nicholas' church, and its low stunted tower."

CANTO II.



The graceful Monastery of Old Blackfriars,  
With preaching-cross, though modestly aspires ;  
And next to these, once courts of praise and prayer,  
Their kindred piles, the Hospitals appear,  
Making the city rich in Halls that feed,  
And shelter give to those who are in need :  
Thus Nature, Art, Benevolence, here, move  
In land of Beauty, Peace, and Christian love.

## IX.

In pleasant meads that skirt the city round,  
Diversified with vale and rising ground,  
Induced by sport and June's delightful air,  
Gay troops of children meet and frolic there !  
And in their fêtes all happily engage  
Their loved companions of a riper age,  
Who now review with sense of joy and pain,  
The days they did athwart the hill and plain  
With agile limbs th' exciting chase pursue,  
With faultless aim the ponderous missile throw.  
Joyous, their name and race should thus survive,  
And sad, themselves but moments few can live.

## 1.

Like rose-bud burst in April-shower,  
Anxious to taste the vernal morn,  
The gentle Alice, Nature's flower,  
A spring-plant fresh was latest born !

## 2.

Fragile and prattling, blithe and fair,  
She 'll dance and sing the long day through ;  
When evening comes, her eyes prepare  
With ceaseless fire to shine anew.

## 3.

Sweet is the breath of childhood's rest,  
Brings damask hue to thy soft cheek ;  
Then sleep, that with the greater zest,  
Thou may'st thy life's enjoyment seek.

## 4.

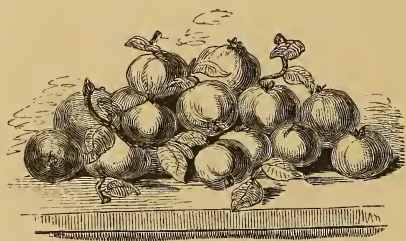
Young flowers soon fade, though now they 're bright,  
And oft they lie all blench'd and low !  
The nipping frost and shade of night  
Do sap their strength, and spoil their glow !

5.

But to enjoy, is to be good ;

True pleasures flow where virtues thrive,  
So take in youth and age the food,  
Whereon thou may'st hereafter live.









### SUBJECT.

Spring.—Opening of Vegetation and Active Life.—The Hop-yards and Orchards.—The Natural Scenery of the County.—The Golden Valley:—Dore Abbey, Moccas, Garnons, Holm Lacy.—Goodrich and Ross.—Malvern Hills.—Wilton Bridge and Castle.—Goodrich Court, and Goodrich Castle.—Penyard Wood, and Walford.—Song to the Ivy Green.—Address to Tintern.—Comparison between Richmond Hill and Wyndcliff.—Allusion to Piercefield and Chepstow Castle.—The Beauty of Evening.—Song of the Night.—Possibility of War.—The Volunteer Movement.—Song of the Oak Tree.



I.

HAIL, Herefordia ! region bright and gay,  
Where, crown'd with blossoms, smiles the Queen of May ;  
Doffing the garb of Winter, stern and cold,  
Her cheerful reign doth Spring prepare to hold.  
Bursting her bonds, and roused from icy death,  
Nature awakes, and with her genial breath  
Strews warmth and verdure, where the howling blast  
Late made the country round a desert waste.

II.

Up and astir ; with varied objects rife,  
Man hastes again to labour and to life ;

With the yoked team upturns the mellow land,  
Here scatters seed with firm and generous hand,  
There leads the flock to pastures green and sweet,  
Where sunlit slopes the sportive lambkins greet ;  
Nor deaf to duty and the calls of health,  
Raising by industry the rustic wealth,  
The village matron and her youthful train,  
Now swell the busy troop o'er hill and plain.  
Though bonny France with sunny landscape shines,  
All redolent with smiles and blushing vines,  
She cannot boast a more enchanting sight  
Than Herefordia, when the Hop-yards bright  
With festoon'd vistas meet the raptured eye,  
And orchards rich in blossom'd drapery,  
Shed perfumes which Pomona only showers,  
Eden of perfect beauty, fruit, and flowers !

## III.

Come charming Summer, time of joy and love  
To all creation, here, below, above ;  
Birds, fishes, insects, beasts, and e'en mankind,  
All seek thy face, and atmosphere refined.

See, morning breaks ! and o'er the dewy earth,  
Light, borne on fragrant wings, hath early birth.  
From branch to branch the tiny bee doth stray,  
Gathering her honied store from day to day.  
On velvet lawn the fleecy flocks recline,  
And 'mid the stream collect the lowing kine,  
Tempted by shade and pasture rich and deep  
To climb the river's side, bush-grown and steep,  
Ne'er heeding happy youths in fields hard by,  
Who dance o'er new mown-grass so merrily !  
Then welcome jocund Autumn crown'd with corn,  
With gushing grapes and over-flowing horn,  
When sumptuous fare, the tankard's ruby foam,  
Make glad the rustic heart at harvest home ;  
Then plenty cheers the lord of wealth and soil,  
The humble cottar, child of want and toil,  
All bless'd by fruits of Providence and Heaven,  
With lavish hand to peer and peasant given.

## IV.

Reader, if lust of wealth attract thy heart,  
Go, thread the maze of Mammon's crowded mart :

If fashion lure thee to her glittering way,  
Go seek her courts, where clothed in soft array,  
And smiling mien, her votaries take delight,  
Wasting their strength in one continued night,  
Nor finding rest till garish eye of day  
On sallow cheeks shall stamp a feverish ray.  
If Nature lead thy more sagacious mind,  
Go, trace her haunts, where health and peace combined  
Induce wise thoughts, true hours of happiness,  
And ripe old age which Heaven doth deign to bless.

## V.

Who saunters then the fine old county through,  
Can coldly pass the scenes which catch his view ?  
The wooded height, the grassy dell and mead,  
Where burly oaks their shady branches spread ;  
The sloping orchards where Pomona yields  
Sweet pear and apple ; the gold-colour'd fields,  
Where waving corn in rich profusion shines,  
The well-train'd hop-yard with its tender vines,  
Resounding with the gleaner's joyful song,  
The merry dance of labourers, old and young ?



PREACHING CROSS. MONASTERY BLACKFRIARS.

“ On site remoter, raised in days bygone,  
Where creeping ivy hides the soften'd stone,  
The graceful Monastery of Old Blackfriars,  
With Preaching Cross, though modestly, aspires.”

HEREFORDIA. — CANTO II.





## VI.

When summer-months with balmy zephyrs vie,  
The rod and line the thoughtful anglers ply,  
The Golden Valley anxiously explore,  
Where sport invites them to the sparkling Dore.  
There may the student sweet retirement taste ;  
The bard in reverie luxurious waste,  
Beneath the Abbey walls, the livelong day,  
And wake soft echoes by his tuneful lay.  
Nor needs the painter for his pleasing art,  
Whilst Vaga's shores such fairy nooks impart,  
Task grateful ! From the spot wherein she leaves  
Fair Brecknock's hills, whence Monmouth's vale receives  
Her stream, Nature, with ever-changing hue,  
Enchants their ready pen and pencil too.

## VII.

Moccas embosom'd in her sylvan glade,  
Fair gardens on its terraced slope display'd,  
And Belmont peeping from its close retreat,  
Th' enraptured voyager's attention meet.  
Sweet Rotherwas, secluded snug and warm,  
'Neath Dinedor's sheltering hills, ne'er feels alarm.

Holm Lacy stately with her park and deer,  
And Fownhope woods romantic all appear.  
The scene extends, till Ross and Goodrich nigh  
On either bank their crowning charms supply.  
The Prospect boasts, beside its sacred head,  
The path which Kyrle delighted once to tread,  
With narrow purse, yet soul enlarged he bore  
Himself the friend of all the neighbouring poor.  
By precept urged them, by example led,  
To win their heavenly and their daily bread ;  
His fame and virtue through the country ran,  
The modest teacher and the Christian man.  
And Pope, great judge of inmost thoughts and ways,  
On the philanthropist bestowed his praise,  
Praise woven with the poet's deathless song,  
Deserved and just, harmonious on the tongue.

## VIII.

Whoe'er hath gazed from Ross' high Prospect down,  
Whose pretty church surmounts the antique town,  
There traced the river through its winding way,  
Reflecting golden tints on summer day,

Thence look'd where Cambrian mountains bound the view,  
And Malvern's heights are bathed in purple hue,  
The nearer hills all thick with shadows green,  
And valleys robed in Nature's matchless sheen,  
The slender spires, and hamlets here and there,  
Basking in Industry's enriching air,—  
Will long recall the grandeur of the sight,  
Retain the thoughts which raised the mind's delight !  
Thence glancing westward from the sunny brow,  
The beaten road ascends the steep below,  
Nor distant far, thick clothed in ivy green,  
The walls, and bridge of Wilton, grace the scene !  
Within few steps the stranger may descry,  
Fair Goodrich Court, and Castle rising high,  
O'erlooking Walford, on the other shore,  
Old Penyard's wood with Weston in the rear.  
High o'er the stream <sup>see</sup> old Goodrich lifts its head,  
And bears with beetling brow an aspect dread ;  
Uttering a gloomy plaint, her spirit mourns ;  
With sadden'd heart to former glory turns.

## 1.

"Twine, quickly twine, sweet Ivy Green,  
O'er my shorn walls all grey and bare,  
And kindly hide, with leafy screen,  
The hand that works destruction there.

## 2.

"Twine, twine again, with perfumed flowers,  
Bright as the golden sun in May ;  
With honey'd blossoms crown the hours,  
Bid Time my threaten'd fall delay.

## 3.

"Fain would I e'er conceal the truth,  
Traces which mark my ancient stone,  
Oh ! could I but renew my youth,  
When o'er my halls bright splendour shone.

## 4.

"Though ruin haunts my once proud fane,  
No better fate, my masters share,  
None of their lordly race remain  
To Goldrick, Talbot, or De Clare.

5.

“Yon puny towers now vainly wear  
The tinsel of a later day,  
Like youthful beauties flaunting peer,  
Mocking my age and sure decay.

6.

“Then quickly twine, sweet Ivy Green,  
O'er my now soft and crumbling form ;  
Let thy young tendrils intervene,  
To sate the blind devouring worm.”

IX.

As day declines, lo ! Goodrich fades from sight,  
Its turrets hid beneath the pall of night ;  
And led by thoughts her raptured mind engage,  
The Muse to Tintern makes a pilgrimage.

I.

Hail, fair Tintern ! Whether or not it be  
In Winter's dreary hour, when gloomily

The harsh wind blows all biting, cold and loud,  
And earth lies ice-bound, wrapt in snowy shroud :  
On Vernal morn, when o'er thy sacred ground,  
The young grass springs, and Nature smiles around ;  
In Summer, when the sun shines warm and bright,  
And skylarks warble in the azure height ;  
Or in brown Autumn, decked with changing leaves;  
When garnerers full, fruit blushing, golden sheaves  
Rejoice the heart of man,— I visit thee ;  
Tintern, thou still hast deathless charms for me !

## 2.

Crumbling and reft though be thy ancient gate,  
Roofless thy walls, fast sinking, desolate ;  
All stript and nakèd thy once glittering shrine,  
Thy gothic windows glassless, where did shine,  
Traced in soft lines and tinctures bright and fair,  
Legends of saints, histories old and rare !  
Dull and dismantled though thy lofty tower,  
Ungarnish'd, voiceless be thy stately choir ;  
Yet, Tintern, thou dost speak in tones to me,  
Both sad and sweet, like holy memories be.

## 3.

Nor praise nor prayer now wakes thy fretted aisles,  
Nor studied pomp the sacred rite unveils ;  
Thy lands and tythes by ruthless spoilers shorn,  
Which made thy coffers rich with coin and corn :  
Thy mitred abbots crumble in the dust,  
Their tombs scarce marked with sculptured cross or bust.  
The mind, reflecting on thy glories gone,  
Regrets thy ruin, but is proud to own  
The growth of freedom and the milder law,  
Ruling since feudalism hath ceased to awe  
The public mind : that knowledge, hand in hand  
With holy truth, hath lighted up the land.

## 4.

Then farewell Tintern ! He, who stands alone  
Within thy walls, thy beauty looks upon  
(The ivy clinging to thy wasting form,  
Where, silent, feeds the dull, rapacious worm !)  
Will ne'er retire without a parting sigh,  
The past and present crowding in his eye,  
Wishing again to see thy front sublime,  
Nor further injured by the hand of Time.

## X.

Monastic life is but existence lost,  
Wanting the spring which should adorn it most.  
'Tis active virtue makes religion thrive,  
Th' example best, by which to act and live.  
A tree hath use which sheds its proper fruit,  
That failing, 'tis a dry and cumbrous root.  
Th' imprison'd warbler sings ; but lo ! its song  
Is not so thrilling, half so sweet or strong,  
As when it sounds in Nature's haunts all free,  
Waking the air with charming melody ;  
To strains there given its younger mates aspire,  
And so results a full harmonious quire !

## XI.

And who can quit thy shores, meandering Wye,  
Ere climbing Wyndcliff, towering clear and high,  
Viewing the gorgeous landscape stretching wide,  
And Piercefield wash'd by thy ne'er-ceasing tide ;  
Then visit Chepstow, th' old and quiet town,  
By sheltering hill-side, closely nestling down,  
With aspect mild, beneath the Castle-keep ?  
Like angry monarch scowling o'er the deep,



Its watch hath been since Julius Cæsar hurl'd  
His countless legions through the startled world,  
Till by Clare, Bigod, Pembroke's lord possest,  
By Somerset and Cromwell 'mongst the rest ;  
And lastly, in Victoria's peaceful reign,  
Portion of Beaufort's rich, much prized domain ;  
Where forest huge, and pastures fill'd with kine,  
Of Nature's wealth afford an endless mine.

## 1.

Who hath not heard of Richmond's charming hill,  
Whence Nature light and beauty thickly showers,  
And Father Thames with ample stream doth fill  
The shore, where stand proud Windsor's regal towers.

## 2.

Deep in the gorge, there Kingston holds its place,  
And Bushey's noble park is clearly seen,  
A fitting guard to Hampton's fairy space,  
With palace, maze, and garden, all serene !

## 3.

But here, more bold and grand, doth Wyndcliff rise,  
Where Vaga wanders through the wooded vale,  
Kissing with lofty brow the dappled skies,  
And Tintern droops, in dust, a ruin pale.

## 4.

High, on the broad expanse the eye doth rest,  
Unnumber'd counties meet the raptured view,  
Encircling fair Sabrina's golden breast,  
Then lost in Cambrian mountains clothed with blue.

## 5.

Varied and rich, the prospect hath no end ;  
Now soft, then wild, fresh objects catch the sight  
Exhaustless ; save where earth and air do blend  
Their lessening outlines with the melting light.

## 6.

Sublime, enduring, at His high command,  
Our great Creator's work will death defy ;  
Unlike the fruit of man's but puny hand,  
Made for an hour, but to decay and die.

## 7.

So, classic Piercefield must its beauties lose,  
Roofless and bare will be as Chepstow's keep :  
Nature alone shall see the world's sad close—  
Will o'er its fallen greatness watch and weep.

## XII.

Happy is he who scans this matchless scene,  
Where charms of Art and Nature intervene :  
Nor yet the varied landscape let him leave,  
Ere day declines in dewy lap of Eve.  
Day hath its glory ! 'Neath th' horizon's bound,  
Life, light, and shadow, run their wonted round.  
Morn moves along with quick and sounding feet,  
All heralding with sweets the Noon-tide heat ;  
But Evening soft assumes her sober vest,  
Suggests pure thoughts, fit time for sleep and rest :  
Bids the full mind reflect on moments past,  
Foretaste the morrow, that, perchance its last.  
He who but tries the future oft to view,  
Will mete the present with a standard true,  
Doth labour well to fill the narrow span  
Which God awards to action and to man.

## 1.

Hark ! hark ! through rustling trees  
Now sighs the Mid-night breeze,  
    O'er field and streamlet borne ;  
And high in ivied towers,  
Through melancholy hours,  
    The moping owl doth mourn !

## 2.

List ! list ! all soft and clear,  
Now breaks upon the ear,  
    The nightingale's sweet song.  
Listen, as louder grows  
The melody, and flows  
    Her trilling, matchless song !

## 3.

See ! see ! as in the cloud  
The moon herself doth shroud,  
    Leaving the waning night !  
Silent on velvet lawn,  
Watching the day's grey dawn  
    The glow-worm sheds her light !

4.

Hark ! hark ! how quick and shrill,  
 Crowing o'er vale and hill,  
     The cock doth wake the morn !  
 Now larks do carol high,  
 The hound doth join the cry,  
     The sportsman winds his horn !

XIII.

Hark ! hark ! dull guns now in the distance boom,  
 Athwart the sky impends a heavy gloom ;  
 Uneasiness doth strain the public mind,  
 A sense of danger, feeling undefined.  
 Erect and ready every man doth stand,  
 Courage and love now nerve each heart and hand ;  
 Courage in war to meet the coming foe,  
 And love of country none doth better know :  
 Pure unbought patriotism, the thought which spurns  
 All other motives, when abroad there burns  
 Aggressive action, and the wish to brand  
 With foreign yoke our yet unconquer'd land.  
 See, in the noble work, all ranks unite,  
 Reckless of life, all wait the glorious fight ;

O'er serried hosts these magic words appear,  
"The Queen, old England, and our children dear!"

## XIV.

Firm as the rock which studs fair Albion's shore,  
Unscathed by storm, and deaf to ocean's roar,  
Dauntless and steadfast as her stalwart oak,  
Her sons, regardless e'en of threat or stroke,  
Make common cause; and all in band compact,  
When danger frowns, resolve to think and act,  
Well weigh the cause which craves their sturdy might,  
And, once decided, buckle to the fight.  
No better guards shall Albion ever need,  
Whilst hearts so true are ready e'er to bleed,  
Whilst the broad oak unbending broad and high,  
In countless fleets her wooden walls supply.

## I.

The British Oak, the fine old oak,  
With outstretch'd limbs and strong,  
Defies the tempest's rudest stroke,  
Endures through ages long!

## 2.

Deep in the soil, robust, and tall,  
Firm stands its giant form ;  
With branches wide, its shadows fall,  
A shelter from the storm !

## 3.

When dark clouds veil the wintry sky,  
Leafless it grows and bare ;  
Its limbs extend all bright and high,  
A crown of frost-work wear.

## 4.

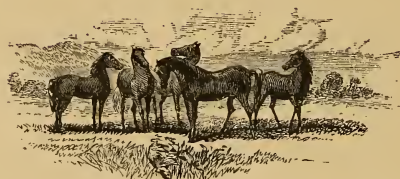
When Summer smiles all warm and green,  
And decks the field with flowers,  
The oak puts on its shady sheen,  
The ruddy apple showers.

## 5.

When by the Woodman's axe it falls,  
Dismember'd, shorn, and low,  
The brave old oak rears wooden walls,  
A fence 'gainst England's foe !

6.

And so, Religion hath been given,  
A shield and solace here ;  
It yields both peace and joy in heaven,  
With Jesus ever near.







## SUBJECT.

Nature must be viewed in all her Changes, and her Haunts are necessary to Contemplation.—Scenery from Ludlow, by way of Hereford, Ledbury, and Malvern.—Ludlow Castle, its History and Present Condition.—The Character of the Country in Olden Times.—The Saxon and Roman Periods.—Invasion by the Danes.—Origin of the Castle of Hereford, and Subjugation of the City by William the Norman.—The Men of Hereford in Domesday Book.—Surrender of Hereford to King Stephen.—Henry the Third and the Barons.—Deposition of Edward the Second.—The Wars of the Roses.—The Earls of Hereford.—The Viscounts of Hereford.—The Siege of Hereford by the Parliamentary Forces in Time of Charles the First.—Its Defence by Sir Barnabas Scudamore.—The Monastery of the Blackfriars.—The White Cross and the Plague in Hereford.—Chapel at Kington destroyed by an Earthquake.—The Slipping of Marcle Hills.—Longevity of the Inhabitants of the County.—Morrice Dance performed before King James the First.—Presentation to that Monarch of Twenty-one Sons by Sir Roger de Baskerville.—General Reflections on Man, and the Design of the Creation.—Herefordia, delightful both to Strangers and to her Children: the Tie not broken by Death.—Autumnal Leaves.



I.

PICTURE a voiceless, dull, unmoving world,  
Eternal silence into chaos hurl'd ;  
Or, e'en a flow of never-ending light,  
Without the rest and soft repose of night ;  
Pluck the fair stars from Heaven's high firmament ;  
Sink the vast sea, by foaming billows rent,  
And build a Babel huge of cold, grey s:one,  
Whereon to fix the straining sight alone.  
Monotony so sad would craze the mind,  
Render the vision soon both dim and blind.  
But Providence all-good, supremely great,  
Hath saved His creatures from so dire a fate ;

Securing health and joy ! Wherever view'd  
Nature doth shine in crowds or solitude.

## II.

He loses much who ne'er can Nature see  
In all her fitful, strange variety :  
Now sunny, pleasant, bright, serene and mild,  
Gentle as sportive lamb and prattling child,  
Then dark and threatening, with a face severe,  
With o'ercast sky and tempest hovering near.  
Anon, to fury lash'd in wildest height,  
She strikes the startled earth with subtle light ;  
Next brooding into silence, such as reigns  
When spectral corse doth scare the battle-plains.  
Thus Spring delights to smile with opening day,  
Clothing the hills and dales with soft array,  
Then Summer lures us with her balmy hours,  
Her purpled thickets and her perfumed bowers ;  
And sober Autumn with her golden horn,  
Loads the huge barn with blushing fruit and corn,  
The stores which cheer us through the Wintry night,  
When social converse charms with kindly light.

But quiet thought, and contemplation deep  
Love lonely heaths where clouds and shadows sweep.  
In spangled fields and tangled lawn and dell,  
The artless child of Nature fain would dwell ;  
Far from the world, its anxious strife, and gains,  
The mind high impulse, purer view obtains.  
Content with little ; thus, the greed for much  
The spirit vexeth not by sordid touch ;  
Simple of heart, the student there confines  
His book to fair Creation's glorious lines ;  
Religion, too, the moral feeling sways,  
Leading to truth's more calm and pleasant ways !

## III.

Reader, if worldly cares distract thy mind,  
The harass'd brain restoring balm would find,  
Go, trace the glebe from Salop's boundary line,  
To spot where Malvern Hills the county join :  
See Ludlow smiling, with her castle-wall  
In peace o'er Ludford's antiquated hall :  
Thence pass by Berrington to Lem'ster Town ;  
Then visit Hampton Court retired and lone.

By Dinmore Hill, the Vale of Lugg pursue  
To Hereford, the varied country through ;  
Then see Stoke Edith's mansion, park, and fane,  
Till Ledbury's steeple rises o'er the plain ;  
Thence seeking Eastnor's awe-inspiring towers,  
Her velvet slopes, and all-enchanting bowers ;  
Enraptured, climb the Beacon's swelling height,  
There contemplate the panoramic sight,  
Where beauty reigns, and Nature ever glows,  
Displaying charms, which Britain only shows.  
Brief is the task, but in the mind and eye,  
Will linger long the pleasing memory,  
That freedom dwells, and industry here thrives,  
Blessing the fruit the great Creator gives.  
If Contemplation woo the purple shade,  
And young Romance affect the leafy glade,  
(Coy Nymphs the twain, each tells her musings sweet,  
In pleasant groves, fond lovers' safe retreat),  
Go, seek the woods, where Wigmore's thickets join  
The hills and vales of charming Leintwardine,  
Traversed by streams, where, through the vernal day,  
The anglers love to lure their finny prey.

And he who scans the dark, barbaric age,  
When conflicts dire marked history's early page,  
May see, not far removed, the battle-field,  
Where Pembroke's earl display'd his blood-stain'd shield.

## IV.

Close-built, and nestling on the church-crown'd hill,  
Fair Ludlow smiles with antique gables still,  
But not disturbed by sounds like those of yore,  
When her stout walls Montgomery's banner bore,  
Founder of the fortress ; and from whose fame,  
"Palace of Princes," dates its fitting name.  
The Castle, for King Henry, Pagnell held,  
Who aiding, next, Matilda, 'twas then quell'd  
By Stephen's force ; he, join'd by Scotland's heir,  
Reduced the place, and fix'd his standard there.  
In the third Henry's reign, De Montfort came,  
Demolishing the towers by arms and flame.  
Bold Roger Mortimer then ruled, its lord,  
Till, to King Edward, treason foul'd his sword ;  
And, here, the Duke of York in durance vile  
Held Glastonbury's Abbot for awhile :



And once again, the Castle was besieged  
By the sixth Henry, who plundering waged  
War 'gainst the town ! Led by savage glow,  
His soldiers laid the ancient stronghold low.  
Upon the death of York at stern Wakefield,  
The Earl of March (his son) the Castle held ;  
Here, the fifth Edward and his brother were  
Watch'd by the Earl of Rivers' friendly care,  
Till, trapp'd away by Glo'ster's fiendish power,  
The royal youths were murder'd in the Tower.  
In Charles's wars, Bridgewater's famous earl  
In the King's cause his flag did here unfurl,  
And for a space, the fortress kept at bay  
Cromwell's rapacious troops, which round it lay.

## v.

Drear though be thy walls, dark be thy present fate,  
Where Ruin stalks all-grand, but desolate,  
Yet thou bright deeds and brighter hours hast known,  
Reflecting glory, pleasure all thine own ;  
The hours when pageant, masque, and festival  
Did the brave knight and jewell'd dame enthrall,



The deeds which even death and age defy,  
Rich traits of honour, courage, loyalty.  
Nor dost thou need the poet's glowing verse,  
Such Milton's e'er-impassion'd strains rehearse,  
And Butler pour'd from sharp satyric vein,  
Within thy courts in Stuart's merry reign.

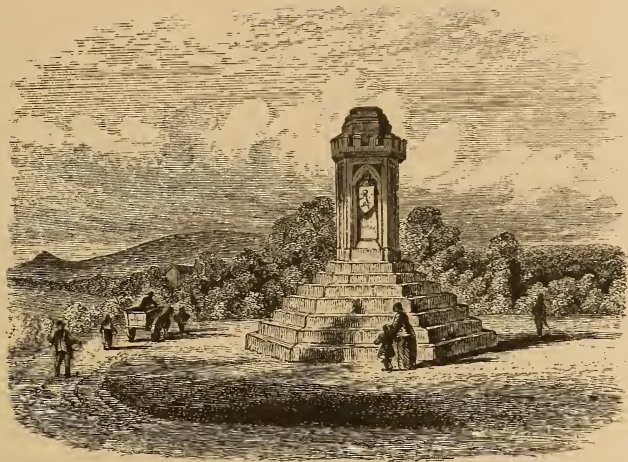
## VI.

Who views thy giant fortress, once the pride  
Of Norman power, will not have inly sigh'd—  
That time is gone, when in thy neighbourhood  
Raged constant havoc, bloodshed, war, and feud.  
Peace marks thy place ; where, once with feather'd crest  
Bristled the barb, now builds the bird her nest,  
And songs harmonious wake the verdant plain,  
Nor booming gun doth shake thy walls again.  
Stately and still, beneath the vaulted sky,  
Thou hold'st thy ancient head sublime and high :  
Unscathed by storm, save fire of human rage,  
Thou stand'st a monument in after-age  
Of feudal greatness, civil discords past,  
Whereof thy stones a fading record last ;

All ivy-clad, as if kind Nature tried  
With graceful shroud thy wasting form to hide !

## VII.

In olden time, Herefordia played her part,  
Prompt e'er in war ; in peace with useful art,  
To exercise her children's ready hand  
By labour to improve her generous land.  
This portion of Siluria was well-known,  
Which the Dimetæ Tribes then made their own,  
Where long the people bravely held their home  
Against the legions of invading Rome.  
Nor till Caractacus was captive borne,  
And Rome's imperial robe by Claudius worn,  
Here, did the galling yoke Siluria know,  
'Fore Julius Frontinus her soldiers bow !  
The Roman station, Magna Castra, still,  
And Ariconium built near Bury Hill,  
Attest the rule, which, for five centuries' time,  
The Cæsars held in Britain's shifting clime.



THE WHITE CROSS.

"The White Cross (Bishop Charlton's work) records,  
Now by its simple form, though not in words,  
That, since the Plague bore, by its poisonous breath,  
To the doom'd city then, both woe and death,  
The country-people have enjoy'd fair health,  
The fertile soil produced its cereal wealth!"

HEREFORDIA. — Canto IV



## VIII.

During this era, a poor village known  
To Britons, "Caerffawydd," or "The Beech Town,"  
Enjoyed the now fair city's pleasant place ;  
And Boel, the governor (so legends trace),  
At the round table of King Arthur seen,  
Was in high council, kept at old Caerleen.  
Some fifty years had pass'd, that king being slain,  
The district was by Saxon Cridda ta'en ;  
And of the Heptarchy, the Mercian throne,  
The last and greatest kingdom then was known.  
Betwixt this time and Offa's dismal reign,  
Britons and Saxons were by thousands slain ;  
To mark the country here by Offa won,  
The famous Dyke that monarch then begun.  
Two centuries later, did the Danes invade  
The city, Bishop Carmalac being made  
Prisoner, and for whom a ransom paid  
Was by King Edward, till, by royal maid,  
Ethelfieda ; the routed Danes were slain,  
And few survived to flee the crimson plain.  
The Wall and Castle, by this princess rear'd,  
Did cause the King to be by Welshmen fear'd ;

So, that with Athelstane a truce was made,  
Tribute in silver, gold, and kine was paid ;  
And, by this monarch was the River Wye,  
'Twixt Wales and England, named the boundary.  
King Harold next the city wall renew'd,  
And when by Griffith, Prince of Wales, subdued,  
The citizens were under tribute laid  
To William First, who a Mint here made.  
Thus ceased the Sovereigns of pure Saxon race,  
Of whom, in history, now, the slightest trace  
Recalls a sense of love and honest pride,  
Their mild and simple rule so justified.

## IX.

In Domesday Book, the men of Hereford  
Were chronicled in eulogistic word ;  
Claiming the van when hostile ranks did meet,  
And so, the rear, when force compell'd retreat.  
In Eleven-thirty-nine, th' year of Grace,  
For the Empress Maud, Talbot took the place,  
Holding it three years, when to Stephen, King,  
Fortune of war the castle old did bring ;

And, crown'd, that monarch sate at Whitsuntide  
In the Cathedral Church. He did decide  
The southern suburbs all to set on fire,  
That no unfaithful troops might there conspire.  
When Henry with the Barons was engaged,  
The war at first in Hereford was waged.  
That done, the Battle-field of Lewes was fought,  
Hence, were the King and his son Edward brought ;  
But luckily the Prince he found his way  
To Wigmore, where Earl Mortimer then lay.  
In solemn council there convened and closed,  
At Hereford, King Edward <sup>was</sup> deposed ;  
And Hugh de Spencer, by the Friar's-Gate,  
His favourite (Earl of Glo'ster) met his fate.

## X.

The soil of Hereford was next imbued  
With war and blood, during the Roses' feud ;  
The Duke of York, 'gainst Pembroke's royal Earl,  
And th' Earl of Ormond, did his flag unfurl ;  
But ere in fight, the troops at Kingsland met,  
High in the Heavens three glaring suns were set.



Of Lancasters, four thousand nigh were slain,  
And Owen, second spouse of Catherine  
The Queen, with nine brave officers of note,  
By Yorkists, were within the City smote.  
In Cromwell's wars it was then thrice besieged,  
And Cave and Waller 'gainst each other 'gaged ;  
The former rashly did capitulate,  
The latter entered by old Widemarsh Gate ;  
But soon his army did evacuate,  
When Scudamore reversed the City's fate,  
And forced the Earl of Leven to retire,  
Who so escaped King Charles' superior fire.

## XI.

The Earls of Hereford, once powerful thanes,  
Held feudal reign o'er town, and hill, and plains ;  
From Sweyn, Fitz-Ozborne, to the brave Breteuil,  
Through Milo, Bossu, and the Bohun's rule,  
To th' eighth Earl Humphrey, last of that high name,  
Henry, his heir, was Duke of Buckingham ;  
He aided Richard to usurp the throne,  
(Then prompted Richmond to obtain the crown).



Was by that monster kill'd at Salisbury,  
When ceased the honours of the family !  
Viscounts of Hereford, the oldest known,  
The Devereux' race through sixteen ages own ;  
Of these, great Robert, Earl of Essex too,  
Eliza's favor and her vengeance knew !

## XII.

Lord Cantilupe (the Bishop's brother), he  
(Time, second Edward) built the Monastery  
Of Old Blackfriars. In the succeeding reign,  
The King, the Black Prince, and a noble train,  
At its high consecration were employed ;  
And so the fabric for a time enjoyed  
Much reputation : to its coffers brought  
The stores which lay nor churchman set at nought.  
The Whitecross (Bishop Charlton's work), records  
Yet, by its simple form, though not in words,  
That since the Plague bore, by its poisonous breath,  
To the doom'd City then dire woe and death,  
The country-people have enjoy'd fair health,  
The fertile soil produced its cereal wealth !

No dark event within the county's bound  
Hath frighten'd e'er the simple folk around,  
Since Kington Chapel sank by rude earthquake,  
And Little Marcle Hills did dance and shake,  
Its church destroying in their hasty fall,  
(Some add !) the parson, clerk, and people all !

## XIII.

The population here attain old age,  
If temperate habits do the mind engage,  
"But rheumatism abounds," so cries the sage,  
"Where cider flows," their native beverage !  
In presence of their lord, the first King James,  
When flourish'd many fine old English games,  
Ten persons did perform most jollily,  
A Morrice Dance before His Majesty—  
Five men, five women, whose united years  
A thousand reached, by history appears.  
And Baskerville, much to His Highness' sport,  
Stout sons a score-and-one he took to court.  
But Stuarts now no longer fill a throne,  
The stalwart knight of Norman blood is gone :

The Lord of Eardisley, a hundred lands,  
With all his race is mingled with the sands—  
The shifting sands which form'd the hill and plain,  
Where e'en not now his once strong towers remain !  
But kings are mortal ; so the life of man  
Doth vanish into dust, a narrow span ;  
And dynasties but mark time's finite space,  
All unenduring as swift lightning's trace !

## XIV.

Though grand soe'er the page of history reads,  
And brightly there shine man's heroic deeds,  
How feeble seem they, when our eyes survey  
The works of God through each recurring day.  
The World's design is wonderfully laid,  
Wherein such love and mercy are display'd,  
That, wanting these, existence would have been  
A dreary waste, an unimpassion'd scene !  
Mark but the sky its soft and azure hue,  
Where sun and clouds, delightful, form the view ;  
The fields, too, deck'd in verdure rich and deep ;  
The shading trees in lines of beauty sweep ;

And rivers bright, like th' eye in human face,  
Light and expression on the landscape trace ;  
Supplying harmony to charm the whole,  
The joyous song of birds enchants the soul.  
Nature rejoiceth in variety,  
With endless objects, leads the mind and eye ;  
Here, the bluff rock o'erawes the watery main,  
There, mountain-range o'erlooks the sunny plain ;  
Uniting order, use, and ornament,  
In system peerless, wise, and excellent !

## xv.

So rich in gifts doth Herefordia claim  
The stranger's love. To those, who, with her name,  
By birth have privilege of closer tie,  
Sweet Home dwells ever in the memory.  
In life thus dear,—in death 'twill form a part  
Of the soul's prayer to sleep within her heart ;  
Fain would the Muse secure her resting place,  
A nook within the county's much prized space.  
Whene'er that comes, oh ! let the moment see  
The Day's decline, whilst Autumn's leaves shall be

Thick strewed by winds, which murmur solemnly  
O'er her poor tomb, the fitting drapery.

1.

Autumnal Leaves :

What lessons teach they in the busy crowd,

Where Fortune weaves

Her web of blank or prize ; but that a shroud

Awaits the old and young ; aye, instant death

To him that strives 'gainst fate with fiercest breath ?

2.

Pale, falling Leaves :

What speak they in the forest bending low,

Where Nature weaves

Her own cold winding sheet of spotless snow ;

But that all earthly things must see decay,

Ere light shall shine with never-ending ray ?

3.

Pale, floating Leaves :

What prove they on the swift but silent stream,

Where soft Wave heaves,

And on the golden prow the sun doth gleam ;

But that the sands of Time unheeded fly,

Find the unseen depths of Eternity ?

## 4.

Pale, falling Leaves :

What say they on the bed of starry flowers,

Where Beauty weaves

A coronal, to hide the fleeting hours ;

But the stern law, without exception made,

That all must die, the brightest flower must fade ?

## 5.

Pale, wasting Leaves :

What say they in the charnel house of Death,

Where Darkness weaves

A gloomy pall, e'er stifling light and breath ;

But that, like leaflets withering day by day,

The whiten'd corpses there must sink away ?

## 6.

Yet Autumn Leaves

Foretel an Earthly and a Heavenly Spring :

This sure Hope gives

(Gladdening the Universe with cheerful ring)

To Nature and to Man's immortal mind,

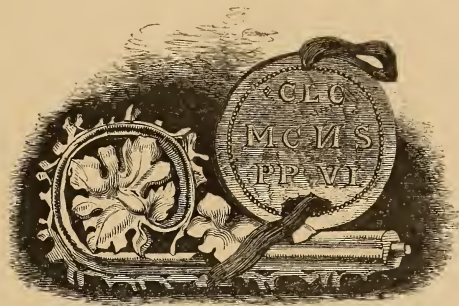
That both shall live again, renew'd, refin'd ?



## SUBJECT.

Invocation to the Month of May.—The Agricultural Character of the County, paucity of Manufactures therein.—The County Towns.—Kington, Charles the Second and Mrs. Siddons there.—Leominster, Weobley, and Ledbury.—Ross.—The River Lugg.—Eminent Men connected with the County.—John Guillim the Herald.—Roger of Hereford, Bishops Putta, Wilfred, Athelstane, Lozing, Raynelm, Bruce, De Bethune, De Breton, Fox, Hoadley, Skipp, Miles Smith, Huntingford, and Musgrave.—Cardinal Wolsey once Dean.—Joanna de Bohun.—Henry the Fifth.—The Rev. Canon Phillips.—John Phillips the Poet.—Davis and Gerthenge, James Cornewell, Nell Gwynne, Sir John Geers Cotterell, Sir Uvedale Price, Bart., Richard Payne Knight, Thomas Andrew Knight, Sir Samuel Rush Meyrick, Dean Merewether, Duncumb, Fosbrooke, Joseph Bird, James Wathen, John Webb.—William Havard.—David Garrick, Dr. Clarke Whitfeld, Dr. John Bull. David Cox, Charles Lucy, Benjamin Jennings, Jun.—Bishop Gilbert, Dean Langford, the Duchess of Somerset.—The Rev. Chancellor Taylor, the Rev. Dr. Talbot, founder of the County Infirmary.





I.

Rise, rise, sweet May, and let the day  
Thy opening glances take !  
The Skylark's throat with silvery note,  
Bids thee from slumber wake !  
On dale and hill, the Daffodil  
Shakes off the heavy dew !  
The Cowslip bright doth greet the light,  
And welcomes Spring and you !

## 2.

O'er velvet lawn, the milk-white Fawn  
Gambols all blithe and free :  
On silken grass, both lad and lass  
Now foot it daintily !  
A sluggard ne'er, with matted hair,  
Waste not fair Morning's breath :  
Or, sallow cheek will soon bespeak  
A poison worse than death !

## 3.

To hail on lawn the Sun at dawn  
Brings cheerfulness and health !  
The Bee on wing is gathering  
Her store of honey'd wealth !  
To crown Thee queen with garland green,  
Thick set with Pink and Rose,  
A fairy band, link'd hand in hand,  
Doth lovingly propose !

## 4.

Away, away, where breezes play  
O'er beds of soft perfume !  
See, Flora leads to daisied meads  
A train of richest bloom !

Then rise, sweet May, and let the day  
Thy early kisses take !  
The Skylark's throat, with silvery note  
Bids thee from slumber wake !

## I.

Herefordia e'er to agriculture given,  
There manufactures have but little thriven ;  
And thus, her towns are few and small, but fair,  
Not rich in art, but fixed midst beauties rare.  
Through Kington, placed by Radnor's hilly side,  
Sparkling and swift, the Arrow's waters glide.  
There, Charles, when outcast, and his fortunes frown'd,  
Ere Worcester's battle, safe asylum found ;  
Now, too, remains the Talbot-hostelry,  
Which shelter gave to fallen royalty ;  
There, Siddons first appeared in girlish age,  
The future queen of Britain's tragic stage,  
Whose name, with Garrick, Kemble, Powell, too,  
O'er Hereford no common halo threw.  
Then, Lem'ster, seated in a valley warm,  
And Weobley, cosy, snug, and safe from harm,

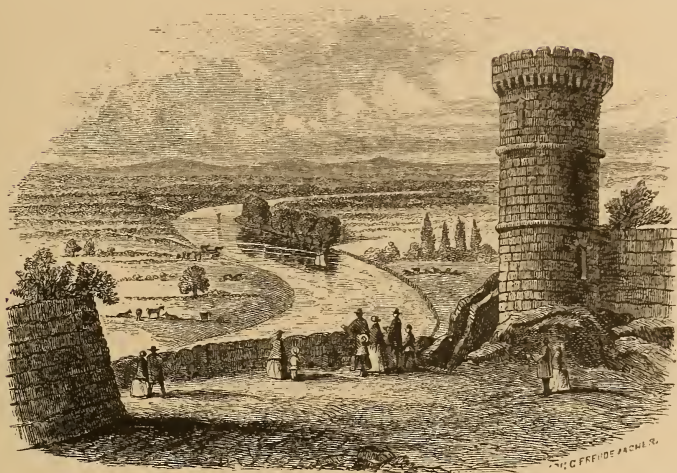
Enjoy sweet peace, in troublous times not known,  
When Stephen wore uneasily the crown.  
'Midst fertile soil, Ledbury, Bromyard stand,  
Where apple, pear, and hop, enrich the land ;  
Nor distant far, Ross, with her wood-clad hills,  
O'er meads and corn-fields thick, complacent smiles ;  
A landscape pointing to the mind and eye,  
Such only found where flows the matchless Wye.  
Now quits the Muse her pleasing task to guide,  
But bids the thoughtful rambler turn aside,  
And ere, to Hereford he sighs, " Adieu !"  
Of Kelveck Church and Castle take a view,  
Then Madley, with her decorated tower,  
Will hold the critic through a pleasant hour.

## 1.

Through a rich sweep of woods and meadows green,  
The lazy Lugg doth wind its quiet way ;  
Now hid by copses, then in valley seen,  
Till, with the Wye its yellow stream doth play.

## 2.

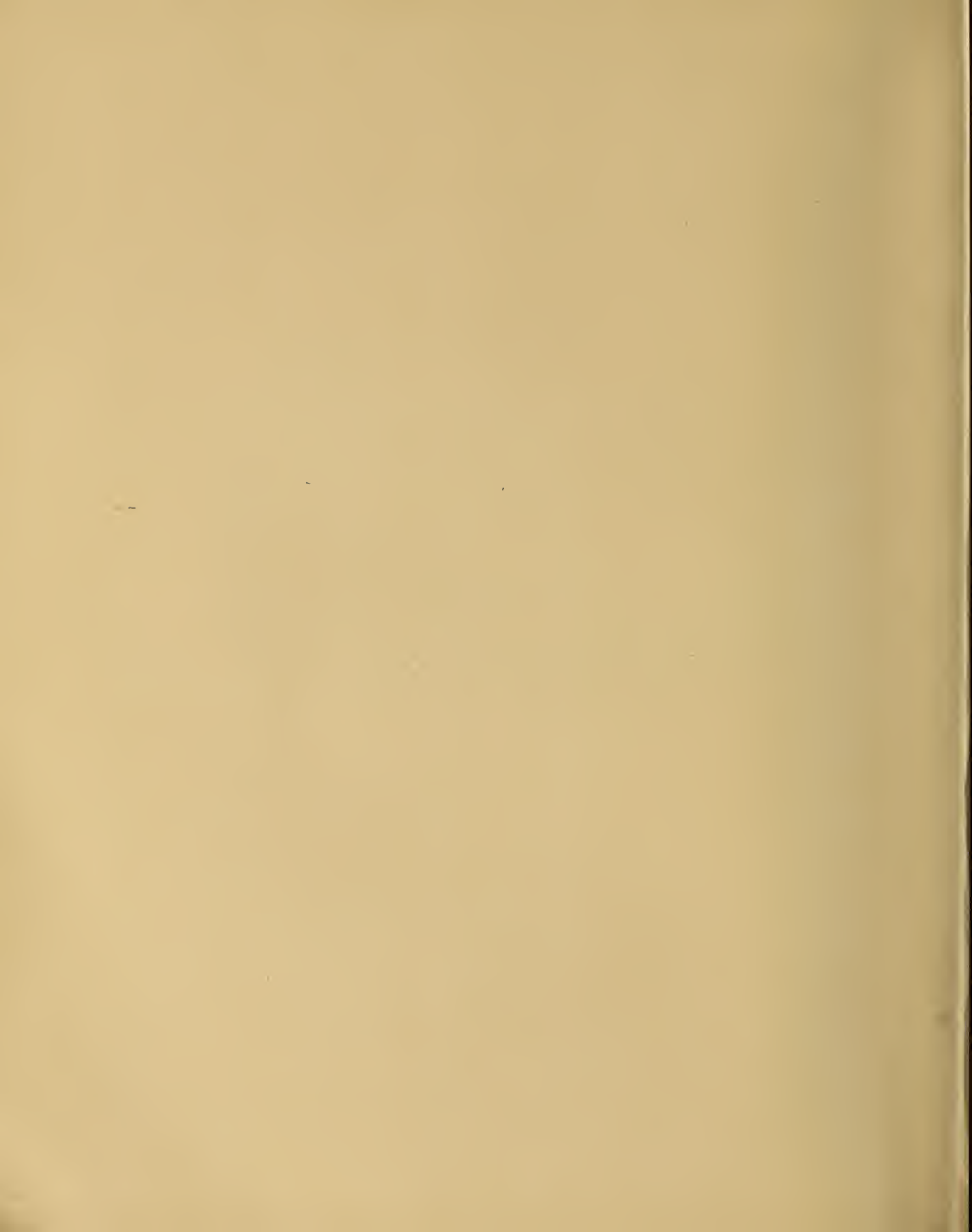
Glide on, fair river ! as thy silent wave  
Flows from its tiny source to peaceful end,



THE WYE, FROM THE PROSPECT, ROSS.

"The Prospect boasts, besides its sacred head,  
 The path which Kyrle delighted once to tread,  
 With narrow purse, yet soul enlarged he bore  
 Himself the friend of all the neighbouring poor."

HEREFORDIA. — CANTO III.



So may life gently ebb from birth to grave,  
Soothed by the thoughts which wisdom's path attend.

## 3.

Steering a course that flees both rock and shoal,  
Delighting now in sunshine, now in shade,  
Noiseless and safe may Man attain the goal,  
Where Providence a place of rest hath made.

## 4.

Who scans the book of Nature, doth not need  
Lessons of duty to the young or old ;  
Jehovah wills that he who runs may read,  
Where, knowledge yields, of price and form untold.

## 5.

Who hath not seen beneath the crystal stream,  
The polish'd pebble, variegate and bright :  
Like sparkling gem it brilliantly doth gleam,  
All rich with beauty, rosy tint, and light ?

## 6.

Thus virtue shines in its own element ;  
A kindred soil its lustre multiplies.  
The future, mindful, gives to each event  
The meed of praise which present time denies.



## 7.

A distant ray doth more intensely glow,  
Familiarity doth lessen worth !  
Posterity, though late, doth justice do,  
When unrequited merit leaves the Earth.

## 8.

A prophet hath no honour in his day,  
Nor earns he favour in his native land ;  
But when the sainted spirit flies away,  
His tomb is garnish'd by a stranger hand !

## II.

How Providence hath graced thy ancient shire,  
Old Hereford, the Muse with feeble lyre  
Hath sung ; and ere she close the lettered page,  
Whether or not it lives a day, or age,  
Duty and love would fain her lay extend,  
Where fancies with the rural picture blend,—  
To scribe their names, whose virtue, deed, or mind  
Have ever service done to human kind !  
Then, who so fit to lead the goodly roll,  
As Guillim learned, witty, quaint old soul,  
Father of heraldry, and blazoned lore,  
On whose illumined tome the students pore,



Puzzled with strange beasts, fishes, and a train  
Of symbols coined in mythologic brain !  
Roger of Hereford, a century  
Ere Bacon lived, versed in astronomy,  
A treatise wrote upon Astrology,  
With book on metals couched most daintily.

## III.

Few Sees can boast of bishops such a line,  
Whose learning, piety and goodness shine ;  
Lavish of gold they raised their ancient seat,  
The Minster grand, religion's calm retreat !  
There, Putta, Milfred, ruled when first it rose,  
Athelstane next, who, (later scribes suppose),  
Founded the present pile. Then did succeed  
Lozing, Raynelm, Bruce, De Bethune : these, we read,  
The fabric finished. By the liberal aid  
Of Joanna de Bohun soon was made  
The Lady Chapel, glory of the place !  
Of Bishops Booth and Audley then we trace  
The work ; and next, of Bishop Stanbury,  
The latter sent to Sarum's richer see.  
The list gives scholars great and not a few,  
De Breton, Fox, Hoadley, Skipp, (prelates, too) :

The famed Miles Smith who Glo'ster's mitre wore,  
And Huntingford his honours meekly bore.  
Musgrave beloved, alas ! too early gone,  
Then ably filled Saint Cantilupe's fair throne,  
Who, rightly borne to Ebor's stately chair,  
Next ruled with firm but kindly spirit there.  
In him were blended, for his office high,  
Due meekness, reverence, and charity ;  
And best of all, the wisdom which doth teach  
Christ's minister to practice more than preach :  
He through long life observed with constant view  
Precepts praised by many, kept but by few.  
Nor did the lofty Wolsey think too mean  
Of Hereford, and so was once its dean,  
Step lowest of the hill he dared to climb,  
Ne'er since attain'd,—rough, dangerous, yet sublime !

## IV.

Henry the Fifth, though on its confines born,  
Within the county spent his childhood's morn,  
Was bred at Bicknor, in the family  
Of the then powerful Earl of Salisbury.  
His nurse's tomb, with effigy is set  
There, in the church of fair Saint Margaret.

In later times, the canon Phillips claims  
Our praise, whose loyalty past history names,  
As having lodged some days at Withington  
Prince Charles, in the year sixteen fifty-one,  
After Worcester's battle, when on his head  
A price was set, but happily not paid.  
Nor must we slight the good old clerk's grandson,  
John Phillips, who, our famous Cider on,  
In classic verse (with other poems) wrote,  
As bard and scholar stamping him with note.  
The poet Davies too, and Gerthenge, then  
Whom Fuller names as "having used the pen,  
The best in England." The first lived to be  
Master in writing to the Prince Henry!  
If gallantry and courage, honored be,  
The noble Cornwall needs no eulogy;  
Who, in his ship, the mighty Marlborough proved  
How English tars can fight; how much he loved  
His country; and, there, dying off Toulon,  
From the opposing hosts their praises won.

## v.

Save, for one fault—and who is free from sin?—  
The city needs not blush for fair Nell Gwynne,

The once poor apple-girl, then favourite,  
Of gay King Charles, born near the palace-site,  
Where, long, her grandson, Lord James Beauclerc, wore  
Hereford's mitre. Honour well he bore  
To his ancestress ; her, whose charity,  
For our brave soldiers' weal her sympathy,  
The Hospital at Chelsea did endow,  
A work of love which marks her memory now !  
For sterling worth, the fine old gentleman,  
The friend of rich and poor, we ne'er may scan,  
Geers Cotterell's fellow. Whilst Garnons rears  
Its head, his name throughout succeeding years  
Will be the pleasing theme of old and young,  
Still dear to hearts, in their affections strong !

## VI.

For love of Nature, philosophic mind,  
In learning skill'd, all men of taste refin'd,  
Uvedale Price, the gentle brothers, Knight,  
A trio form, rare, excellent, and bright !  
To those delighting in black-lettered lore,  
Who Fosbrook's, Meyrick's, Duncumb's works explore,  
Their deep research and patience will descry,  
Safe pioneers in art and history !

And Havard, come of low but honest birth,  
 Claims eulogy for industry and worth.  
 The generous aid his fortune freely shed  
 On youth deserving, in the county bred :  
 And deeply versed in archæologic field,  
 Whose labours ancient treasure oft revealed,  
 Uniting too, rich fund of anecdote,  
 With local customs, and events of note,  
 Dean Merewether, Wathen, Webb, and Bird,  
 Will long be mention'd with a kindly word !

VII.

Whilst Avon's Swan his magic sceptre sways,  
 For deathless song, sweet poesy, and plays,  
 Must Garrick's fame endure. His genius rife  
 To Shakspeare's thoughts gave force, and fire, and life.  
 Suiting the actor in his wondrous part,  
 Absorbing person, character, and heart,  
 Portrayed in narrow bound of mimic stage,  
 Th' awaken'd spirits of a former age.  
 Though late, yet loved, whilst sounds the sacred song,  
 And voices soft in swelling measures throng,  
 The hearers pause to catch the notes again,  
 Th' impassion'd tones of Whitfield's solemn strain.

And when the Nation's loyal anthem peals—  
“God save the Queen” upon the organ swells,  
The ancient College doth take honour full,  
Her hall associate with the fame of Bull,  
The author of that soul-inspiring song,  
Whose strains from year to year our tongues prolong.

## VIII.

And whilst we care for learning, and for youth,  
Their early training and their moral growth,  
The Muse would speak with gratitude and pride ;  
For, Gilbert, Langford, Somerset, divide  
The noble work by them so well design'd,  
The school to educate our children's mind.  
Nor fails the hand which pens these feeble lays,  
To trace slight tribute of his love and praise,  
For one, whose guidance led, in truant youth,  
His early bent to science and to truth !  
Nature, history, music, and the lore,  
On which the classic mind delights to pore,  
Find students here : so, homage Art receives,  
And o'er the youthful sculptor, Jennings, grieves ;  
Who, had he chanced maturer years to gain,  
Would not have plied his taste and skill in vain.

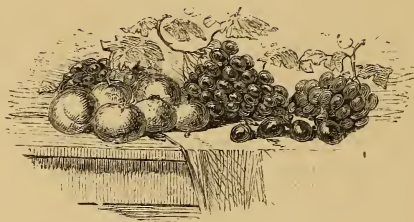
With gifted pencil, Cox's veteran hand,  
In sparkling landscape held supreme command ;  
O'er tangled thicket, leafy lane, and dell,  
Threw sunny gleams, the rainbow's magic spell.  
Whilst, too, in glowing tints our painters speak,  
The canvas teems with Beauty's smiling cheek,  
And Lucy's genius ever will survive,  
The lineaments of Kyrle sublime shall live !  
From England's annals, in her darker hour,  
Scenes, full of tragic incidents and power,  
His later works with vivid force portray,  
Worthy of Art in its most palmy day.

## IX.

Spirit of Faith, of holy thought and word,  
Thy blissful reign and sacred shrine record.  
Spirit of Faith, thy visions bright we see  
Through Jesus' Cross in Time's Eternity !  
Spirit of Charity, thy teachings mild  
Disenthral the soul, leave it undefiled ;  
Prompting the heart to love, the hand to share  
The woes to which humanity is heir ;  
To soothe the wants of infancy and age,  
The chilling gripe of penury assuage.



Thus shaped thy life, so sweet thy memory,  
That ne'er a monument shall needed be,  
Talbot ; whilst yon fair House with ample door,  
With skill and comfort cheers the suffering poor :  
Whilst Herefordia holds her honour'd name,  
Recorded, there, shall be thy lasting fame.







## SUBJECT.

Song.—A Parallel between Foreign Countries and England.—  
Natural Tendency of Man to respect his Place of Birth.—  
Reflections on the Past, Present, and Future.—Appeal to the  
Reader.—Hereford as seen from Aylstone Hill and Broomy  
Hill.—Allusion to Changes in the Scenery.—The Railway.—  
Increase of Houses in the Vicinity.—May Dance on Broomy  
Hill.—Reference to the Hatterail, or Black Mountain.—The  
Holy Mountain.—May-Hill and Malvern Hills.—The Catholic  
Cathedral at Belmont.—The Two New Churches of St.  
Nicholas and St. Martin.—The Churches of St. Peter and  
All Saints, and the Cathedral.—Legend of the Spirit of the  
Wye.—The Hospitality shewn by the People of Herefordshire  
to Strangers.—The Generous Disposition of the Men.—High  
Character of the Female Sex.—The Produce of the County,  
Cattle, Sheep, Horses, Apples, Hops, Cyder, Fruit, and Corn.  
—The Gleaners' Song.—Allusion to the fine Timber grown in  
the District, and the celebrated Oak Trees at Sarnsfield,  
Eastwood, Moccas, and Eardisley.—Reflection on the great  
Blessings conferred by Providence on the Country generally,  
and the mutual Obligations under which Persons are placed  
one to the other, both as Individuals and Citizens.—Con-  
clusion.



I.

AWAY, away, to sunny lands and skies,

Where cloud-wreath'd mountains don a cap of snow !

Away, away, where dark-eyed houri vies,

And chains the heart with passion's fervid glow.

2.

Away, away, to Italy's soft clime,

Where lake and streamlet lave the vine-clad vales ;

Away, away, where tinkling cymbals chime,

And fair-hair'd maidens chaunt their love-lorn tales.

## 3.

Away, away, where fields of Gold abound,  
Where grape and pomegran't swell the wine-crown'd feast ;  
Away, away, where sparkling gems are found,  
To fairy gardens in the gorgeous East.

## 4.

Away, away, and take your pleasure's fill ;  
O'er Earth and Sea in search of Beauty roam  
Then sated, sigh for England's dale and hill,  
The joy and comfort of your own dear Home.

## 5.

Slight not that Home of Liberty and Peace,  
The Land which yields thee wealth and social love ;  
Whose Laws, to fetter'd Slaves, ensure release,  
And to thy Sons the hope of bliss above !

## I.

Distant and mean though be the spot of earth,  
Which, once his home, still owns the wanderer's birth,  
Yet thoughts and scenes familiar to the eye,  
(When age recurs to sparkling infancy),  
Return, like fancies in a morning dream,  
Prove but brief joys, though real all would seem !

Bright was the sun of Hope in childhood's day,  
Lighter the heart that chased dull Care away ;  
The hearth more gay which held the social throng,  
Sweeter the voice that hymn'd the sacred song.  
The face remains (the form is gone above),  
With smiles that speak a parent's ceaseless love ;  
Like angels watching o'er a soul that tries,  
Vainly, to join them in their paradise !  
How oft in gloomy haze the Future lowers,  
The Present weeps in melancholy hours,  
And yet the Past, by tender link, revives  
The bliss which love in kindred heart conceives !

## II.

Now tell me, dear Companion of my song,  
Wearied or pleased upon the wayside long,  
Com'st thou, a stranger from a land remote,  
With ear and eye quick to perceive and note ;  
Perchance, returning after years of toil,  
And grief, again thou tread'st thy native soil ;  
To clasp old friends in sweet and firm embrace,  
Once more the haunts of infant-years to trace ?  
Then join me on the brow of Athelstane,  
Thence view the ancient City in the plain ;

And climb again old Broomy's grassy hill,  
Where Contemplation loves to linger still.  
There, see the change so late come o'er the scene,  
Where Vaga flows through daisied banks serene ;  
These spann'd afresh with bridge of iron form,  
The path for Railway, broad, and strong, and warm ;  
Where shoots the engine with its valve of steam,  
A giant coursing with unearthly team,  
Tearing along by strange, expansive power,  
As many miles as minutes count the hour !

## III.

Nature yet smiles ; but here and there intrude  
Clusters of houses on her neighbourhood ;  
With sounds of voices, marks of human feet,  
Outnumb'ring those we once, on May-morn sweet,  
Led through the dance in joyance and in ease,  
On Broomy's slope, beneath her aged trees.  
A screen from western winds, dark Hatterail  
By mountain-range protects the fertile vale :  
Where Hereford on Monmouth's border ends,  
High, steep, and clear, the Holy Mount ascends ;  
Thence onward glancing, in the dappled east,  
May-Hill and Malvern's outlines soft are traced.

But close at hand, where Belmont-woods surround,  
A gothic pile surmounts the rising ground,  
A rival beauty, viewing with disdain  
Saints Nicholas and Martin in the plain.  
These dwarf-like seem, when quietly survey'd  
Beneath the Minster's high and ample shade,  
Back'd by All Saints, Saint Peter's tap'ring fane,  
Whence Lacey fell,—by accident was slain.  
Who roams along the River's peaceful shore,  
Recalling incidents of Legend-lore,  
Can fail to raise the soul's ecstatic part,  
Mark scenes which please the eye and touch the heart ;  
Watching the hours, as on the Dial's face,  
The march of Time all silently they trace ?

## I.

List to the young Lark's carol high,  
Soft warbling through the Summer sky ;  
See, see, the Sun's declining beam,  
With golden streak, paints Vaga's stream :  
All clothed in shadows deep and red,  
Fair Belmont lifts her classic head,  
And breathing sweets o'er bank and bower,  
Now welcomes Evening's soothing hour.

## 2.

The busy crowd doth cease to bear  
Their wonted burthens, toil, and care.  
The Mind, o'erstrain'd, its functions flies ;  
Labour in quiet slumber lies :  
And Pain and Sorrow, eased, forego  
Their keenest pang, their bitterest woe :  
Ambition slacks its onward race,  
Repose now reigns o'er Nature's face.

## 3.

As Day recedes behind the West,  
Kissing the clouds on Heaven's breast,  
Grey twilight hails the crescent Moon,  
Queen of the Night in balmy June :  
And wooed by Zephyr's breath serene,  
Mute Contemplation views the scene,  
Where near the River's liquid way,  
Beauty and Love enraptured stray.

## 4.

Now lost for once in silvery shroud,  
Pale Luna hides in fleecy cloud :  
Hark ! trilling on the ravish'd ear,  
Sweet Philomel sings soft and clear,



And darting from the osiers' side,  
A fairy skiff ascends the tide :  
Plaintive and low, a maiden's wail  
Now emulates the sighing gale.

5.

In slender shallop, swift and light,  
The River-Spirit haunts the Night ;  
Repeats her lone unhappy tale,  
All widow'd, joyless, thin, and pale.  
Shaping her course where once did gleam,  
Her lover's barque on Vaga's stream,  
She still pursues the midnight-wave,  
With dirge laments his bloody grave.

6.

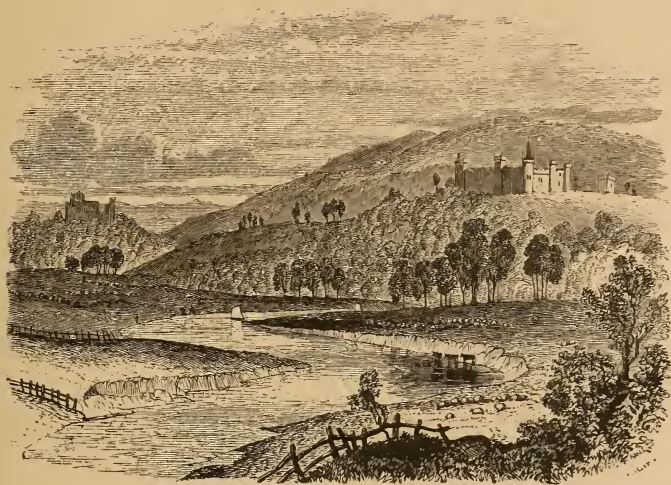
“Weave me a wreath, a cypress wreath,  
Bring streamers from the willow grove ;  
Senseless and cold the sod beneath,  
Lies all I mourn, lies all I love.

“Weave me a wreath, a cypress wreath,  
And with me weep, fair swan, and dove ;  
Wasting and low, the sod beneath,  
Lies all I've lost, lies all I love.

“Light of my soul, star of my life,  
Nature, and I for thee must mourn,  
Till death shall end my pining grief,  
Our ashes mingle in one urn.”

## IV.

If stranger rove within this ancient shire,  
The Rambler finds the kindest welcome here :  
Generous and warm, the sons of Hereford  
All comers greet, at their well-furnish'd board.  
Right cold is he to female beauty's charm,  
If thy fair daughters ne'er his heart disarm,  
By grace, good-nature, and fresh, blooming cheek,  
Armour 'gainst which Creation's lords are weak !  
True love and loyalty, like roses, twine,  
So e'er unrivall'd do thy maidens shine.  
If monarchs be by rustic beauty won,  
Folk smaller must the soft impeachment own :  
Round, soft and crimson'd as the apples fair,  
Their lips enticing, and resistless are ;  
Who tastes them once, will surely ne'er refrain,  
Ere he forgets to steal a kiss again.



GOODRICH COURT, AND GOODRICH CASTLE.

“ Within few steps, the stranger may descry  
Fair Goodrich Court and Castle rising high.”

HEREFORDIA. — CANTO III.



## V.

The strength and sinew which thy yeomen yield,  
To guard their homes, and plough the fertile field ;  
The fleecy flocks and kine of purest breed ;  
Horses for draught, or train'd to greater speed ;  
Large stores of edibles to market borne,  
With apples, cyder, hops, and fruit, and corn,  
Form but few items of the ample hoard,  
The staple growth of fine old Hereford.  
Then, hear the Gleaners' Song, its loud encore,  
Through green glades, hark ! their joyous strains now pour.

## I.

Hie to the busy field, the busy field,  
Where poppies wave so lightly,  
Then thread the meads, where lambs conceal'd,  
E'er join in frolics sprightly.

## 2.

Bright as the Sun, that cheers the day,  
The Reaper's Sickle gleameth ;  
And swift as lightning clears its way,  
Where yellow Barley streameth !

## 3.

Then up the hill, and down the dale,  
Come, lasses, trip it lightly ;  
O'er hedge and ditch, through brake and vale,  
Where Fairies pace it nightly.

## 4.

Rise, quickly rise, and brush the dew,  
Which drapes brown Autumn's morning ;  
Thick clover-grass fast scamper through,  
To glean the Corn at dawning.

## 5.

Kind Providence guards rich and poor,  
His mercy ever bideth ;  
For great and small, His boundless store  
A Harvest full provideth.

## 6.

Then ridge by ridge o'er fields now roam :  
The largest sheaf he beareth,  
Who, ere he takes his burthen home,  
Nor time nor labour spareth !

## VI.

Here, too, the Oak, the forest-king appears,  
Of aspect noble, rich in shade and years,

With lofty elm, the graceful ash and yew,  
The beech and willow, pride of sylvan view,  
Whose leaves prove grateful to the feather'd throng,  
Which cheers the summer day with tuneful song.  
He rightly sees thy sylvan glories shine,  
Where stature, strength, and grand proportions shine,  
Their giant limbs extending broad and high,  
At Sarnsfield, Eastwood, Moccas, Eardisley ;  
Who then doth think how many pelting storms,  
And wintry blasts have rack'd their stalwart forms,  
Must own the Power which rears from tiny seed  
Such wondrous trees, must be Divine indeed.  
The work of man, to live a day, a year,  
Wants constant care, material repair ;  
But Providence to plants, in age and youth,  
Vouchsafes self-nurture, self-defence, and growth :  
By such gives shelter to the beast and bird,  
On all both use and ornament conferr'd !

## VII.

Since Providence hath bless'd the fruitful land,  
His bounties scatter'd with a liberal hand ;  
Should not the mind its denizens e'er train  
To thoughts and works, wherein their interests join ?



Who wealth enjoys, to him a trust is given,  
T' administer the sacred gift of Heaven ;  
To mitigate stern Want and Poverty,  
Encourage useful Knowledge, Industry ;  
Respect the rights which man from man may ask,  
Make equal laws, the sage's noblest task.  
If this were done, Corruption soon must cease,  
And hated War succumb to arts of Peace ;  
No tricksters, then for public place and pay,  
Would e'er debase the crowd in open day ;  
Nor forced by petty shifts to hold their rule,  
Ne'er rob the State, the Nation's sense befooled.  
Small evils are not cared for, so we bear  
The yoke, until it be too bad to wear,  
Nor till their reign a rankling nuisance grows,  
To crush it will the Public Mind propose :  
Who dares, by wiles, to win your confidence,  
To pilfer next, will quickly make pretence.

## VIII.

Diogenes, to find an honest man,  
With lamp in hand the thoroughfares did scan.  
The Muse, to seek a statesman great and true,  
Must lantern use, and double glasses too !



Red tape, and nepotism, and low deceit,  
Now form, alas ! the common counterfeit :  
From rulers such let all devoutly pray  
That fate will rid us at an early day.  
Should Patriots again (a race like Peel),  
Within Saint Stephen's Hall their light reveal,  
The Muse might hail Britannia's sky more clear,  
Reform and Progress, stars ascendant there.  
Where England reigns, by far a higher aim  
Than empty sov'reignty should wreath her name.  
Conquest alone can give no moral right  
To stranger-lands, to rule by threat and might.  
For practised wrongs possession is no plea ;  
Civilization,—Christianity  
Are but the cover to Hypocrisy,  
When made the means of loss and misery  
To people far-removed, who neither need  
England's doubtful friendship, her rule, or aid.  
Thy recent trials in the troubled East,  
Where civil discord made a bloody feast,  
Should e'er a warning and a lesson prove.  
Those, who would reign by force and not by love,

Will, soon or late, in fearful conflict be  
With the sad objects of their cruelty ;  
Nor will the foe Death's messenger recall,  
E'en though the guiltless with the guilty fall.

## IX.

'Tis best be poor, than feel the galling stain  
Of fraud and wrong assail our smallest gain ;  
Ill-gotten wealth hath wings and curses too,  
Pangs bitterer than griping Want e'er knew :  
Then, say, Britannia, (the World's fair Queen),  
Is thy sceptre bright, thy hand fair and clean ?  
Though to thy sway thy sons allegiance owe,  
Yet, there are duties thou may'st not forego :  
To comfort, aid, encourage by reward,  
The men whose lives thy island-fortress guard ;  
To keep implicit faith in work and word,  
So that thy pledge to others' be preferr'd ;  
To stifle strife, befriend the poor and weak,  
To do the right thou dost in precepts speak ;  
Justice to love, and so exemplify,  
By holy deeds, thy Christianity !  
How comes it then, that Lucre paves the way  
To thy councils : that Wealth, in grand array,

All honour wins ; that Vice, in splendour set,  
Is current passport to a Coronet ?  
How fare thy brave defenders, rough but true ?  
Requited how the perils they go through ?  
Privations, hardships, ever bear a price,  
Four groats a day may possibly suffice ;  
And what, for faults, how venal though they be,  
The knotted scourge is't fitting penalty ?  
A sin so foul, the Muse would fain disclaim ;  
But England owns it, to her lasting shame !  
To say "that Britons never shall be slaves,"  
Is idle boast, whilst o'er thy children waves  
The hateful lash. Far worse than slaves they be,  
The mangled victims of such tyranny !  
The Law which such injustice perpetrates,  
The State which wanton Torture tolerates,  
In Christian practice have no real place,  
Wanting its Mercy, Charity, and Grace !

## x.

Ere quits the Muse, a scene so soft and fair,  
Which breathes of home, and parents' early care,  
She now would weave in this, her parting song,  
Their honour'd names, whose love so deep and long,

A glow of sunshine throws around her heart,  
Not to be quench'd till life and she shall part !  
To wish them here, were idle, wild, and vain,  
To vex their souls with mortal coils again ;  
Their present bliss this would too keenly mar,  
The which her anxious Mind must yearn to share :  
And distant though the sweet re-union be,  
Hope augurs joy as grows its certainty !

## XI.

Farewell, then, Herefordia ! Thy pure fame  
Is to the Bard dear as his humble name.  
Thy ancient boundary speaks to him of home .  
Whate'er he sees, where'er his footsteps roam,  
Recall sweet memories, such as may no more  
Be tasted, save on Heaven's eternal shore,  
Where all things shine with glory, life, and light,  
The Father, Son, and Spirit Infinite !  
The theme is endless, and the Muse too weak  
Thy beauties all in fitting words to speak,  
She, loth, must flee to ruder scenes afar,  
Where, congregated thousands, hustling jar ;  
Where, trade and commerce busy traffic drive,  
The scholar, politician earnest strive,

And ermined lawyers sit in grave debate,  
Adjusting grievous wrongs in Church and State.

## XII.

Adieu! Herefordia!—Farewell! sweet Wye!  
On thy green banks fain would I listless lie,  
Court soothing Sleep, sister of pulseless Death,  
Closing the eye, but not the living breath;  
And binding Reason, whilst, through airy groves  
Unchained and loose, Imagination roves:  
Revels in dreams, which, like to frosted flowers,  
Fly, when the sun of life his morn-beam showers:  
And when exhausted proves the vital sand,  
My soul is wafted to the better land,  
Let friendly hands, with simple tribute, trace  
A corner there for my last resting place!

## XIII.

Next to our Kindred doth our Country come,  
The spot which gives us birth, our childhood's home.  
No object, there, of beauty, love, or tie,  
In after-years escapes the memory.

As the pure Soul doth yearn for holy Truth,  
The Mind reviews the haunts of early youth :  
Where'er we wander, be it east or west,  
That place, recall'd, appears the last and best.  
So, did the Muse this pleasing task essay,  
With Herefordia link her lengthen'd lay.

END OF THE POEM.

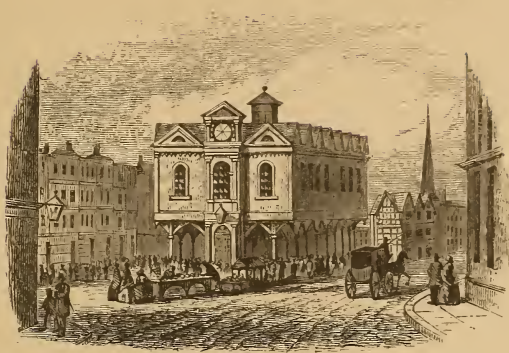


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## CANTO I.

THE County of Hereford comprises a portion of the ancient Siluria which extended over Monmouthshire, the Forest of Dean, and the whole of South Wales, except the County of Pembroke. This district was inhabited by the Dimetæ Tribes. That part of Herefordshire, lying west of the parish of Byford, and now stretching to Radnorshire and Brecon, is said to have been formerly included in Wales. A portion of the localities enumerated in the poem,—namely Ludlow, Tintern, and Chepstow,—do not properly belong to the County of Hereford ; but, they are comprised in the Diocese, which extends over a large portion of Shropshire, and a part of Monmouthshire.

*“ In deep defile, beneath the granite conc.”*

The range of hills, known as the Plinlimmon, situate partly in the Counties of Radnor and Montgomery, commences a few miles above the Town of Rhayader. In these hills, the highest point of which rises 2463 feet above the level of the sea, is the spring from which the River Wye (anciently called the Vaga, from its meandering course) originates. The source also of its sister stream, the Severn, is to be found in the same mountain-district. The Wye, as

indicated in the poem, descends from its hilly bed, and on its way forms a wide and beautiful cataract, a short distance from Rhayader, where it finds its level. It passes from thence to Penybont, Builth, Hay, Hereford, Ross, Monmouth, and Chepstow, falling about two miles below the latter place, into the broad channel of the Severn. The Plinlimmon Hills, although of high elevation, comprise a series of undulating surfaces rather than a mountainous ridge of very prominent elevation. These hills, by their peculiar form, afforded a shelter to the renowned Welsh chieftain, Owen Glendwr, who, with a force only of 120 men, in the year 1401, was enabled, for several months, to withstand the attacks of an army greatly superior both in numbers and appliances.

*"The river winds Hay church and castle nigh."*

The town of Hay, or, as it is usually styled, "The Hay," situate on the confines of Brecon, is only separated from Herefordshire by the river Wye. It has some historical associations with the doings of Llewellyn and King John. By the latter, the castle was destroyed, in the year 1216, and, with the exception of a gothic gateway, there are not now any remains of much interest to the antiquarian. It is a singular fact, that the town of Monmouth is similarly separated from Herefordshire only by the Wye. Ludlow also abuts on the county, being isolated from it by the river Teame; and Herefordshire, in like manner, adjoins Worcestershire, close to the town of Tenbury. The town of New Radnor, also, is situate not far distant from Herefordshire, on its south-western boundary.

*"So droops De Clifford's stronghold bleak and bare."*

"Clifford Castle," which stands upon the north bank of the river Wye, was built by William Fitz-Ozborne, Earl of Hereford, but was held at the time of the Doomsday Book by Rudolphus de Totenie. It was acquired by the Cliffords by the marriage of Walter Fitz-Richard with Margaret, daughter of Ralph de Cundy. Walter Fitz-Richard, being a descendant of Richard II., Duke of Normandy, whose father accompanied the Conqueror into England, and, having married the heiress of Ralph de Cundy, of Clifford Castle, took the name of De Clifford. The place continued to be the baronial seat of the family for two centuries.

Here was born the too celebrated lady, of whom Dryden says:—

"Jane Clifford was her name, as books declare,  
Fair Rosamond was but her *nom de guerre*."

She was daughter of one of the Earls of Clifford, and became celebrated for her amours with King Henry II., who built her a tower, in Woodstock Park, which he defended from his jealous wife by the classical device of a labyrinth. Queen Eleanor, however, who was as well read in ancient history as her spouse, was not slow in hitting upon the expedient of finding the clue of the thread and in reaching her rival. The historical romances add, that she compelled this unfortunate lady to swallow poison. Whatever may have been her fate, Fair Rosamond was buried at Godstow, and the following Latin epitaph is inscribed on her tomb :—

“ Hic jacet in tombâ,  
Non Rosamonda sed Rosa Mundi,  
Non redolet, sed olet,  
Qui redolere solet.”

It has been translated thus :—

“ Here lies not Rose the Chaste, but Rose the Fair,  
Whose breath perfumes no more, but taints the air.”

The ruins of Clifford Castle, completely covered with ivy, look down solemn and sad upon the Wye :—

“ Clifford has fallen, howe'er sublime,  
Mere fragments wrestle still with time,  
Yet as they perish, sad and slow,  
And rolling dash the streams below,  
They raise traditions gloomy scene,  
The clue of silk and wrathful queen,  
And link in memory's fairest bond,  
The love-born tale of Rosamond.”

“ *On Hereford, fair City of the Wye.*”

The city of Hereford is of great antiquity, and in the time of the Heptarchy, was the capital of the Mercian kingdom. It stands about 250 feet above the sea-level, on a deposit of gravel, 900 acres in extent, and from 15 to 33 feet in depth. The rocks of which this gravel is mainly composed, have been identified with those found some forty miles higher up the river Wye, in the valley of the Ithon, and in the vicinity of Builth and Rhayader. The population of the city and its liberties was 12,108 in the year 1851 ; it has since, however, much increased through the advantages of being made the centre of four important railways, namely, the Ross and Gloucester, the Hereford and Newport, the Shrewsbury, and the

Worcester lines. All of these railways are now completed, except the latter, which is now in course of formation from Malvern; and a fifth line is projected to Hay and Brecon.

The present site of the city was, during the Roman era, occupied by a village, called, by the Britons, *Caerffawydd*, or the Beech Town. The existing city became, in the year 586, the capital of the principality of Mercia, and was called by the Anglo-Saxons *Fernelege*, or the place of Ferns. The origin of the name *Hereford* has been the subject of much speculation. The Anglo-Saxon words, "*Here-I-Ford*," or, "Here is a Ford," have been mentioned as probable derivations, but the necessity of a *second* Saxon name does not appear, the *first* having been *Fernelege*. "*Hearde-ford*, a "Ford for herds" has also been suggested. The Britons, no doubt, preferred a name of their own, and on the disappearance of the Beeches, would probably find another. This could be readily presented in the Roman Road from *Magna* to *Wigornia* (Worcester), which passes at about a mile distance to the north of the city. *Henfford*, signifying "The Old Road," is the modern Welsh name; another supposed derivation is *Garawffordd*, or "the Rough-road," gutturals being often dropped in the transition from one tongue to another; thus, *Ereinnwg*, "The Orchard," the ancient British name of this part of Siluria. *Haroldfort* has also been mentioned as its possible origin, the castle of Hereford having, after the ravages of the Welsh, in 1055, been strongly repaired by *Harold*, afterwards king. In ancient maps and descriptions, the names *Hariford* and *Haeford* frequently occur.

The historical incidents of the city are briefly sketched in the poem, from the period of the Heptarchy to the civil wars of Charles I. The city was rewarded, after the Restoration, by a new charter, and an augmentation of the city-arms, with the motto, *Invicte Præmium Fidelitatis*. Since that period, no event of any historical importance has occurred in the city or county.

*"Reft is her castle, all her ramparts lost."*

The castle of Hereford is described by Leland as having been one of the fairest, largest, and strongest fortifications in England. It stood on the north bank of the Wye, slightly eastward of the cathedral, and consisted of two wards. In the smaller, or western one, on a lofty artificial mound, was the keep, which had ten semicircular towers in the outer wall, and one great tower within, beneath which was a dungeon. The dimensions of the eastern ward were,



175 yards in the north and south, 196 in the east, and 100 in the west. The smaller ward measured 100 yards on the south and east, on the north and west were three sides, of sixty-five yards each. A moat, crossed on the west side of the smaller tower, by a bridge of stone arches, with a drawbridge in the middle, surrounded the whole. Ethelfleda, who died A.D. 920, and was succeeded in the government of Mercia by her brother, Edward the Elder, commenced the castle and city wall. The latter was sixteen feet high, and extended round the city on all sides except the south, where it was defended by the river. Projecting from the wall at intervals were fifteen semicircular embattled watch towers, thirty-four feet high, called from their shape, "half-moons," and having embrasures in the shape of crosses in the centre for observation and the discharge of arrows. Although portions of the wall have been rebuilt and repaired since the days of Ethelfleda, the present scanty but interesting remains undoubtedly stand on the ancient foundation. The length of the wall was 1,800 yards, and that of the intervening space, defended by the river, 550; the total circumference of the city (intra-mural) being 2,350 yards. There were originally six gates, or bars, at the principal entrances. A moat, which was obtained by directing the course of a neighbouring brook, surrounded the wall, and, until the recent alterations in and about the city, a shallow stream remained in its place.

After the final subjugation of Wales by Edward I., the castle, being no longer needed as a means of defence, was allowed to fall into decay. Ruinous in the time of Leland, the devastation of civil war, a century later, could not fail to accelerate its destruction, and in 1652, subsequent to its gallant defence against the Scotch, by Barnabas Scudamore, the materials of the building were seized as royal property by the Parliamentary Commissioners, and disposed of for £85, as their gross value.

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## CANTO II.

*"To trace the growth of yon stupendous pile."*

THE history of the Cathedral church of Hereford, from its foundation in the Saxon era, to the end of the eighteenth century, is briefly sketched in the text.

The dignitaries and officers, attached to the cathedral, now include the bishop, dean, two archdeacons, four canons residentiary (who, with the dean, form the chapter) ; the chancellor of the diocese, chancellor of the cathedral, precentor, succentor, prælector, treasurer and sub-treasurer, twenty-eight prebendaries (four prebendal stalls being held by as many canons) ; the custos and vicars choral of the college, an organist, a chapter-clerk, six lay deacons, and ten choristers.

The stipends attached to seventeen of the prebends, have been, by a recent act of parliament, transferred to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners ; a species of legalised spoliation, which, it is submitted, can be justified on no reasonable grounds. It is conceived, that these ancient institutions were intended to be conferred as rewards upon distinguished members of the parochial clergy within the diocese ; and as such they gave additional importance and dignity to the cathedral establishment.

Nor can it be imagined how this act of spoliation was tacitly assented to by the bishop of the diocese, who was (except in one instance), the patron of all the prebendal stalls. It might, however, have been rendered more tolerable had the emoluments been retained, and had the prebendal dignity been incorporated with some of the less valuable parochial preferments in the gift of the bishop. But that the property of these strictly local appendages to the See and Cathedral should have been appropriated by, and added to, the funds of an ecclesiastical commission, wholly independent of, and irresponsible to, the diocesan authorities, is an instance of the grasping manner in which parliament is allowed to deal with private interests, and can only be accounted for on the principle of "robbing Peter to pay Paul."

*"The ancient College with its spacious Square."*

The College, which is a corporation independent of the bishop and the dean and chapter, at present consists of a custos and five vicars choral. The Vicars, in the first place, are nominated by the Chapter, but are subject to rejection by their own body after a year's probation. The custos is chosen for life, the choice generally falling on the Senior Vicar.

The college is built in form of a quadrangle, with obtuse arches, opening into a lawn in the centre, and was erected about 1474. It contains a hall, common room, chapter room, and a chapel, with suites of apartments for the occupation of the members. The college

garden adjoins the gardens and grounds of the bishop's palace, being beautifully situate on the banks of the river Wye. Between the cathedral and college is a cloister, connecting the two buildings, one hundred and nine feet in length.

*" Whilst aught is left of Cantilupe's fair shrine."*

The shrine of the eminent prelate, Thomas Cantilupe, stands on the eastern side of the great northern transept, immediately beneath the apartment now used as the library of the cathedral.

*" So thy name,  
Dean Merewether, shall survive to fame."*

To the untiring zeal, exertions and excellent taste of the late Very Rev. John Merewether, D.D., Dean, who died in the year 1850, may be attributed the noble work of restoration of the cathedral, which is now in course of completion. In it he was ably seconded by the other members of the Chapter, and by the inhabitants of the diocese, city, and county.

The altar-screen recently erected in the choir, was the gift of the late Joseph Bailey, jun., Esq., one of the members of parliament for the county, who died in the year 1850, greatly regretted by his constituents, his family, and a large circle of friends.

*" The neighbouring fanes surround it close at hand."*

Two only of the ancient parochial churches within the city—those of St. Peter and All Saints now remain ; the former situate at the head St. Owen-street, and the latter at the junction of Eign-street and Broad-street. The new churches of St. Nicholas and St. Martin are without the city walls. The late Rev. John Hanbury, M.A., Rector of St. Nicholas, and the late Rev. H. J. Symons, LL.D., Rector of St. Martin, were actively engaged for some years in promoting the erection of the respective edifices.

*" Night wanes apace, the crowd are gone."*

The event described in the ballad, laid the foundation of the future importance and prosperity of the Cathedral. The restless ambition of Offa, King of Mercia, prompted him to attack the neighbouring kingdom of the East Angles, with a view of adding it to his dominions, but he was defeated by the successful valour of Ethelbert. Peace being subsequently concluded, Offa acceded to proposals of

marriage between Ethelbert and his daughter Elfrida ; and the young and unsuspecting prince attended, invited, at the palace of Offa, at South-Town (now Sutton), with a splendid retinue, to treat for the intended spousals. Quendreda, the queen of Offa, is recorded to have prevailed upon her husband to violate the ties of hospitality and humanity, and Ethelbert was treacherously murdered there, A.D. 793. His guards were dispersed ; his kingdom, taken by surprise, was annexed to the state of Mercia. The faithful Elfrida, who had been betrothed, if not married to him, retired to Croyland Abbey ; and Offa, seized with remorse, sought to appease his wounded conscience by actions which, at the time, were thought to atone for the deepest delinquency. Offa removed the body of Ethelbert from Marden, where it had been privately buried, to the cathedral of Hereford, erecting over him a magnificent tomb, and endowed the church with valuable gifts, chiefly situate in the vicinity of his own palace. The known virtues of the murdered prince caused his shrine to be visited as that of a martyr ; and such was the fame of his miracles, that the city and cathedral attained a degree of opulence from the pious contributions of devoted pilgrims.

### CANTO III.

*“ The Golden Valley anxiously explore,  
Where sport invites them to the sparkling Dore.”*

DORE ABBEY, more commonly called Abbey Dore (the name being derived from the river Doire or Dore), is a parish in the hundred of Webtree, beautifully situate at the head of the Golden Valley. The church is dedicated to the holy Trinity and St. Mary, and consists of a portion of the ancient abbey of White Monks. This was founded in honour of the blessed Virgin Mary, in the reign of King Stephen, by Robert, son of Harold, Lord of Ewyas. It consisted of an abbot and eight monks, whose revenue at the dissolution was valued at £118 2s. The remains of the abbey, now forming the parish church, are highly interesting to the antiquary, and derive additional beauty from their picturesque position. The late Rev. John Duncumb, M.A., the historian of the county, preceded the present incumbent in the rectory, and was, besides his literary talent, greatly respected for his private personal worth and character.



*"Moccas embosom'd in her sylvan shade."*

Moccas Court, the seat of Sir Velters Cornwall, Bart., and Garbons, the seat of Sir Henry Geers Cotterell, Bart., are beautifully situate on the north and south banks of the river Wye, about eight miles from Hereford. Belmont, Rotherwas and Holm Lacy (the mansions of Wegg Prosser, Esq., Charles Bodenham, Esq., and Sir E. F. Scudamore Stanhope, Bart.), occupy equally beautiful sites, nearer to the city. The poet Pope, whilst on a visit at Holm Lacy, wrote his well-known sketch, "The Man of Ross," in which he so faithfully portrays the character of John Kyrle, so eminent for his philanthropy and personal virtues.

*"The scene extends till Ross and Goodrich nigh."*

The town of Ross is said to have been founded from the ruins of the Roman town "Ariconium," which stood at a short distance. It was formerly a free borough, from the time of Henry III. to the 23rd year of Edward I., when it sent two members to parliament. This privilege was subsequently and finally relinquished, on the petition of the inhabitants in the following year. King Henry IV. passed a night at Ross on his way to Monmouth to see his queen, at the time his son and successor (Henry of Monmouth and hero of Agincourt), was born. It is said that the king received intelligence of the prince's birth from the ferryman at Goodrich, when he was about to cross the river; and that he gave the boat and ferry, which were then the property of the crown, to the ferryman, in return for the pleasing news. The unfortunate Charles I. slept at Ross in 1645, on his way from Ragland Castle.

The living is a rectory and vicarage united, in the archdeaconry and diocese of Hereford, in the patronage of the bishop. The church, dedicated to St. Mary, is an irregularly-built though handsome edifice, with a lofty and well-proportioned spire, and stands in an extremely beautiful situation. The eastern window is ornamented with stained glass, and contains a figure of Thomas de Cantilupe, Bishop of Hereford, in the act of benediction. A weekly market was granted to the town by King Stephen to Bishop Breton. The bishops of Hereford had formerly a palace here, which is now demolished; and an old stone cross, called "Cob's Cross" (a corruption of "Corpus Christi Cross"), is still standing, and supposed to be commemorative of the ravages of the plague, which visited the town in the years 1635-6-7.

The benevolent John Kyrle, Pope's "Man of Ross," died here, in 1724, aged eighty-eight, and lies buried in the church, where a rich monument, with a medallion, was placed to his memory in 1776, from a bequest by Lady Betty Duplin for that purpose. Ross was the birth-place of John de Ross, a celebrated Doctor of Law, who was established by the Pope in the bishopric of Carlisle, without any election, in 1318, and who died in 1331.

*"The walls and bridge of Wilton grace the scene."*

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*"Fair Goodrich Court and Castle rising high."*

The bridge and ruined castle of Wilton are about a quarter of a mile from Ross, being situate immediately in front of the Prospect.

Goodrich Court, the seat of Lady Laura Meyrick (widow of Lieut-Col. Meyrick), is situate about three miles from Ross, and contains a fine collection of armour, collected by the late Sir Samuel Rush Meyrick, who erected the mansion.

The Keep is the most ancient portion of the fine old ruin of Goodrich Castle. It was composed of three stories, each consisting of a single small room, the lowest being the prison, without even a loop-hole to admit air or light. The original windows are considered to be the most truly Saxon that can be. In the middle story, a stone frame for glass seems to have been inserted, and the style points to the time of Henry VI., and probably made by the celebrated Earl Talbot, who tenanted one of these chambers. The dungeon is supposed to have been erected in the time of Edward III., when Richard Talbot obtained the royal licence for converting his dungeon into a state prison.

All that is known of the origin of the castle is, that a fort, held by a doomsday-book proprietor, of the name of Goldrick, or Goodrick (hence the name "Goodrich"), covered the ford of the river at this place before the Conquest.

In 1165, the castle became the property of the Earl of Pembroke, the then lord of the district from Ross to Chepstow. In 1347, it was the seat of the Talbot family, who founded a Priory of Black Canons at Flanesford, which is now a barn, about a quarter of a mile from the castle. During the Civil Wars, the fortress played a conspicuous part, being taken and retaken by the opposing parties; first for the Parliament, but it was subsequently taken by Sir Richard Lingen, who, in 1646, defended it for five months against Colonel Birch. It was, excepting the Castle of Pendennis, the last castle



TINTERN ABBEY.

"Hail, fair Tintern! whether or not it be  
 In winter's dreary hour, when gloomily  
 The harsh wind blows, all biting, cold, and loud,  
 And earth lies ice-bound, wrapt in snowy shroud:  
 On vernal morn, when o'er thy sacred ground,  
 The young grass springs, and Nature smiles around;  
 In summer, when the sun shines warm and bright,  
 The skylark trilling in the azure height;  
 Or in brown autumn, decked with changing leaves,  
 When garners full, fruit blushing, golden sheaves  
 Rejoice the heart of man,—I visit thee;  
 Tintern, thou still hast deathless charms for me."

HEREFORDIA. — CANTO III.



which held out for the king, Charles I. In the following year, it was ordered by the Parliament "to be totally disgarrisoned and slighted"; and so it became a ruin, just at a point of the river Wye where such an object is most picturesque and interesting.

*"Hail fair Tintern, whether or not it be,  
In winter's dreary hour, when gloomily."*

Tintern Abbey, although one of the oldest of the Cistercian communities of this country, was not famous either for its wealth or the number of its members; and at the dissolution contained only thirteen monks, supported by a rental of from £200 to £300, at the highest calculation. Dugdale returns the revenue at £132 1s. 4d., and Speed at £256 11s. 6d. Its splendid situation on the banks of the Wye, coupled with the elegance of its architectural design may, however, challenge comparison with the finest ecclesiastical monuments in the United Kingdom.

The abbey was founded in the year 1131, by Walter de Clare, and dedicated to the Virgin Mary; but its endowments were greatly increased by Gilbert de Strongbow, Lord of Striguil and Chepstow, and afterwards Earl of Pembroke. The establishment consisted of Cistercians, or White Monks, introduced to England only three years before, when they settled at Waverley in Surrey. The founder of the church was Roger Bigod, Earl of Norfolk; and the consecration of the choir (the first portion finished) took place in 1268; and, in the body of the church, which is the most interesting part of the ruins, the architecture is of a style long subsequent. It was built in the regular cathedral-form, with a nave, north and south aisles, transept and choir, and a tower, which stands in the centre. In the choir of the abbey was buried Maud, Countess of Pembroke and Marshal of England, her body being borne into the church by her four sons.

*"Then visit Chepstow, old and quiet town."*

Chepstow Castle is supposed to have been originally built by Julius Cæsar. In the reign of Henry I. it was possessed by the Clare family, of whom Robert de Clare (surnamed, like his father, Strongbow), is famous for his Irish adventures. It afterwards came, by the marriage of a daughter of Robert Strongbow (who had no male issue), to William, Marshal of England, Lord Protector of the Kingdom; and, by the marriage of his daughter, it fell to Hugh Bigod, Earl of Norfolk. This daughter was Maud, who was in her widow-



hood created Marshal, in virtue of her descent, the king, Henry III., solemnly giving the truncheon into her hand. She was buried at Tintern, in 1248, her body being carried into the choir by her four sons. The castle was subsequently sold to the Earl of Pembroke, whose heiress, Elizabeth, carried it to Sir Charles Somerset, afterwards Earl of Worcester. During the Civil Wars, it was a place of great importance. It was, in 1645, given with other lands to Oliver Cromwell; but was at the Restoration again possessed by the Somerset family, who now enjoy it. Here, Henry Marten, one of the regicides of Charles I., was confined for twenty years, where he died at the age of seventy-eight, and was buried in the chancel of the parish church of Chepstow.

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#### CANTO IV.

*"Go, trace the glebe from Salop's bounding line."*

THE river Teame, flowing beneath the walls of Ludlow Castle, divides the counties of Hereford and Salop, Ludford House, formerly the seat of the Charlton family, being within a few hundred yards of the bridge.

Berrington is the seat of Lord Rodney, and Hampton Court (once the property of the Coningsby family, and afterwards of the Earl of Essex), now belonging to J. H. Arkwright, Esq., are situate within three miles of the town of Leominster.

Stoke Edith Park, lying midway between Hereford and Ledbury, is the seat of the Right Hon. Lady Emily Foley, relict of the late Edward Thomas Foley, Esq., one of the former representatives of Herefordshire in parliament.

Eastnor Castle, the noble residence of Earl Somers, was erected about thirty years since, and is romantically situate within four miles of Ledbury, and about three miles from Malvern Hills and the Herefordshire Beacon.

*"The Earls of Hereford, once powerful thanes"*

When the Mercian kingdom was subdued by Egbert, the title of Earl of Mercia was given to a viceroy, whose power at the first being that of a tributary sovereign, gradually declined. On the removal of Leofric from Hereford to Coventry, A.D. 1040, Sweyn, the eldest son of Godwin, was made Earl of Hereford; but being

banished for treason eleven years afterwards, was succeeded by Ranulph, who was defeated by Algar and the Welsh, A.D. 1055. Although a Norman, he was displaced by the Conqueror, and his earldom granted to William Fitz-Ozborne, a relative and adviser of the king, together with extensive landed possessions, in defence of which he at least strengthened Chepstow Castle. His son Bigod, surnamed De Breteuil, having joined the Earl of Norfolk in a conspiracy against William Rufus, was deprived of his property, and condemned to perpetual imprisonment.

The title and possessions were next granted to Milo Fitz-Walter, Earl of Brecknock, who in the time of Henry IV., erected the castle of St. Briavels, on the east bank of the Wye, a few miles below Monmouth, the abbey of Llanthony, and the priory of the same name, at Gloucester. This warrior and architect supporting the Empress Maud, the earldom was given by Stephen to Robert de Blossu, Earl of Leicester, a grandson of Bigod de Breteuil, upon which Milo retired to Llanthony, where he died.

On the accession of Henry II., the title and possession passed to Roger, eldest son of Milo ; thence upon his death, occasioned by an arrow whilst hunting, to his brothers, Henry and Mahel, and afterwards to Humphrey de Bohun, who had married their eldest sister, Margery, and had no fewer than seven successors of the same name ; of these, the most eminent was Constable of England in the time of Edward I., who with Roger Bigod, Earl of Norfolk, extorted from that monarch the Charter of 1298, which for ever exempted the English from payment of any tax levied without the consent of their parliamentary representatives.

On the death, in 1373, of the seventh Earl Humphrey, whose monument is in the Lady Chapel of the cathedral, the male line ceased, and the property of the De Bohuns was divided between his two daughters, Eleanor, wife of Thomas de Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, and sixth son of Edward III., and Mary, who married Henry, Earl of Derby, son of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster. Henry was created Duke of Hereford in 1377, and upon his succession to the throne, in 1399, the earldom of Hereford was conferred on Edmund Stafford, Earl of Buckingham, son-in-law of Thomas de Woodstock, who fell in the battle of Shrewsbury, 1403, whilst fighting for the king. His son Humphrey (the eighth of that name), the friend and supporter of Henry VI., was created Duke of Buckingham, and fell on the Lancastrian side, at Northampton, in 1460, leaving his grandson, Henry, as heir. One half of his pro-

perty was seized by the sovereigns of the House of York, as co-heirs, but their heir claimed restitution successfully from Richard III., who was placed on the throne through his exertions. Becoming disgusted with the new monarch, he took up arms in favour of the Earl of Richmond, and was arrested and executed at Salisbury, in 1483. Since that period, the titles and possessions of the De Bohuns have been merged in the English crown.

*"The viscounts of Hereford, the oldest known."*

The viscounty of Hereford has been held for sixteen generations by the Devereux family, and was conferred in 1550; it is the premier peer of that rank in England. Robert de Evreux, or Ervrus, was one of the Norman leaders in the battle of Hastings. His descendant, Sir Walter Devereux, had estates at Bodenham and Whitchurch, being Sheriff of Herefordshire in 1371 and 1376. A subsequent baronet of the same name, who, on his mother's side, came from the De Bohuns, got the title of Viscount Hereford from Henry VIII., for his services in the French wars of that time. The barony of Ferrers, and the earldom of Essex and Ewe, descended to this house on the maternal side; but ceased in 1646, on the death, without issue, of Robert, the third earl, a general in the Parliamentary army. Robert, father of the last-named, was the distinguished and unfortunate favourite of Queen Elizabeth,

*"Lord Cantilupe (the bishop's brother), he,  
Time, second Edward's, built the Monastery."*

The remains of the ancient Monastery and Pulpit Cross of the Black Friars, situate at Widemarsh-gate, were restored at the expense of the late John Arkwright, Esq., of Hampton Court, near Leominster. That estate is charged with the support of Coningsby's Hospital, immediately adjoining the ruins, which was instituted in 1614, by Sir Thomas Coningsby, Knight, being the only private military hospital in the kingdom. The vicarage of Bodenham, in which parish Hampton Court is situate, was directed, in a codicil to the founder's will, to be given to the successive chaplains of this hospital.

*"The White Cross (Bishop Charlton's work) records."*

During the prevalence of the Black Death, or Plague, in the city, in 1347, the markets for the sale of provisions necessary for the



inhabitants within the walls, were held on the spot now occupied by the White Cross, about one mile and a quarter west of the city. This relic was erected some years afterwards by Bishop Lewis Charlton, whose monument in the cathedral bears the same heraldic device, a lion rampant. The prelacy of this bishop was from 1361 to 1369; and he is supposed to have been descended from the Charlton family, who were formerly Earls of Powis.

*"In presence of their lord, the first King James.  
When flourish'd many fine old English games,  
Ten persons did perform most jollily,  
A Morrice Dance before His Majesty."*

Ralph Wigley, one of the persons who, in the year 1613, joined in the morrice dance performed before King James I., is said to have been 132 years old.

*"And Baskerville much to his Highness' sport.  
Stout sons, a score-and-one, he took to court."*

The patriarchal person alluded to, was Sir Roger de Baskerville, the last most eminent member of that once very powerful family, whose then representative accompanied the Conqueror into England. To his ancestor was granted Eardisley Castle, with other large possessions, in the western portion of the county. Several direct descendants of the old knight, and the present personal representatives of the race, are still resident at Weobley.

*"Compact and nestling on the church-crown'd hill,  
Fair Ludlow stands with antique gables still."*

The town of Ludlow, which name is of Saxon origin, and formerly spelled "Leadlowe," or, "Ludlowe," was called by the Britons "Dinan," or the "Palace of Princes," and appears to have been distinguished for its importance prior to the Norman Conquest. At that time, Robert de Montgomery, kinsman of William the Conqueror, fortified the town with walls, and erected the greater part of its stately castle, which he made his baronial residence until his death, in 1094. On the attainder of his son, Robert de Montgomery, the castle passed to Henry I., who made it a royal residence, greatly enlarging and embellishing it; and having strengthened the fortifications, placed in it a powerful garrison, under the command of Gervase Pagnell. He, in the following reign, having embraced

the cause of Matilda, held it for a considerable time against the forces of Stephen, by whom it was besieged in person, assisted by Henry, son of the King of Scotland. This prince, drawn up from his horse by an iron hook, was rescued from incarceration by the courage and address of the English monarch.

Ludlow, from its proximity to Wales, was always a station of importance, and a strong garrison was constantly kept up in the castle, for the defence of the frontier from the incursions of the Welsh. In the reign of Henry III., an order was issued from the castle for all the Lords-Marchers to repair to this place, attended by their followers, to assist Roger Mortimer, at that time governor, in restraining the hostilities of the Welsh. And in the forty-seventh year of the same reign, Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, who had joined the confederated barons, assisted by Llewellyn, Prince of Wales, attacked the castle with their united forces, and having set it on fire, nearly demolished it. In the reign of Edward II., Roger Mortimer, a descendant of the famous governor, having joined the discontented barons, was sent prisoner to the Tower of London, from which he effected his escape; and in commemoration of his success, erected, in the outer ward of Ludlow Castle, a chapel, which he dedicated to St. Peter, and endowed it for a priest to celebrate mass; but being arraigned for high treason, in the reign of Edward III., he was publicly executed at Tyburn.

In the reign of Henry VI., Richard, Duke of York, who then had possession of the castle, detained John Sutton, Lord Dudley, Reginald, Abbot of Glastonbury, and others, in confinement here; and issued from this place his declaration of allegiance to the king, which he also repealed some years after on the defeat of Lord Audley, at Blore Heath; but on his subsequent insurrection and attainder, the king laid siege to the castle, and, having taken it, stripped it of all its ornaments. The town was plundered of everything valuable by his soldiers. The Duchess of York, with her two younger sons, was taken prisoner and confined for some time in one of the outer towers of the castle. After the death of the Duke of York, at the battle of Wakefield, the castle descended to his son, Edward, Earl of March, afterwards Edward IV.

The young king, Edward V., and his brother, the Duke of York, lived in the castle, under the superintendence and protection of Earl Rivers, till their removal by order of the Duke of Gloucester (afterwards Richard III.), to the Tower of London, where they were barbarously murdered. Prince Arthur, son of Henry VII., resided

here after his nuptials with Catherine of Arragon, in 1501, and kept a splendid court until his decease in the following year.

In the reign of Henry VIII., a kind of local government, called the "Council in the Marches of Wales," was established at Ludlow, consisting of a lord president, as many councillors as the prince chose to appoint, a secretary, an attorney, and four justices of the Principality, the lord president residing in the castle.

During the Parliamentary Wars, the castle held out for the king, Charles I., under the command of the Earl of Bridgewater, but finally surrendered to the Parliament. Frequent skirmishes took place in the town, between the contending forces, in one of which Sir Gilbert Gerrard, brother to the Earl of Macclesfield, was killed.

Opposite the entrance gateway is the Hall, in which was performed by the children of the Earl of Bridgewater, the celebrated "Masque of Comus," composed by Milton, and founded on an incident which occurred to the family of that nobleman soon after his appointment to the presidency. In Mortimer's Tower, the poet, Butler, after the Restoration, wrote several cantos of "Hudibras."

The remains of the castle, with its massive walls and picturesque towers, still exhibit traces of its original grandeur, forming a most interesting and venerable ruin, situate on the summit of an eminence of grey-stone rock, overhanging the river Teame, which separates the town of Ludlow from the adjacent county of Hereford.

## CANTO V.

*"And, thus, her Towns are small, and few, but fair."*

THE town of Kington is of considerable antiquity, prettily situated on the banks of the river Arrow; and, here, the manufacture of chintz and gloves was once extensively carried on; the former has, however, ceased altogether, and the latter is much diminished. King Charles II. is said to have visited the town prior to the Battle of Worcester, and to have slept at the Talbot Inn, still standing in Bridge-street. Near to it is a barn, where the tragic actress, Mrs. Siddons, who was born at Brecon, made one of her first public appearances on the stage. The church dedicated to St. Michael, is an ancient structure, standing in a large burial-ground, beautifully situate, and commanding a fine view of the surrounding country. A Free Grammar School was founded here, pursuant to the will of

Lady Hawkins, who, in 1619, bequeathed money for the purchase of an estate, which, thirty years since, produced £224 10s. per annum. The living is a vicarage, uniting, also, the curacies of Brilley, Michaelchurch, and Huntington. On Bradnor Hill, about a mile north of the town, there are traces of an ancient camp; and there is a rocky eminence in the vicinity, called Castle Hill, though it does not appear that any castle stood there, or that it was the site of an encampment. A chapel is said to have been destroyed by an earthquake in this place, about 500 years since.

Leominster (according to Leland) derives its name from a minster or monastery, founded here by Merewald, King of West Mercia, about 660, and that Saxon prince is said to have had a castle or palace about half-a-mile eastward of the town; a fortress, also, was standing on the same spot in 1055, when it was seized by the Welsh chieftains, and fortified. At the time of the Norman survey, the manor, with its appurtenances, was assigned by Edward the Confessor to his Queen Editha; in the reign of William Rufus, the fortifications were strengthened, to secure it against the incursions of the Welsh. In the reign of John, the town, priory, and church were plundered and burned by William de Braos, Lord of Brecknock; in the time of Henry IV., it was in possession of Owen Glendwr, after he had defeated the Earl of March. In the next century, the inhabitants of the town took a decisive part in the establishment of Mary on the throne, for which service she granted the first charter of incorporation, about 1554. The monastery founded by Merewald, having been destroyed by the Danes, a college of prebendaries, and, subsequently, an abbey of nuns, were established here; but these institutions were destroyed previously to the time of Edward I., who endowed the abbey of Reading with the monastery of Leominster, to which it afterwards became a cell; its revenue, at the dissolution, being £660 16s. 8d. The charter of incorporation, received from Queen Mary, was confirmed and extended by subsequent sovereigns. The last was granted by Charles II., in 1665. The borough has sent two members to Parliament since the 23rd year of Edward I. The parish church dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul, is a spacious and irregular structure, exhibiting specimens of every style of Norman and English architecture: the tower, which is of considerable elevation, stands at the north-west angle. This place confers the title of Baron upon the Earl of Pomfret, who styles himself Baron Lempster, that having been the ancient name of the town.



Weobley was, until its disfranchisement by the Parliamentary Reform Act of 1832, an unincorporated borough, and returned two members to Parliament. The elective franchise was granted by Edward I., and was renewed, or confirmed by Charles I. The church dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul is a fine structure, and contains several monuments of the families of Birch and Peploe. On the south side of the town are the remains of an ancient castle, which was taken by Stephen, in the war between him and the Empress Matilda, for whom it had been kept by William Talbot.

Ledbury derives its name from the river Leden, which intersects the parish from north to south. It is situate on a declivity at the eastern angle of the county, and at the southern extremity of the Malvern Hills. In the more ancient parts of the town, the houses are composed of timber and brick, with projecting stories; and in the centre stands a curious market-house in Elizabethan style. Ledbury sent two members to Parliament in the reign of Edward I., but surrendered the elective franchise, subsequently, on the plea of poverty. The parish church, dedicated to St. Michael, exhibits some fine specimens of Norman architecture, and on the south side of the chancel is a chapel, dedicated to St. Catherine, of decorated character. The north Porch is in the early style of English architecture, as is also the tower, which is surmounted by a spire of elegant proportions, and beautifully standing out against the hill, picturesquely clothed with trees. The Hospital of St. Catherine was founded here, in the thirteenth century, by Hugh Foliot, Bishop of Hereford, and endowed for six widowers and four widows. It was re-founded by Queen Elizabeth, in 1580, for a master, seven poor widowers and three widows. The present building, highly ornamented, was erected in 1822, at a cost of nearly £6,000. In and near the parish were several Roman remains, and there is still a part of the famous Beacon Camp, considered to have been one of the fortresses built by Caractacus, when this part of Britain was invaded by the Romans, under Ostorius Scapula. At Ledbury, Jacob Tonson, an eminent bookseller, and the subject of a satirical triplet by Dryden, whose epitaph, published in the "Gentleman's Magazine," for February, 1736, was closely copied by Dr. Benjamin Franklin, for his own tombstone.

The town of Bromyard is situate partly in a hollow and partly against a hill. The church, dedicated to St. Peter, is a spacious structure, in the Norman style, occupying a high and prominent position. The downs adjacent to the town, on the Worcestershire

side, are extensive and open, and the district lying towards Hereford, from which it is distant fourteen miles, is rich in orchards and fine hop-gardens. The Free Grammar School was endowed by Queen Elizabeth with £16 4s. 11½d. per annum, subsequently augmented by £20 per annum, by John Perrins, Esq. There are almshouses for seven aged women, endowed by the Rev. Phineas Jackson, formerly vicar of the parish, to which also the Rev. Dr. Cope, a former incumbent, was a benefactor. The town has been always considered dull, and, from its isolated position, is said, by a local proverb, "to have been the last built, and that it fell from the sky ready made."

*"Of Kilpeck Church and Castle take a view."*

Kilpeck is a parish, and perpetual curacy, in the upper division of the hundred of Wormelow, and the living is in the gift of the Bishop of Gloucester. The church, dedicated to St. David has some fine portions of the Norman style of architecture. It was given by Hugh Fitzwilliam (whose family assumed the name of Kilpeck) son of the Conqueror, to the abbey of St. Peter, Gloucester, in 1134, and became a cell of black monks subordinate to it, till its suppression. The ancient castle of Kilpeck fell early to ruin, and, since the time of Edward I., a part only of the walls was remaining.

*"Then Madley, with her decorated tower,  
Will hold the critic through a pleasant hour."*

Madley, a parish in the hundred of Webtree, is a vicarage in connection with the perpetual curacy of Tiberton, in the peculiar jurisdiction of the Dean of Hereford. The church, dedicated to St. Mary, is a large and handsome edifice, principally in the decorated style, with an embattled tower at the west end. The late very Rev. John Merewether, D.D., Dean of Hereford, was vicar of the parish, and, by his munificence and taste, contributed greatly towards the restoration and beautifying of the church.

*"Father of Heraldry and blazoned lore."*

John Guillim, author of the valuable treatise, known as "Heraldry Displayed," was born at Hereford, in 1565, was educated at the Cathedral Grammar School, and died in 1621.

*"Roger of Hereford, a century  
Ere Bacon lived, versed in astronomy."*

Roger of Hereford, ancestor of Richard Hereford, Esq., the

proprietor of Sufton Court, having flourished, as astronomer, astrologer, alchemist and mathematician, so early as the time of Henry II., anticipated the career of Roger Bacon by nearly a century. He is said to have been educated at Cambridge, as his works were long preserved in the library of that university; of these the most noted are, a "Treatise on Judicial Astrology," and "A Book of Metals."

*"Few Sees can boast of Bishops such a line."*

The Bishops Putta, Turtell, and Terteras, were the three first Saxon Bishops of Hereford, to whom, between the years 730 and 740, a magnificent cross was erected on the east side of the cathedral, near the site of the present Grammar School. Amongst the eminent persons who have filled the See of Hereford, since the Conquest, may be mentioned :—

John Le Breton, LL.D., the predecessor of Cantilupe (1269—75) who was eminently "learned in the law." His treatise, "*De Juri-bus Anglicanis*," written by special command of Henry III., was long in use as a standard authority. It was highly eulogised by Sir Edward Coke, who speaks of the author as "an ornament to his profession and a solace to himself."

Thomas Cantilupe, or Cantilow, was son of William, Lord Cantilupe, or Kentilupe, so-called from his residing in Kent (by Mill-cent, Countess of Evreux), who represented two of the principal Norman families which entered England with the Conqueror. This prelate was born in 1225, became Chancellor of the University of Oxford, and was, by Henry III., made Lord Chancellor of England, and succeeded to the See in 1275. He died in 1282, at Civita Vecchia, on his return from Rome, where he had been to obtain redress for encroachments made on the rights of his church. His flesh was buried in the Church of St. Severus, near Florence; his heart was inurned at the monastery of Ashbridge, in Bucks, and his bones were deposited with pomp in his own cathedral, where his tomb, or shrine, now exists, in the north transept. He was canonized about the year 1319, and, after his death, the arms of the See (the same as those borne by the East Anglian kings) were abandoned for those of the saint; and these have been retained to, and are used at, the present time.

Edward Fox (1535—1538), the first Protestant Bishop of Hereford, and one of the pillars of the Reformation, was almoner to King Henry VIII.

John Skipp, D.D. (1539—53), was one of the compilers of the Book of Common Prayer, and his successor, John Harley, D.D. (1553—54), was imprisoned and deprived of his See by Queen Mary, for the alleged crimes of heresy and wedlock.

Miles Smith, D.D., born at Hereford, in 1550, who died in 1624, was the son of a fletcher, or maker of arrows, was bred up at the Cathedral School, and Brazenose College, Oxford. He became a Canon Residentiary of the cathedral, and afterwards Bishop of Gloucester. He was eminent as an Oriental scholar, and was employed by James I. in the translation of the Holy Bible. He wrote the Preface to the Authorized Version, and, to this prelate and Dr. Bilson, Bishop of Winchester, was committed the entire revisal of the sacred volume.

George Isaac Huntingford, D.D., was appointed to the See in 1815, and died in the year 1834. He held, also, the Wardenship of the College of Winchester, near to which city he was first inducted to the offices of the sacred ministry, in a small parish church, where he was buried by his own special desire. Dr. Huntingford was esteemed one of the most learned men of his time, a profound Greek scholar (equal, perhaps, to Porson), and was greatly beloved for his eminent Christian virtues.

*“ Musgrave beloved, alas ! too early gone.”*

Dr. Thomas Musgrave was, on the death of Bishop Grey, in 1837, raised to the See of Hereford ; and in 1847, was translated to the archiepiscopal chair of York. In both these high positions he won, by his amiable, upright, and truly Christian character, the affection of every class of the community. He died in 1860.

*“ Nor did the lofty Wolsey think too mean  
Of Hereford, and so was once its Dean.”*

Thomas Wolsey was born at Ipswich, in March, 1471, and from the time he became a Bachelor of Arts in the University of Oxford, at fourteen years of age, to the date of his downfall and his retirement to the abbey of Leicester, in 1530, no British subject ever advanced so rapidly in the favour of his sovereign. His income exceeded in amount the revenues of the Crown, and his household comprised 800 persons ; his retinue included noblemen and gentlemen of the highest rank and character. Wolsey succeeded Reginald West, as Dean of the Cathedral of Hereford, in 1512, during the episcopate of Bishop Booth, but appears to have held it but a short



time, Edmund Frowcester having received the dignity in the same year. From the modest position of a Fellow of Magdalen College, and tutor of three sons of the Marquis of Dorset, in 1500, he ultimately became rector of Lymington, a chaplain to the king, Henry VIII., rector of Redgrave, counsellor and almoner to His Majesty, rector of Torrington, canon of Windsor, registrar of the Order of the Garter, prebend of Bugthorpe, Dean of York, Bishop of Tournay, Bishop of Lincoln, Archbishop of York, Cardinal of St. Cecily, then Lord Chancellor of England, and Pope's Legate, *a latere*, in 1516. Besides the profits of these appointments, the king bestowed on him the rich Abbey of St. Albans, *in commendam*, and the Bishopric of Durham, and, afterwards, that of Winchester; and with these, he held, in pawn, the Bishoprics of Bath and Worcester, enjoyed by foreign incumbents.

*"Henry the Fifth though on its confines born."*

On the other side of the Wye, the district of Monmouthshire begins (for we have hitherto been in Herefordshire), and Courtfield claims our attention for a moment, as the place where Henry V. is said to have been nursed, under the care of the Countess of Salisbury. The remains of a bed and an old cradle were formerly shown as relics of the Monmouth hero. Half a mile further down the river is Welsh Bicknor Church, which has puzzled the antiquarians by its sepulchral effigy, representing a recumbent female figure, in stone, not ungracefully dressed in a loose robe, but without inscription or coat of arms. Tradition will have it, that it is of the Countess of Salisbury, and it is perhaps correct in the person, but wrong in the name; for, the lady who nursed Henry at Courtfield, supposing him to have been there at all, was, in all probability, Lady Montacute, who married the second son of the first Earl of Salisbury, but was no countess herself. Her son, however, Sir John De Montacute, who possessed the manor of Welsh Bicknor, succeeded to the earldom of Salisbury, and became Earl Marshal of England. It was he who was chief of the Lollards, and was murdered in the year 1480, by the populace of Cirencester. Welsh Bicknor is stated to be in Monmouthshire, but, locally, it is in the lower division of the hundred of Wormelow, in the county of Hereford.

*"In later times the Canon Phillips claims  
Our praise, whose loyalty past history names."*

The Rev. Canon Phillips, who had then an estate at Withington,

afforded an asylum in his house to Charles II., in 1657, after the battle of Worcester.

*"Nor must we slight the good old Clerk's grandson."*

John Phillips, the son of Dr. Stephen Phillips (Archdeacon of Salop), and grandson of the Rev. Canon Phillips, was born at Bampton, in Oxfordshire, where his father was also rector. He attained great celebrity by his poems, "Cider," "Blenheim," and the "Splendid Shilling"; and died 15th February, 1708. There are monuments to his memory in Hereford Cathedral and Westminster Abbey.

*"The Poet Davies, too, and Gerthenge, then."*

John Davies, poet, schoolmaster, and penman, was born in Hereford, and became writing master to the Prince Henry, son of James I., and died at Carlisle, in 1618. He and his pupil, Richard Gerthenge, were noticed by Fuller in his "British Worthies," and reputed to be the best penmen in England.

*"The noble Cornewall needs no eulogy."*

James Cornewall, Captain in the Royal Navy, was born at Moccas, in 1699; was brother of Velters Cornwall, who represented the county of Hereford in seven successive parliaments. Whilst in command of his ship, the "Marlborough," of 90 guns, in an action with the combined French and Spanish squadron off Toulon, in 1744, he lost both his legs, and refused to leave the deck, until he died by the fall of the main and mizen masts.

*"Save, for one fault, and who is free from sin,  
The city need not blush for fair Nell Gwynn."*

Ellen, or Eleanor Gwyn, was of Welsh extraction (and although the place of her birth has been supposed by some persons to be in the Coal-yard, Drury-lane, by others in the city of London, and in Oxford), was born, February 2nd, 1650, in Pipe-lane (now called Gwyn-street), in a cottage contiguous to the palace, which her grandson, Lord James Beauclerk, the then bishop, pulled down, and included its site in the episcopal grounds.

*"Uvedale Price, the gentle brothers Knight,  
A trio firm, rare, excellent and bright."*

Sir Uvedale Price, Bart., of Foxley (the father of the late Sir Robert Price, for many years member for the county and city of

Hereford, and with whom the baronetcy ceased), was a very learned and accomplished scholar, and the author of an "Essay on the Picturesque."

Richard Payne Knight, of Downton Castle, was a rare instance of high intellect combined with great philanthropic feeling and practice. He was a very humane man, and warmly attached to literary pursuits; and, in furtherance of these objects, lived in great retirement, surrendering to his younger brother, Thomas Andrew Knight, his splendid paternal estate. He was the author of an "Analytical Essay on the Greek Alphabet"; an "Analytical Enquiry into the Principles of Taste," a "Monody on the Death of the Right Hon. Charles James Fox," and other works. He left a valuable collection of Papers and Manuscripts to the nation, which are now deposited in the British Museum.

Thomas Andrew Knight, whose name has been previously mentioned, was President of the Horticultural Society, and contributed very valuable works on agricultural and other subjects; amongst which are, a "Pamphlet on Mr. Forsyth's Method of filling up with Plaister the Holes in Trees" (1802); also publications on the "Necessity of a Commutation of Tithes" (1804 and 1834); a "Report of the Committee of the Horticultural Society" (1841); a "Selection of Physiological and Horticultural Papers" (1841); the "Culture of the Pear and Apple" (1797); but his most celebrated work is the "Pomona Herefordensis," illustrated with coloured engravings (1811).

*"To those delighting in black-letter lore,  
Who Fosbrooke's, Meyrick's, Duncumb's works explore."*

The Rev. Thos. Dudley Fosbrooke, a learned scholar and antiquary, was Rector of Walford, and the author of an "Encyclopædia of Antiquities," and "Elements of Archæology, Classical and Mediæval" (1825); the "Tourist's Grammar" (1826); "Foreign Topography, being a Sequel to the Encyclopædia" (1828); "Choir Service Vindicated; a Sermon" (1829); and "British Monachism."

Sir Samuel Rush Meyrick, a learned antiquary and armourist, the owner and founder of Goodrich Court, arranged the armoury in the Tower and at Windsor Castle, and possessed a valuable collection of armoury at his own mansion. He was the author of several Papers on the "Academies of England, Great Britain and Ireland," and "Ancient Welsh Manuscripts"; and editor of "Dunn's Heraldic Visitation of Wales" (1846); and the "Doucean Manuscripts"

(1836); and, it is believed, also of a later and valuable work on "Armour."

The Rev. John Duncumb, Rector of Abbey Dore, and Vicar of Mansel, a learned and accomplished antiquary, was the author of "Collections towards a History of the City and County of Hereford" (1804).

*"The friend of rich and poor, we ne'er may scan  
Geers Cotterell's fellow."*

Sir John Geers Cotterell, Bart. (grandfather of the present Sir Henry Geers Cotterell, Bart.), many years M.P. for Herefordshire, died in 1845, aged eighty-seven. He was greatly beloved by persons of every rank, and was regarded by all as the head of the County.

*"And Havard, come of low but honest birth."*

William Havard, Esq., born in Hereford, of humble parents, in 1735, rose to be partner in one of the chief London banks, and subsequently connected with the City and County Bank in his native city. He devoted his leisure hours to literature, and was author of the popular song "My Poll and my Partner Joe," published in Dibdin's collection. He died in 1811, at his house in South Lambeth.

*"Uniting, too, rich fund of anecdote,  
With local customs, and events of note."*

The Rev. John Merewether, D.D., F.R.S., Dean of the Cathedral; the Rev. J. Webb, F.S.A., Rector of Tretire; and the Rev. J. Bird, Vicar of Mordiford, all eminent as scholars, enjoyed a high and deserved reputation for their great knowledge of archæology, and through whose exertions many curious remains were discovered throughout the county.

James Wathen, Esq., a gentleman much given to literary and artistic pursuits, accompanied the late Cap. Pendergras to China; he subsequently resided and died in Hereford.

*"Whilst Avon's Swan his magic sceptre sways."*

David Garrick (the son of a French refugee, who, in 1766, held a lieutenant's commission in a regiment of Dragoons, then quartered in Hereford), was born in Widemarsh-street; from whence he was, with his mother, removed to Lichfield, soon after his birth.



*" Though late yet loved, whilst peals the sacred song."*

Dr. John Clarke Whitfeld, Professor of Music at the University of Cambridge, for several years organist of Hereford cathedral, died about the year 1845. He was the author of the oratorio of "Palestine," and numerous Anthems and Services, which rank amongst the best works of our most eminent musical composers. Besides his great musical proficiency as an organist and teacher, he was an admirable performer on the violoncello, and possessed of an extraordinary fund of wit and anecdote.

*" Now whilst we care for learning, and for youth."*

The Cathedral Grammar School was founded by Bishop Gilbert, in 1386, for the purpose of affording gratuitous instruction to the sons of poor citizens. But the salary of the master being only £30 a year, and not being deemed adequate, fresh regulations were made in 1665, when he was also allowed to receive private pupils. The Duchess of Somerset was a great benefactress to the school, and by her munificence it enjoys, in turn with Manchester and Marlborough schools, the presentation to thirty scholarships, fifteen at Brazenose College, Oxford, and fifteen at St. John's College, Cambridge. There are also exhibitions for four boys born in the city of Hereford, founded by Dean Langford, who died in 1607. The school was raised to considerable eminence under the head-mastership of the late Rev. Charles Taylor, D.D., who resigned the charge soon after he became Chancellor of the Diocese. This gentleman died in the year 1834, in consequence of a fall from his carriage. He was greatly beloved and regretted by his family, friends, and pupils; amongst the latter, the author deems himself fortunate to have been included.

*" Through a rich sweep of woods and meadows green,  
The lazy Lugg doth wind its quiet way."*

The river Lugg, a deep and slowly-flowing stream, rises in the county not far from Leominster, and passes through a valley rich in meadows, corn-fields and hop-gardens, at a distance of about two miles south-east of the river Wye at Hereford. In some portion of its route, the adjacent soil is of a deep clay, and its waters partake of its red, yellowish hue. The river affords excellent sport to the angler, who delights to wander on its quiet banks.

*" So homage Art receives,  
And o'er the youthful sculptor, Jennings, grieves."*

The late Benjamin Jennings, jun., a native of Hereford, and sculptor of "The Birth of the Rose," and other beautiful works, died in the year 1856, at an early age.

The late David Cox, head of the Water-Colour School lived at Aylstone-hill for several years, and there painted many of his most characteristic sketches of rural scenery.

Charles Lucy, Esq., the now eminent artist, and painter of the interesting picture, "The Man of Ross portioning a Bride," is a native of the county. This charming work is in the possession of John Bleek Lye, Esq., M.D., Castle-street, Hereford. Amongst other excellent productions from Mr. Lucy's easel, may be mentioned, the "Prometheus Chained"; "Milton visiting Galileo in the Prisons of the Inquisition"; "The Parting of Charles I. from his Family"; "Lord Nelson on Board the Victory on the Morning of the Battle of Trafalgar"; "The Departure of the Puritan Fathers for America"; "The Daughter of Cromwell on her Death-bed Remonstrating with her Father." The majority of these pictures have been engraved in the best style of art.

*" And when the Nation's loyal Anthem peals."*

John Bull, Doctor of Music, and composer of the incomparable air of "God save the King," was a Gentleman Commoner of the College of Vicars. His musical works remained unknown for many years after his decease.

*" Thus shaped thy life, so sweet thy memory,  
That needed ne'er a monument shall be."*

The Hereford County Infirmary, standing on the south bank of the river Wye, at the eastern angle of the Castle Green, was opened in the 1776. It was erected by public subscription, mainly through the exertions of the Rev. Dr. Talbot, Rector of Ullingswick, who headed the list with the munificent contribution of £500. The site for the building was given by Edward, the fourth Earl of Oxford.

## CANTO VI.

*" Then join me on the brow of Athelstane,  
 \*                   \*                   \*                   \*  
 And climb again old Broomy's grassy hill."*

ATHELSTANE, or Aylstone Hill, supposed to be the scene of King Athelstane's treaty with the Welsh, in the tenth century, is beautifully situate about a mile north-east of the city of Hereford, of which, and the surrounding country, it commands a most extensive and delightful prospect.

Broomy Hill is situate about the same distance from the city, but in a south-westerly direction, and upon the banks of the river Wye. During the last fifteen years many additional houses, the residences of gentlemen connected with Hereford, have been erected in its immediate vicinity, the new bridge of the Newport and Abergavenny railway forming a beautiful object in the landscape.

*" With sound of voices, march of human feet,  
 Outnumbering those who, once, on May-morn sweet,  
 Led through the dance."*

The charming and truly rural custom of going a Maying prevailed in this district thirty years since, and young people of both sexes met and danced together on Broomy Hill, under the three large elm trees which now stand near to the basin of the waterworks. From this point of the hill are seen the Hatterel (Hatterail), or Black Mountains, in Brecon; the Skerrid, or Holy Mountains, near Abergavenny, in Monmouthshire; the Malvern range in Worcestershire; and May Hill, in Gloucestershire.

*" But close at hand where Belmont-woods surround,  
 A Gothic pile surmounts the rising ground."*

The priory church and monastery at Belmont, erected under the auspices of Mr. Wegg Prosser, and the parochial churches of St. Martin and St. Nicholas, are new features in the scene. The cathedral, and the ancient spires of All Saints' and St. Peter's churches, all of which enjoy a commanding position, with the fine stretch of the river, visible from Broomy Hill, render it one of the most picturesque spots in the vicinity. St. Peter's church is memorable for the death of its founder, Walter de Lacy, in the year 1085, who accidentally fell from the battlements, which he had



ascended on the occasion of their completion. The church was given, in 1161, by his son, Hugh de Lacy, to the abbey of St. Peter, at Gloucester.

*“ And cold is he to female beauty’s charm,  
If thy fair daughters ne’er his heart disarm.”*

The allusion, it is almost unnecessary to remark, refers to the captivity of Henry II. by Fair Rosamond, daughter of Lord de Clifford; and to that of Charles II. by Nell Gwyn.

*“ The strength and sinew which her yeomen yield.”*

The county of Hereford has long been proverbial for the manly character of its agricultural population, the richness of its orchards and hop-yards, and their valuable produce. Its importance has been greatly enhanced within the last thirty years, by its excellent breed of horned cattle, horses and sheep, the former of which are surpassed by none in the United Kingdom.

*“ He rightly sees her sylvan glories shine.”*

Herefordshire is generally famous for its finely-timbered woods and parks; and especially for its beautiful oak trees. The most celebrated specimens of the latter class are at Sarnsfield, Eastnor, Moccas Park, and Eardisley. The last-mentioned is a tree of very large dimensions and great age, standing about a quarter of a mile north-east of the village of that name.

*“ And darting from the osiers’ side,  
The fairy skiff attempts the tide.”*

One of the many legends associated with the river, is that relating to the “Spirit of the Wye,” which, it is said, has for centuries frequented the stream, upon that beautiful portion lying between the old bridge at Hereford and the charming domain of Belmont. This legend, it is believed, had its origin in the circumstance of the death of a youth, who was the suitor of the daughter of a governor of the castle of Hereford. Having been implicated in a conspiracy against the garrison, but without her knowledge, he was executed by order of her parent. This sad event turned her brain; and the spirit of this damsel is reported to ascend the river nightly in a fairy skiff, to visit the scene of her former happiness, and there to lament the death of the long-cherished object of her affections.

*"And what, for faults how venal though they be,  
The knotted scourge is't fitting penalty?"*

According to a return made in the House of Commons, dated 14th July, 1859, the number of persons employed in the Royal Navy, in the year 1858, was 52,000. Of this number, 47,646 are still subject to the degrading and cruel system of corporal punishment. In the last-named year, 997 were flogged. The number of lashes inflicted was 32,420, the average being 32 lashes; the instrument of torture being the cat-o'-nine-tails. The offences in all the ships were nearly the same, namely, drunkenness, insubordination, theft; and the great difference of the punishment, between one dozen and four dozens of lashes for the same offence, seems to depend more on the temper of each individual captain or punisher, than on the gravity of the offence so visited. The cause of the difficulty (which we hear constantly complained of) in getting seamen,—of numerous desertions, of the character of the seamen being degraded—may be so traced to the barbarities thus perpetrated under the official sanction of the Admiralty, whose conduct is a standing disgrace to the crown, the government, and the parliament.

It must not be omitted to state, that the warrant and commission officers are not liable to the punishment. But till a very recent period, young gentlemen were liable to it; but it was considered so degrading, that by a special order they were exempted from the punishment. Our aristocratic chiefs, yet, have pertinaciously continued it for the actual working and able-bodied sailors, who in the hour of danger bear the great brunt of the perils to which the service is exposed. How such iniquity can be perpetrated in a Christian country, it would be difficult to imagine. But we know that the interests of the great body of the people are wholly unrepresented in both branches of the senate; in the upper house, where sit the titled and territorial aristocracy; and in the lower one, the junior members of their families, combined with the heads of the great mercantile and manufacturing classes. These are all, more or less, bent upon their own individual aggrandisement; and the means by which too many of them obtain places in the legislature, cannot be characterised as honourable.



## NOTES TO THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

*Wye Bridge and Cathedral.*—This view, taken from the south bank of the river looking east, represents the bridge and the cathedral. Few structures of the kind, from the peculiar suddenness and extent of the floods, which are created by the mountain-streams collected at the head of the river, near Rhayader, require to be so firmly built over a comparatively small river, as the Wye Bridge at Hereford. And few bridges have so well withstood the many floods, which with overwhelming force have borne against this ancient fabric. At the close of the last, and during the present century, the floods have been so great as to entirely cover the meadows for a great distance on either side, the road through St. Martins, being wholly under water, and extending from the bridge to the causeway beyond the turnpike-gate, on the way to Ross. The present bridge, the footway of which was widened about thirty years since, was built about the year 1490, replacing a bridge of wood, which was erected in the reign of Henry I.

*Shrine, or Pyx, of St. Ethelbert.*—Sir Thos. More, in his abundant wit, says, "The taking up of a man's bones, and setting them in a gay shrine, hath made many a saint." It was just so with Ethelbert, King of the East Angles, of whose death or martyrdom, the box, or pyx, in the engraving (more like a Florence oil-chest than anything else in common use), is considered to be a sacred memorial. The particulars of the historic incident having been detailed in the text

and notes, those here given will relate to the shrine itself. It is of exquisitely curious workmanship, but not more so than many other tributes of veneration. Like the relics of Bishop Trelleck, the shrine was lost to the cathedral for several centuries ; but it was discovered on the Continent some forty-five years since, by the late Canon Russell, who purchased it from its then possessors ; and by him it was generously restored to the dean and chapter.

The Shrine, or Pyx, as it is called, is seven inches long, three inches and three-eighths broad, and eight inches and a quarter high ; it is formed of oak, very thick and strong, covered with plates of copper, tastefully enamelled in different colours, and handsomely gilt. The sloping part, or roof, measures three inches in height ; the front panel five inches. The figures on the principal side tell the horrible tale of the assassination of Ethelbert. The assassins are cautiously advancing on tip-toe, and pointing to their victim, whilst one is in the act of striking off his head ; and Ethelbert, surprised at his devotions, seems in the act of springing up to meet the hand, which from the cloud appears outstretched to receive him. It has been suggested, that this device might relate to some priest or bishop assassinated during the celebration of mass ; but as mass is not usually celebrated with the head covered, and as the cross on the table is a simple cross and not a crucifix (which last is generally used in public mass), it appears much more probable that the murder was committed during an act of private devotion ; and the dress and crown of the martyr rather denote a prince than either a priest or bishop.

The design on the upper part or roof of the shrine, still has a relation to the martyrdom. We see there a sort of bier, on which is extended, what, we may suppose to be the body of the martyr : two men are employed in raising it from the ground : it is surrounded by figures, probably intended to represent angels, two of whom are scattering incense ; and two others, standing behind the chair, seem to point to heaven. One of them bears a tablet with an inscription.

The figures at each end of the shrine may, perhaps, represent St. Ethelbert after his beatification : at least, the glory over the head would lead one to this supposition, as none of the figures on the front,—the assassins, the murdered prince, or the bearers of the bier,—have anything of the sort.

The colours of the enamel are three shades of blue, a green, red, yellow, and white ; the figures are gilt ; those in front have their heads in relief.



The back of the shrine is covered with a mosaic pattern of four pointed leaves, repeated within square compartments. The back panel opens downwards as a door, and fastens with a lock. On the inside is a plank of wood, on which is painted a red cross, the usual sign of a relic. This is much stained with a dark liquid, supposed to have been the blood of the martyr.

*Arms of the City of Hereford.*—Gules, within a border azure, charged with ten saltires sable, three lions passant gardant in pale of the second. Supporters, two lions rampant proper. Crest, a lion passant gardant proper. Motto, "Invictæ Fidelitatis Præmium."

*Arms of the Bishopric*, prior to the time of Cantilupe.—Gules, a bezant between three Saxon crowns, composed alternately of points and crosses, or, surmounted by a mitre, with fillets proper.

*The Castle Green and Cathedral.*—The sketch represents this beautiful public walk, formerly a portion of the site of the old castle of Hereford; with Lord Nelson's pillar, the Cathedral, and the Reading-Room.

*Arms of the Bishopric*, assumed by Cantilupe, and now adopted.—Gules, three leopards' heads reversed (two and one) swallowing as many fleurs-de-lis, or.

*Hereford Cathedral, and Lady Chapel.*—This is a north-eastern view of the Cathedral, including the Lady Chapel, built by Joanna De Bohun, in the twelfth century, and Bishop Booth's Porch, erected between the years 1516 and 1535. The dimensions of the Cathedral are as follow:—Total exterior length, 344 ft.; interior, 325 ft.; length of the nave, 130 ft.; great transept, 147 ft.; smaller transept, 109 ft.; Lady Chapel, 93 ft.; breadth of nave and aisles, 74 ft.; nave, 38 ft.; each aisle, 28 ft.; Lady Chapel, 28 ft.; Tower, interior, 31 ft.; exterior 43 ft.; height of nave and choir, 70 ft.; lantern, 96 ft.; tower to battlements, 41 ft.; and to apex of the pinnacles, 166 ft. The length of the College cloisters is 109 ft. There are two portions also extant of the bishop's cloisters, namely, the eastern and southern, connecting the Cathedral with the garden of the bishop's palace.

*Arms of the Deanery.*—Azure, five chevronels, or.

*Cross of the Black, or Preaching, Friars.*—This order, totally distinct from that of St. Guthlac, was originally established in 1276, under the auspices of William, Lord Cantilupe, brother of the bishop

of that name. It was first located in Bye-street-without, but was afterwards removed to its present site, Widemarsh-gate-without, which was given to them by Sir John Daniel ; and here the buildings were commenced in the time of Edward II. More than twenty years afterwards, Edward III. enabled them to complete the unfinished portions ; and he was, with his son, the Black Prince, three archbishops, and a strong body of nobles and notables, present at the consecration. About midway between the remains of the monastery and the present hospital, stands the Black Friars' Pulpit, or Preaching Cross, a beautiful and interesting, though decayed, remnant of the later decorated period, about 1350. It is a hexagon, open on each side, and surrounded by a flight of steps, gradually decreasing as they ascend. In the centre is a pillar of the same shape, with two trefoil arches on each side. The roof was embattled, and included a dome, surmounted by a stone crucifix. It is probable that this Cross was surrounded by cloisters, so as to afford a shelter to the congregation.

*Capitular Seal of the College of Vicars.*—The original, from which the engraving is taken, is about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches long, and  $1\frac{1}{4}$  wide, representing the Virgin Mary, standing underneath a canopy, bearing in her right hand the holy child Jesus, and in her left hand an olive branch. On the upper portion is a shield, which shows, palewise, two chevrons composed of pellets. Legend—SIGILL. COLL. VICAR. ECCLES. HEREFORDIENSIS. The same design appears to have been adopted as the Seal of the dean and chapter of the cathedral ; and this is carved in bold relief over the entrance to St. Ethelbert's Hospital, situate in Castle-street, which is under the governance of the dean and chapter.

*The River Wye from the Prospect at Ross.*—The view embraces a beautiful point of the river, immediately below the circular tower erected by the late Mr. Hooper, a gentleman greatly respected by the inhabitants of Ross, and one of the chief benefactors of the town.

*Bishop Trelleck's Crosier and Pope Clement's Bull.*—These curious relics were discovered about fifty years since, in a rude wooden coffin, near the altar in the cathedral, about two feet eight inches below the marble flooring. The coffin contained also the vestige of a body, almost mouldering to dust, the back part of the skull being entire ; on its left side lay a lock of red hair. The crosier traversed the body from the right breast to the left foot. The leaden seal, or

"Pope's Bull," with the letters, CLEMENS P.P. VI. (*i.e.* Pope Clement VI), was attached to it by a silken cord or skein, in perfect preservation. About four inches below the top of the crosier, lay a gold ring, with an amethyst stone near it. The stone has been replaced in the ring, which it perfectly fits. Some pieces of silken stuff were found amongst the dust, but so decayed that they could not be removed. The coffin, an oblong box, was seven feet long, and about two feet wide, composed of oak boards, rough, and about an inch thick, but so uneven as to vary half an inch. A lid had been laid over it, but no nail-holes could be observed.

The leaden Bull was about two and a quarter inches in diameter ; and the vestige of the crosier is about nine inches long ; its breadth across the crook, six inches ; and the diameter of the staff, one inch and a half.

Bishop Trelleck died in 1360, so that these relics must have lain in his coffin for 450 years.

A crosier will be remembered as the pastoral staff, or emblematic crook of a bishop.

The origin of the term "Bull" has been disputed. Some derive it from "bulla," a seal ; and that from "bulla," a drop or bubble ; while others obtain it from a Greek word, signifying a council ; or from the Celtic "burl," or "bul," a bubble.

Fosbrooke tells us, that the Papal Bull is a term taken from the seals, but not confined to deeds of popes. It is extended to those of emperors, princes, bishops, etc., who, till the thirteenth century, used seals of metal, which the popes continued with lead in common acts ; gold in more important ones. These seals varied in form till Urban II. (about 1088), since which they have been much alike ; viz., portraits of Paul and Peter, supported by a cross ; on the reverse, the Pope's name. After the two letters P.P., is the number, in Roman numerals, which distinguishes such Pope from his predecessors of the same name.

Bulls of grace and favour had strings of red and yellow silk ; of punishment, hempen cords. The most ancient are written in Roman running-hand ; and in Lombardic, from the twelfth to the thirteenth century, though small Roman characters were occasionally used. A mixture of the two kinds, obtained so late as the fifteenth century. Du Cange says, "Briefs was the term applied to the Papal acts, sealed with wax ; Bulls to those with lead."

These very valuable and curious relics were stolen from the Cathedral about twenty years since, where they were placed in the



Lady Chapel (then used as a library), and preserved in a glass-case. The dean and chapter now only possess a model of them.

*The White Cross.*—In the road leading from Hereford to Hay, at the junction of another road leading to Burghill, and the battlefield of Mortimer's Cross, is an interesting architectural relic, the White Cross. It consists of an hexagonal flight of seven steps, each ten feet long at the base, and gradually decreasing with the ascent; each step is eleven inches in breadth and twelve in height. These are surmounted by a shaft six feet in height, also hexagonal. On the sides, which are two feet broad, exclusive of a pillar at each angle, are square panels, including pointed arches, which contain, on shields, a lion rampant, which were the arms of the Charlton family, who were formerly Earls of Powis. Above, is an embattled parapet with the moulding and base of a second division of the shaft, which is said to have been destroyed or buried, during the Civil Wars, by the Roundhead soldiery. The entire height of the Cross, which was restored in 1850, at the expense of the Right Hon. and Rev. Lord Saye and Sele (one of the Canons Residentiary of the cathedral), is fifteen feet.

During the prevalence of the Black Death or Plague of 1347, which may be said to have been invited to Hereford by the open moat, narrow streets, and other deficient sanitary regulations of that period, no market-people could be found willing to enter the city. The markets were consequently held at this spot, then a piece of waste ground; and on this occasion, all clothing and other articles belonging to the citizens, which were deemed infectious, were dipped in large tanks of vinegar.

Some years afterwards, Bishop Lewis Charlton, whose monument in the Cathedral bears the same heraldic devices, erected the Cross, no doubt in commemoration of the plague, though monkish writers ascribe his motives to a different origin. It appears that St. Cantilupe frequently walked to and from his favourite palace of Sugwas (situate about two miles and a half distance from the Cross), whence one day returning, and coming in sight of the cathedral at this point, he is reported to have heard the bells ring for some time of their own accord, though it does not appear he ever mentioned the tune. As during the prelacy of Charlton (1361-6) the shrine of the sainted prelate was in the zenith of its power, this tale would doubtless enhance the interest of the Cross in the eyes of the pilgrims.

*Ancient Equestrian Statuette.*—This curious relic is supposed to be

about 500 years old, and conjectured about that time to have become the property of the College of the Vicars Choral, at Hereford, in whose possession it has ever since remained. From the costume of the armour, it appears to be about the time of our Henry III. It is formed of brass, and stands about twenty inches high, and is nearly twelve pounds in weight. The knight has evidently the crusader's flat helmet, with the ornamental cross forming the sight-piece; hauberk of scale-mail, and chausses of chain-mail. The shield on his left arm is wanting; the sword, in the right hand, is extremely broad, and without the cross-guard. The horse is ornamented with trappings and breast-band, which has apparently had bells attached to it; on the forehead of the horse is a projecting tube, and the top of the helmet is open, and formerly had a crown. The whole of the horse and man is hollow; and whether they have been intended for use as a lamp, or for the purpose of holding hot water (query, a tea-kettle), the learned are much in doubt.

*Goodrich Castle and Goodrich Court.*—A pretty bend of the river Wye, affords a glimpse of the old Castle looking down on Goodrich Court, erected about thirty years since by the late learned antiquary and armourist, Sir Samuel Rush Meyrick, Knight. This gentleman was commissioned by his late majesty King George IV. to arrange the armoury at the Tower, and at Windsor Castle.

*The Town Hall, Butchers' Hall, and St. Peter's Church.*—The engraving represents the Old Town Hall, now standing in the High Town, Hereford, but which it is proposed shall be removed, and be replaced by a clock-tower. The Town Hall was erected by John Abel, carpenter to King James I., who also built the Town Halls of Leominster and Ross.

The Butchers' Hall, a fine old house in the Elizabethan style (and the last of the houses forming the late Butchers' Row), was erected in 1621, and stands at a distance of about thirty yards eastward of the Town Hall.

Saint Peter's Church, of which the spire is only seen in the engraving, is situate at the head of Saint Owen's-street, to which it is a considerable ornament.

Before the removal of old St Nicholas' church, from the point of junction between King-street and Bridge-street, the situation of the churches was such as to present one at the head of each of the leading streets of the city.

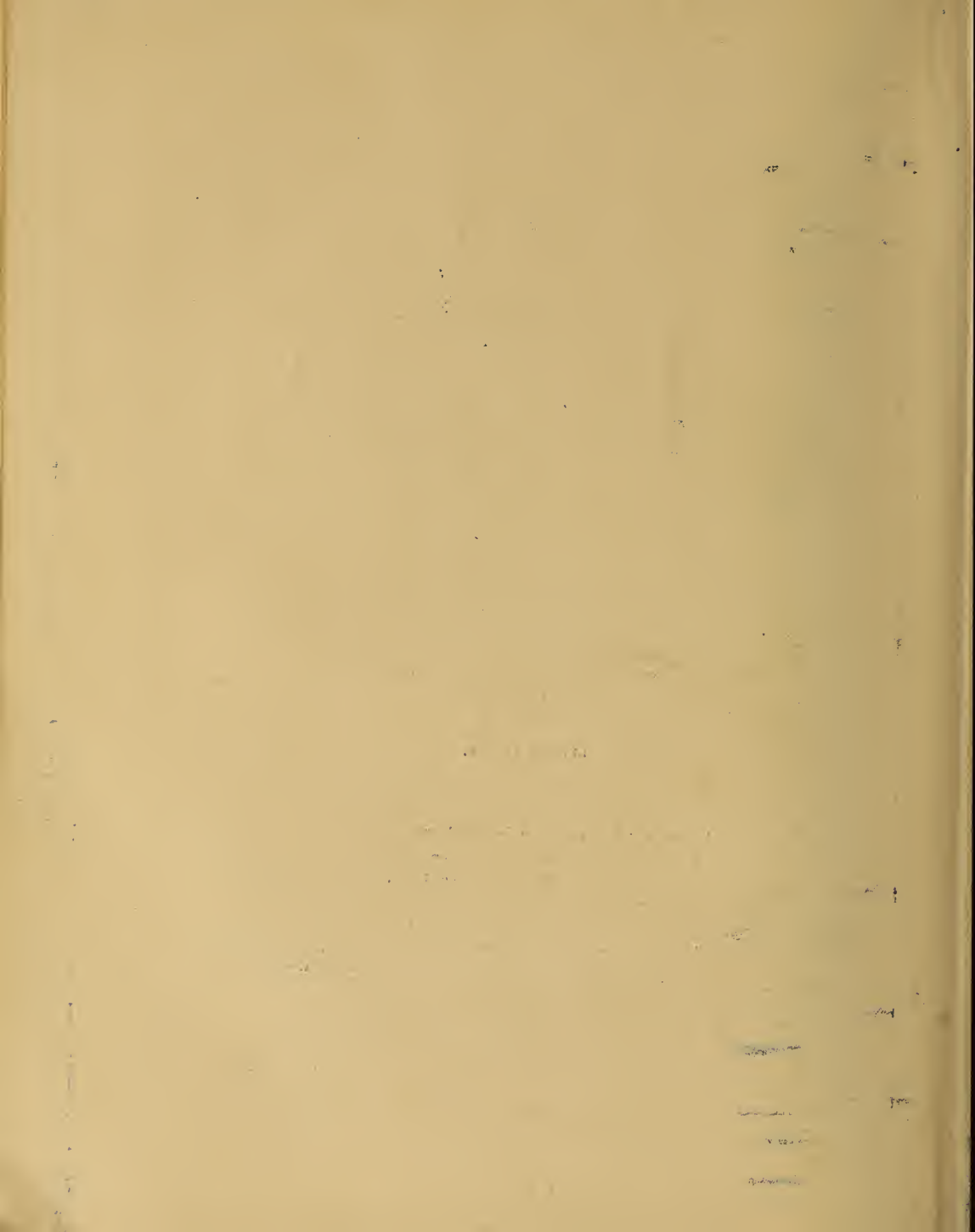
*Tintern Abbey and the Wye.*—The remains of this beautiful eccle-



LUDLOW CASTLE.

“Close-built and nestling on the church-crown’d hill,  
Fair Ludlow stands with antique gables still,  
But not disturb’d by sounds like those of yore,  
When her stout walls Montgomery’s banner bore,  
The founder of the fortress; by whose fame  
‘Palace of Princes,’ dates its fitting name.”

HEREFORDIA. — CANTO IV.



siastical structure, stand on the edge of the river, on its southern bank, about five miles from Chepstow.

*Arms of the Author.*—Quarterly. 1st, sable ; a dolphin embowed, vorant a fish proper ; a mullet, for a difference in chief argent. 2nd, gules ; three Lucies (pike fish) hauriant and erect argent (two and one). 3rd, gules ; a chevron, or, between three arrows, barbed and shafted argent. 4th, gules ; three gauntlets erect argent (two and one). Impaling. Quarterly, 1st and 4th argent, a fess between three fleurs-de-lis sable ; 2nd and 3rd ; argent, on a bend gules between three pellets, as many swans proper. Crest, a dolphin embowed, vorant a fish proper. Motto, "*Decrevi.*"

*Ludlow Castle.*—The ruins of the splendid old fortress are here given as seen from the Herefordshire side of the river Teame. Ludlow Castle, strictly speaking, is not locally situate in the county, but it is included in the diocese of Hereford ; a portion of the borough of Ludlow, however, is in Herefordshire.

THE END.





## ERRATA.

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- Page 22, line 6, *for* For fabric raised by Wilfred, *read* For fabric raised by Milfred.
- „ 27, „ 3, *for* Wilfred's work, that by Athelstane begun, *read* Milfred's work, that by Athelstane begun.
- „ 49, „ 17, *for* High o'er the stream old Goodrich lifts its head. *read* High o'er the stream, see, Goodrich lifts its head.
- „ 73, „ 19, *for* Ethelfleda; the routed Danes were slain *read* Ethelfleda, the routed Danes were slain;
- „ 75, „ 12, *for* At Hereford, King Edward deposed *read* At Hereford, King Edward was deposed.
- „ 84, „ 17, *for* Dr. Clarke Whitfield, *read* Dr. Clarke Whitfeld.
- „ 88, „ 12, *for* Of Kelpeck Church and Castle take a view, *read* Of Kilpeck Church and Castle take a view.
- „ 95, „ 22, *for* Th' impassion'd tones of Whitfield's solemn strain, *read* Th' impassion'd tones of Whitfeld's solemn strain.







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The Right Honourable  
Sir George Cornwall Lewis, Bart.  
Born A. D. 1806, Died A. D. 1863.

1  
Without a seeming effort to be great,  
Deep wisdom joined with simplicity of mind,  
Adorned with temper affable and sweet,  
A soul exalted, generous, and kind.  
Whilst brightly, too, his social virtues shine,  
He loved his Country next to God and Heaven,  
A Model-Husband, Brother, Friend, and Son,  
Endowed with talents rich, and rarely given!

2

Though all-engrossed in graver things of State,  
Ever labouring hard to serve the Public weal,  
Assuaging the ills of life to mitigate,  
Easily to Him, the poor need made appeal.  
Perfect and good as Nature's fruit hath proved,  
We mourn our loss, but may we stand not blame,  
Which from our sight the valued prize removed,  
Enshrining in fond hearts his Worth and Name!

21<sup>st</sup> August 1864.

## Song.

The Morning Star.

Lo! glancing through the spangled way,  
 A sparkling gem discovered afar, -  
 Herald of Hope and smiling day,  
 All greet with joy The Morning Star.  
 A pledge of life and love renewed,  
 The straining eye ~~doth~~ catch the sight,  
 With ~~sounds~~ <sup>thoughts</sup> ~~attuned~~ <sup>attuned</sup> to gratitude,  
 Blithe songsters hail the beaming Light.

Heavy and sad, through dreary night,  
 Subdued by Anguish, care, or pain,  
 The heart yet feels a moment bright,  
 When shines its lustre's face again.  
 Sighing for Freedom's sweetest hour,  
 The captive held by prison-bar,  
 Forgets his chains, the tyrant's power,  
 To welcome first The Morning Star!

At early watch, through waves and winds,  
 The Seaman seeks its cheering ray,  
 Till with the crimson dawn he finds  
 Safe anchor in some sheltered Bay.  
 And so the fainting soul doth pray,  
 If doubts its aspirations mar, -  
 That soon it shall through fadeless day,  
 In Heaven behold The Morning Star!

I see 4<sup>th</sup> verse  
 at foot of Page 5 is.

23<sup>rd</sup> August 1864.



To Commemorate the Completion of his Memorial  
Window, in St. Andrew's Cathedral, to the late  
Reverend and Venerable Archdeacon Lorne Torrance, D.D.

To bless his race in word and deed,  
To point to all the path to Heaven,  
To know no difference of creed,  
To pray that each may be forgiven:

The weary and the sick to tend,  
The naked clothe, the hungry feed,  
To be the Poor man's guide and friend,  
His Counsellor in grief and need!

Such work we've we'd he, — to do, his pride;  
Christ's Minister, humanity, and good: —  
With Him 'twere well to be allied  
In closest band of Brotherhood!

All prized him, for his absencegrieve, —  
His name the theme of love and praise.  
His teachings, then, let each receive, —  
Exact follow in his holy ways!

"Thy will be done," — Who thinketh best,  
That hundred hearts be left alone;  
Earth is no place for final rest, —  
'Tis but the passage to God's Throne.

## In Memoriam.

Mr. William James.  
 (late of Haverford)

Born 26<sup>th</sup> August 1764 died 31<sup>st</sup> March 1825.

A Century marks a lengthened Chariot year,  
 The Mind yet softly scans the arc of Time,  
 A vivid chart of Trials, Joy, and Tears -  
 Lessons many and hard-purchase sublime!  
 'Tis thus with conduct, noble, mean, or fair,  
 Conscience reviews it with disgust or pain,  
 And in the future, Memory must bear  
 Reflected beauty, or a guilty stain.  
 Faint, too, is Nature's Blemishes outlived  
 The Whispers soft of Kindness, Worth, and Praise!  
 Say, - Should it not impulses constant give  
 To well-directed thoughts, and words, and ways?  
 To Him so dear (respected and beloved,  
~~at the~~ <sup>by</sup> Children, <sup>wife, companions</sup> ~~sons~~ and friends)  
 All get look back - though dead and long removed,  
 With deep affection, grateful to the end.  
 What heritage so valued to the race,  
 Who wear his image, - share his Character Name, -  
 A shield of glory ~~ages~~ <sup>ages</sup> never efface, -  
 Without a blot, - worthy of brightest Fame! -

26<sup>th</sup> August 1864 -  
 The anniversary of my  
 Father's Birthday.



The Song of Return.

5

Hail Autumn, worthy Child of Father Time,  
 When the "Fare leaf" bestows the second birth,  
 Of generous soul and aspect all-sublime,  
 Angel of plenty from its instant birth.  
 Spring hath its beauty, Summer boasts its sheen,  
 Sunshine and flowers, their gladness and sweet trace,  
 Then hasten thy glories to the woodland scene,  
 Where golden tresses mark thy resting place.

With jocund smiles, and footsteps firm and proud,  
Thou tread'st the boundaries of the glowing plain;  
With grateful ~~harvest~~ <sup>harvest</sup>, and music sweet and loud,  
Our children gleam ~~thy~~ <sup>thy</sup> ~~throves~~ <sup>throves</sup> of golden grain.  
The blushing grape, fruit of the tender vine,  
Adorns the Goodman's bright and ample board,  
The ~~flaming~~ <sup>flaming</sup> ~~iron~~ <sup>iron</sup> ~~band~~ <sup>band</sup>, cups of rosy wine  
Make glad the heart and fill his choicest hoard.

Still,  
Haste welcome Autumn, with its perfumed air,  
When freshening breezes keep the morning dry,  
And ~~the~~ <sup>pleasantly</sup> jacking, warm and pure,  
With gorgeous tinted violas & lilies.  
Nor yet less dread because the shortened day.  
Sweet's the <sup>exit</sup> moments of the dying year,  
~~When schooling minutes~~ <sup>with days</sup> ~~with colors~~ <sup>with colors</sup> ~~of the past~~  
And biting winter with rude visage ~~appears~~.

10007

(518.)

34

Hail Autumn, Messenger of Peace and Joy, —

When Nature yields her softness and her warmth,  
And ~~gives~~ <sup>gives</sup> labour ~~her~~ <sup>her</sup> ~~rest~~ <sup>competence</sup> and supply,  
True source of Comfort, ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> grace, and truth,  
Its wisdom sways the thoughts of ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~mind~~ <sup>mind</sup> mature,  
Logic's crown thy brief but liberal reign,  
~~Thou~~ <sup>Thou</sup> ~~gives~~ <sup>gives</sup> ~~grace~~ <sup>grace</sup> through ~~the~~ <sup>all</sup> ~~age~~ <sup>age</sup> endure,  
A life-long gift, — imperishing remain!

4

Hail joyous Autumn, with thy ~~gentle~~ <sup>gentle</sup> cheer,  
Meeting ~~the~~ <sup>thy</sup> ~~store~~ <sup>store</sup> — alike ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~rich~~ <sup>rich</sup> and poor,  
We ~~welcome~~ <sup>welcome</sup> thy presence for ~~thy~~ <sup>thy</sup> ~~brunties~~ <sup>brunties</sup> ~~beas~~ <sup>beas</sup>  
Abundant treasures to each heart and bow,  
King of the Seasons, Pleasure's own High Priest,  
~~Thou~~ <sup>Thou</sup> ~~gives~~ <sup>gives</sup> ~~grace~~ <sup>grace</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~every~~ <sup>every</sup> ~~sphere~~ <sup>sphere</sup> and land,  
The round Land of every Harvest Feast,  
Dispensing favours with his goudy hand!

14<sup>th</sup> ~~verse~~ <sup>verse</sup> The Morning Star. 20<sup>th</sup> October 1864.

What a world it is that we live in,  
Hope whispers comfort to the ear,  
All, in the future, ~~that~~ <sup>that</sup> ~~will~~ <sup>will</sup> ~~be~~ <sup>be</sup> ~~good~~ <sup>good</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~kind~~ <sup>kind</sup>,  
A fruit of Joy both sure and true,  
Nor need we murmur though we see  
The Rock of Ages faint and far,  
Salvation must our portion be  
If Christ but shine our Morning Star.



# The Song of Autumn.

113  
51

Hail Autumn, lov'd thy Child of Father Time,  
When the "sere leaf" bestrews the second birth,  
With generous soul, and <sup>countenance</sup> ~~aspect~~ all-sublime,  
Angel of Plenty, from thy ~~resistant~~ <sup>birth</sup> birth.  
If Spring hath beauty, Summer boasts its show,  
Sunshine and flowers their gladness advertise,  
Thou hast thy glories ~~mid~~ <sup>amid</sup> the ~~Sylvan~~ <sup>Sylvan</sup> ~~Secret~~ <sup>Secret</sup>,  
Where golden trefos mark thy resting place.

2

With joyous smile, and footsteps firm and proud, -  
Thou tread'st the brown dries of the lowing Plain,  
With grateful Song, and music sweet and loud,  
The ~~grapes~~ <sup>grapes</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> the ~~sheaves~~ <sup>sheaves</sup> of ~~grain~~ <sup>grain</sup> ~~firm~~ <sup>crustling</sup> firm.  
The blushing Grape, fruit of the tender vine,  
Adorns the Goodman's bright and ample Board;  
And foaming Tankard, Cups of ~~every~~ <sup>every</sup> wine  
Make light the heart, and fill his choicest hoard.

3

Still welcome Autumn, with its perfumed air,  
When freshening breezes lift the morning fog;  
And sunside pleasant, sparkling warm and fair,  
With gorgeous tint dyes Eve's liveries.  
Nor yet less kind, because the shortening day,  
Foretells the exit of the dying year; -  
~~And~~ <sup>And</sup> ~~howling~~ <sup>howling</sup> Wind, the Sun's declining Ray,  
And biting Winter with rude ~~face~~ <sup>face</sup> ~~appears~~ <sup>appears</sup>.

(over)

Hail, Autumn, Messenger of Hope and Joy,  
 When Nature yielded her softness and her wealth,  
 And charming labours earnest and empy,  
 True source of Comfort, Competence, and Health,  
 As Wisdom sways the thoughts of Mind mature,  
 To riches crown thy brief but liberal reign;  
 And Heavenly graces through all age endure,  
 A lifelong gift, unperishing remain.

<sup>5</sup>  
 Hail, <sup>dear</sup> Autumn, with thy matchless cheer,  
 Meeting large stores alike to Great and Poor;  
 We love thy presence, for its bounty bears  
 Abundant treasures to each heart and door.  
 King of the Seasons, - Pleasure's sworn High Priest, -  
 Holding thy Court in every sphere and land,  
 The honored host at every Harvest Feast,  
 Thy scatterest favors with <sup>no</sup> ~~no~~ grudging hand.

21 October 1864

~~Volume of the fires by which we warm  
 When Love and Friendship  
 When sparkling fires illumine the Autumn Pleasures,  
 When the first lightens with unwinning cheer,  
 When Love and Friendship bid the social mirth  
 All banish doubt, and regret and fear,  
 And the Winter's chill heart and bleak  
 Of Love and Happiness the mind's best wealth,  
 Brief West proves his danger, and his throat is vain~~

22 Oct 1864







# 7-1 The Song of Winter.

Armed with fierce hurricane and raging storm,  
Sweeping the sky, the ocean, and the land,  
Now clothed in terror, Winter's giant form  
Subdues the universe with ruthless hand.  
Chilled by ~~the frost~~, the crystal streamlets cease,  
Ice-bound and bare the festive forests rest,  
And songless birds all doomed to joyless peace  
In leafless trees but find a scanty nest.

Heavy and dull, a stupor <sup>2</sup> weighs the air  
Sparsely the sun doth shed his grateful ray,  
Whilst desolation with its train of care,  
O'er the dark globe doth take its gloomy way,  
Sleep, not so lasting as the grasp of death  
arrayed in snowy shroud of dazzling white,  
O'ercomes all nature with her stifled breath,  
And day succumbs to dread, protracted night.

Yet Winter charms us with its stirring throng  
When to the field the storm and snow invite,  
Though for the chase the moments be but short,  
The tumult ripens into wild delight.  
Night welcome e'er to his mind and ~~heart~~ eye,  
When dance and song beguile the weary hour,  
Where the fair scenes of gay festivity  
Whose pleasure rules with wreathing smiles and flow!  
Heed, Hail! the fires which warm the antique hearth,  
When the soul brightens with exulting cheer,  
And Love and Friendship aid the social mirth,  
All banish trouble and regret, and fear.  
Then, what if Winter, hushen, harsh, and bleak,  
With wind and storm doth celebrate his reign,  
If day and happiness the threat bespeak,  
Brief poverty angry, and his threatening doom!

A National Song.

L. 17. 18.

Hurrah, Hurrah for Albion,  
Pearl of a thousand Isles,  
On which high Heaven's benignant Sun  
With constant favour smiles.  
A cheer, a cheer for blithe Erin,  
The Emerald of the Sea,  
Where racy wit and humour join  
Loud laugh and jollity.  
Hurrah, Hurrah for Scotia's fair,  
Edin's ancient seat  
Where sparkling eyes and golden hair  
Her daughters' charms complete!

Happily the Saxon who weds a Bride,  
From Cambria's peaceful shore,  
Or, tempts the Ocean's foamy tide  
To seek Hibernia's flower.  
Thrice happy Maids, who easily join  
In Hymen's holy state  
Observing Law of Love divine,  
Bliss perfect emulate:

For Beauty, Virtue, Truth combin'd  
Are prize beyond compare;  
Honour and valour prompt each Mind  
To find a Partner there!

3  
Hurrah! Hurrah! The triple crown  
Above all others shines.  
The Shamrock, Thistle, Rose are known  
To have unequalled powers,  
Invincible our gallant Foes,  
Where'er our flag appears!  
For Britain fight and scorn the seas,  
Her timed Heroic fears,  
Then cheer again for Old England,  
The Queen and Prince of Wales,  
Where all united heart and hand!  
Will guard her Hills and Vales.



8/1

Cantata:

Commemorating the Festival of the Thore Chorus  
at Andover, September 1864.

Now crowned with 'charming Summer's golden rays,  
 When tough grand aises doth speak the sacred Song,  
 Fair Charity aspects her gentle sway,  
 and sweetest thoughts enwrap a happy throng,  
 Daughter of Love, - Chief of the Holy Thore,  
 Religion's hand-maid, Star of brighter spheres,  
 She soothes the pang of Want and misery,  
 And to each shrouded balm of comfort bears.

2

The Friend who once God's wonders may proclaim,  
 Guiding the Soul to Paradise and Peace,  
 His virtues felt, yet with affection nursed,  
 Leaves traces sweet which but with memory cease.  
 No needs the child, the widowed wife despaired,  
 Though the fond sire, the husband be no more,  
 Objects of pride, Jehovah's sweetest care,  
 Protection, grace, and aid in plenty pour!

3

What bliss so great save hoped Heavenly Joy,  
 The highest test of Man's ennobled sense,  
 When old and young the treasure'd note employ  
 To smudge the robes of helpless Indigence!  
 How many aching hearts purge the pain,  
 The long regret for dead ones lost and gone,  
 When smiles illumine the tearful cheek again,  
 Since Sympathy doth make their griefs her own!  
July 1864.

# A Christmas Kolo

9

Old Christmas is a merry time,  
The weather cold and queer,  
With lots of rain and snow and sleet,  
The fly-end of the year.

2  
The people are a jolly set,  
Four, three, and two, and one,  
And when they meet, it is to get  
A shindy, and some fun.

3  
They eat so much of Ben and Kate,  
And Pie, and Pudding too;  
Which gives them all the Stomach-ache,  
With awful tongs and screw.

4  
Whilst some in liquor, with hard knocks,  
They make the "Peeled" squeak  
And so at last they find "a Box",  
Right opposite the Beat.

5  
And there His Worship, tall and lank,  
Because he wants to dine,  
Deals each a whack upon the crown,  
W<sup>h</sup> heavy costs and fine.

6  
This process doth their courage cool,  
They draw grimaces queer;  
Each gets a prison-cuff with tool,  
And snip upon the ear.



'Tis thus they do their morals mend,  
The Boy, the Youth, and Man,  
and when lit free they homeward wend,  
Like sneaking Puritan.

8

and whilst the Rabble make a rout,  
Outside, in filth and grime,  
The better folk, all thin and stout,  
Go to the Pointonisme.

9

Where Pantaloon and Columbine,  
And Ogres fierce and dark,  
and Fairies gracefully combine,  
To raise each night a lark!

10

and Master Clown in garb antique,  
With tails upon his head,  
Plays every kind of comic freak,  
Before he goes to Bed!

11

and Hatterquin in Pink and Green,  
Pale Spirits with "Pepper Ghosts",  
despot Thunders upon the scene,  
With Blues, a noisy host:

12

until the Fiddlers tired and dry,  
For Whiskey - Toddy knock  
When off the crew, like <sup>lightning</sup> ~~quicksilver~~ fly,  
at sound of Twelve o' Clock!

13  
And then "the god," all with a shout,  
Their coats and mantles find,  
And with a sudden rush get out,  
Leave empty seats behind.

14  
But when they reach the street outside,  
'Tis at a fearful cost;  
~~Through~~ <sup>they</sup> would their noses hide,  
From nip of Sly Jack Frost.

15  
and so it is, with measures vain;  
Their price is very dear;  
The revelry, it ends with pain,  
At all times of the year.

16  
So, since this Lesson I have taught,  
out with your purse and stockings -  
Give to the Necked and kind thought,  
A Handsome Christmas Box.

26 Dec. 1864.



1  
 Befitting th' went, the dusk, and solemn hour,  
 (~~When~~ Nature yielded her beauty, and her light,  
 The wasting year resigns its reign and power,  
 And dying, sinks in never-ending Night.  
 Born but to feel stern Winter's icy hand,  
 Yet fostered by the balmy breath of Spring,  
 Basking in Summer's Sunshine, brief and bland  
 Through mellow Autumn barely lingering.

2  
 Past are its infancy and grateful smiles;  
 Past is its youth, its sweet endearing tongue;  
 Past are its manhood, strength, and cunning wiles;  
 Past is its ~~ripeness~~ age, honored, yet unyoung.  
 But now is choricled its mortal close,  
 Swept with it, thousands find the gulf of Time,  
 Whose ~~race~~ <sup>course</sup> was marked by fieda, cannot live there,  
 Minds varied, great, small; daring and sublime.

3  
 Aye, all are gone, the loved, and loving too,  
 When Hope would ask to trust, and long to live;  
 The brave and good the sage, the tried who chose  
 Profit from grief, to ~~bring~~ <sup>redeem</sup> value give.  
 Thus mirrored is the Past, the Future told  
 Few so, succeeding years will onward move,  
 Imparting warnings to the young and old.  
 And these a blessing, or a curse must prove.

January 10<sup>th</sup> 1865.



The parting look, the trembling hand and sigh,  
The kindly grasp, the last repeated word,  
Sweetly and long dwell in the memory,  
Like strains of music distant, though yet heard.  
The constant faith, anxiety and care,  
Which watched and consoled what would be its fate,  
The bright Example, spotless name and life,  
Are gifts, excelling gold in price and weight.

Though all are <sup>2</sup>lost, 'tis well such trials be,  
That Friends and Kindred each should meet and mourn.  
All Hope is vain, and Life's uncertainty  
Points to Death, and the Grave our final home.  
Time lingers not, and if through Hours of Joy,  
We could them hold again in fruitless vain,  
'Tis ours the fleeting moments to employ  
In prayer and praise, in words of Love and Grace.

Jan'y 21<sup>st</sup> 1865.

A Valentine.

1  
 Fair would I clasp a sylph-like form,  
 With clustering locks and laughing eyes,  
 To love and truth a bosom warm,  
 And full of Nature's sympathies;  
 A mind endowed with sense of right,  
 Pure knowledge rich as golden mine; -  
 So, maiden, grant my soul's delight,  
 And be my trusting Valentine.

2  
 Though I for deep affection sigh,  
 Seek Beauty, youth, and gentleness,  
 More bright must prove the destiny  
 Which Love and Providence strive to bless.  
 E'er when stern trials cloud our lot,  
 Sad grief and pleasure intertwine  
 If sweet content but grace our lot,  
 A day of joy will ever shine.

3  
 Whatever our fortunes, good will come; -  
 Each heart can make its own ideal  
 Where Love and virtue reign at last,  
 E'en Poverty will lighten feel.  
 Dear Jessie, I am desolate, -  
 Ever yearning for a hand like thine,  
 Then link thy life with my poor fate,  
 And be my wedded Valentine.

1<sup>st</sup> February 1865.



1  
Fair Spring, alas, declines to smile,  
With obdurate Winter idly turns;  
Darkness and Storms her steps beguile,  
As youth with eye too often snarles.  
Though dull and chill seem Nature's face,  
Wanting her balmy breath and sky,  
Yet Live in every heart-friend place,  
Each warmed with sweetest sympathy.

2  
Though leaves be scant, as sunbeams bright,  
New flowers tempt the biting air  
Yet Waddles hail the Morning-Light,  
With streams enchanting to the ear.  
Though Winter press his fallen reign,  
And Spring endures in stern delay,  
The Lord of Life, am, with design,  
To bless us with serene days.

3  
The pain and anguish which He bore,  
Whose sufferings for our sins atone,  
Were trials to be borne before  
He could ascend his kingly throne -  
So, cloud which now the sky invade,  
Wise to all our warnings given,  
To seek not things for Time but made,  
Rather to look from Earth to Heaven.

---

Sunday, 26 March 1865

---

15. The Fox and the Goat  
(A Fable)

A Fox and Goat were seen one day  
In earnest conversation,  
The subject personal, (some say,) —  
Their <sup>lives</sup> life and occupation.  
The Reynard viewing with both eyes,  
His slow, reasonable friend,  
Looked semi-serious and wise,  
His argument to mend,  
He boldly said "You ought to be  
<sup>James</sup> ~~thought~~ <sup>pick</sup> of ~~the~~ <sup>fine</sup> Society  
And like grand folk of wealth possess,  
Be always lived upon the best —  
Fine poultry, game, and dainty things  
The choicest birds that soar on wings;  
And be as Lord of vast domains,  
They cost him little cash and pains,  
And like the Queen upon her throne,  
With palaces and parks her own,  
To whom the tiger lordly bent,  
He paid no taxes, by the ~~new~~ <sup>new</sup> heart,  
Above all Law, and Lawyers too  
He had a handsome revenue,  
and but for poisons disposition,  
Without the trouble of collection —  
Whilst quarters sunny, fresh and ~~under~~ <sup>fine</sup> food,  
In great variety and good,  
Abounded, — He, the cunning elf,  
Would not <sup>work</sup> work, nor starve himself."



The Goat with modest face and beard 16  
His more astute companion heard,  
And ~~boldly~~ <sup>softly</sup> ventured to reply  
To his high flown soliloquy.

"Referring to your happy lot  
He could not mark the ~~little~~ <sup>common</sup> blot,  
Attaching ~~it~~ <sup>to your own</sup> to your name,  
No slight dishonor to their fame,  
That all ~~the~~ <sup>your</sup> tribe bespoiled the labors  
Of ~~the~~ <sup>your</sup> well-conducted neighbors,  
A circumstance which ~~might~~ <sup>ought</sup> ~~bring~~ <sup>bring</sup> ~~native~~ <sup>some</sup> and consequence,  
When each ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~face~~ <sup>face</sup> ~~with~~ <sup>with</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~eye~~ <sup>eye</sup>  
Would have been ~~be~~ <sup>be</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~known~~ <sup>known</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~fly~~ <sup>fly</sup>,  
Cast as he did not fear  
From ~~his~~ <sup>his</sup> ~~known~~ <sup>known</sup> ~~life~~ <sup>life</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~character~~ <sup>character</sup>."

<sup>Billy</sup>  
The Goat declared himself content  
With ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~pasture~~ <sup>pasture</sup> ~~sent~~ <sup>sent</sup>,  
A quiet nibble on the hill,  
Mid ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~strange~~ <sup>strange</sup> ~~sweet~~ <sup>sweet</sup> ~~crystal~~ <sup>crystal</sup> ~~dell~~ <sup>dell</sup>,  
Whereat he could ~~his~~ <sup>his</sup> ~~hint~~ <sup>hint</sup> ~~allay~~ <sup>allay</sup>,  
Though ~~he~~ <sup>he</sup> ~~had~~ <sup>had</sup> ~~king~~ <sup>king</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~summer~~ <sup>summer</sup> ~~day~~ <sup>day</sup>,  
With ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~downy~~ <sup>downy</sup> ~~valley~~ <sup>valley</sup> ~~from~~ <sup>from</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~pen~~ <sup>pen</sup>,  
Whenever he sought the ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~cotters~~ <sup>cotters</sup> ~~door~~ <sup>door</sup>,  
Whose tiny children from their ~~their~~ <sup>their</sup> ~~door~~ <sup>door</sup>  
Would furnish him with ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~board~~ <sup>board</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~board~~ <sup>board</sup>."

~~Alas.~~ <sup>Alas.</sup> ~~Corrupt~~ <sup>Corrupt</sup>  
And, ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~character~~ <sup>character</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~extraordinary~~ <sup>extraordinary</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~extraordinary~~ <sup>extraordinary</sup>  
must soon produce disastrous ends.  
Prudence and ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~honesty~~ <sup>honesty</sup> ~~advance~~ <sup>advance</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~integrity~~ <sup>integrity</sup>  
but with foes and friends

17<sup>th</sup> The Foxe he smiled twice swiped his throat,  
Politely bowing to the boat,  
But would not own himself a swimmer,  
And scampered off to get his dinner!  
Whilst Billy with a conscience clear,  
He briskly tripped across the green,  
And quickly found a cosy bed,  
A hearty meal of milk and bread,  
Add this he <sup>had</sup> got from home hard by,  
Whose master loved his company.

20 March 1863.

In winter giving him a space  
Within the kitchen's broad fire-place;  
In summer & strong the warm fire heat,  
In the Old Rock a cool retreat.



107

To Alice,  
on Her Belov'd Birth-Day,  
9<sup>th</sup> April 1865-

As warbling birds in early Spring,  
Their trilling notes delight to sing,  
So Alice cheers us with her smiles,  
Her merry laugh and playful wiles,  
Crowning the Morn with sunny day,  
To celebrate her Natal Day;  
When grateful friends all flock to greet her,  
With loving kisses come to greet her,  
Still wishing for her happiness, —  
That she may grow in Truth and Grace,  
And Heaven her possible efforts bless,  
Whilst she doth run her earthly race,  
And hence have peace with Christ and God,  
In their all-glorified abode.

---

Ode to Memory.

1  
Memory, fitful Memory,  
The silent source of ecstasy,  
Reflex of Life, and Joy, and Love,  
Recalling blighted Hope and Torment,  
A pole-star set in Sphere above,  
To watch the Past and guard the morrow,

2  
What is Thou tellest, Memory,  
Welcome now Thou art to me:  
Who linkest Wisdom to thy Wings,  
Mute musings fraught with priceless treasure;  
Thought tinged with grief, to thee yet clinging,  
The flickering rays of by-gone pleasure.

3  
Memory, Monitor of Torments,  
Courtied alike in Age and youth;  
Thou absent, vague the future's scenes,  
~~The Spirit~~ ~~and the Heart~~ ~~that~~ ~~thou~~ ~~with~~ ~~been~~ ~~constant~~;  
So, ~~strikes~~ the Past when passing Streams,  
And Storms and Gales rule the Ocean.

4  
Memory, frail and subtle chain,  
Tracing the course of Time again,  
Be present at our dawning hours,  
A friendly Beacon ever glowing,  
To mark the few but faded flowers  
In paths, where Thorns and Weed are growing.

Memory, <sup>5</sup>filmy phantasy,  
Thy magic vision let me try;  
Oh! lead me back to Childhood's dawn,  
When sunshine gilds the bow with gladness,  
And Grace and Beauty lately born, so,  
Need know the pang of Fear or Sadness.

Memory, <sup>6</sup>thou sweet Memory  
Thou'gh thy bright mazes let me see  
When Manhood grows so proud and bright,  
Meets peril with defiant air,  
Feels for the broken-hearted pity,  
Ever shielding Virtue from alarm.

Memory, <sup>7</sup>faithful Memory,  
Thy solemn lessons let me buy,  
When failing ~~and~~ <sup>strength and</sup> right ventur'd,  
The soul to pause and pray is given,  
By great Jehovah never forsaken,  
Would win eternal bliss in Heaven.

Life's reflected imagery  
Repeated oft and vividly,  
Thou' art grateful if the picture bears  
No stain of rash and senseless folly,  
No stern regrets, no bitter tears,  
The food for wasting melancholy.

<sup>8</sup>At Rich in ~~Artistic~~ tints and flowers,  
When golden fruit by thousand showers,  
Oh! let me rest, and sleep, and die,  
Awaited by soft Hymns above,  
Admired to songs of England's love,  
Thrilled with Angels let me glide.



<sup>10</sup>  
Memory, Tablet finely-wrought,  
Arcana of sublimest Thought,  
Where, like the templed Vault of Night  
attracting objects multiply,  
and dazzling orbs of varied light  
overtask the wondering mind and eye.

11

Where sculptured urn and hallowed Earth,  
Bespeak the resting-place of Worth,  
There Memory with a gentle finger  
a fading History renews,  
and anxiously dost think and linger,  
Lest any relic she may lose.

12

Its shadows o'er the Dial go,  
Measuring moments as they flow,  
So Memory notes each look and word  
Of dead ones dead and snatched away.  
Whose form still sees, whose voice yet hears,  
Return with each recurring day.

13

Memory, volume writ in gold,  
Delight of students young and old,  
Oh give us freely of thy lore,  
- Instructive warnings from the past,  
That trained to duty more and more,  
We may be perfect at the last!

Correct —

Memory, teach us gratitude  
 For all the mercy, all the good  
 Which with our Father deigns to bless:  
 That if with trials He would prove us,  
 Whilst trusting to His faithful love,  
 He will not fail to save and love us.

15

As Sunset glory doth reflect,  
 So Memory charms by retrospect,  
 And after intervals of years,  
 Regards with favor kindred done  
 Then consecrates with sighs and tears,  
 The Names of Friends and kindred gone.

Maundy Thursday 13<sup>th</sup> April  
 1865.

### Music

Wherefore hath Music soothing tones,  
 Entrancing to the Mind and Ears?  
 Speaketh it not of lost loved ones  
 To Heart and Memory doubly dead?

Yes, it recalls a pleasing strain  
 By gentle lips long since express'd;  
~~Reveries~~ <sup>gives</sup> ~~forced~~ wishes but ~~in vain~~,  
 Late buried deep within the breast.

Music recalls the <sup>3</sup> ~~glorious~~ <sup>light</sup> ~~glorious~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~glorious~~ <sup>praise</sup>  
 When souls ~~united~~ <sup>united</sup> in ~~praise~~ <sup>praise</sup>  
 and mingling tongues with ~~length~~ <sup>sublime</sup>  
~~praise~~ <sup>praise</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~Jehovah's~~ <sup>Jehovah's</sup> ~~glorious~~ <sup>glorious</sup> ~~days~~ <sup>days</sup>



Hark! Music prompts the mourning Wind,  
 Whispering through you bending Tree  
 Whose scattered leaves and blossoms find  
 Light wings to waft them o'er the sea.

Soft Music <sup>steals</sup> ~~breathes~~ across the Sea,  
<sup>stir</sup> ~~stir~~ white waves ~~dash~~ the pebbly shore,  
 Discouraging <sup>consider</sup> ~~consider~~ things to be,  
 When Earth and Ocean are no more,

Then Spring and Flora grace the plain,  
 Announced by tuneful melody,  
 How Nature's smiles and Care and Pain  
 Succumb to power of Harmony.

So Music <sup>or breathe</sup> ~~find~~ the sweetest tone  
 The welcome strain of Peace and Love,  
 That I in rapture <sup>when</sup> ~~and~~ alone,  
 May have foretaste of Joy above

10th April 1865

Or how we do Music captivate

The hearts alike of Rich <sup>and</sup> Poor?

Do it not courage stimulate,

Make pleasure innocent and pure?



The Common Lot of All

1  
 How Death dost triumph! With his armed hand,  
 He strikes the strong, the great of human kind;  
 Not rank, not wealth, the chief in any land,  
 From his cold clutch exemption long can find.  
 With Man, - like to the drooping herb and flower,  
 His glory proves but brief: and little stays  
 To note his name, his ancient place and power,  
 Who late hath charmed us with his winning ways.  
 2  
 Lord, King, and Emperor to the Tyrant bow;  
 And Beauty withers, in a moment fails:  
 The young, the brave, the more robust we know  
 Their certain end, when cruel Death assails.  
 All heedless of the shock, the loss, the pain,  
 To parent, child, to husband, friend and wife,  
 He snaps the cord, the tender bond in twain,  
 Dashing the bright, the sparkling fount of Life.

3

Winter hath fled: and Spring with grateful show,  
 The verdant mead doth clothe in soft array;  
 Sweet songs too hail the approach of May and flowers,  
 And Tombstones Night succumbs to lengthened day.  
 Yet Death, he moves with sable pall and shroud,  
 The smiles which wait the Landscapes' glittering scene,  
 His shadow stalks from out the gaping Tomb,  
 And scatters wo, where Joy and Peace have been!

(1820)

Where'er we turn, a ~~hail~~ hail of pallid form,  
 In Palace, Hall, and Cot, death pale & sleepless lie,  
 Front welcome to their dull, insensate dream,  
 The fading wreck of frail Humanity,  
 E'en now a Prince, one fawn'd in the East,  
 A Nation's hope, a monarch's titling heir,  
 The child of Fortune claiming Royal birth,  
 The prey of Death, sleeps ~~on~~ an early bier.

3

Then dare we challenge His supreme decrees,  
 Who equal lot assigns to all our race;  
 Bade Jesus die for our iniquities,  
 That we may profit by His crimson Grace.  
 And need we covet what the world creates,  
~~Drain~~ pomp and pleasure made for Time alone?  
 While home with love the heart solicits,  
 A gift more precious than <sup>a</sup> London or Thorne.

29<sup>th</sup> April 1865.\*

[\* Within a month of the date of these lines,  
 Mr. Richard Cobden, the eminent Patriot  
 and Statesman died. His decease was  
 speedily followed by that of Mr. Zarewitch,  
 the eldest son of the Emperor of Russia,  
 and that of Admiral Robert Fitzroy.



Let me look back some forty years ago.

I then was but a quiet, shy, little boy.  
I would not ~~not~~ <sup>world</sup> and life prospective know.  
First falling time, it was with hope and joy  
But not unmixed with fear the anxious mind  
A future pictured ~~full of promise~~ <sup>charming to the</sup> light  
Where wayward fancy rebelled unconfined,  
and shadows buried in a flood of light.

Stealing the tints which gild the morning sky,  
Inhaling perfume from the opening flowers,  
Chasing with its flight, the sootling Dusks,  
The gleesome Lark-exuberantly showers,  
Imagination soared on airy wings,  
And bade to calmer studies bid adieu  
Nor stooped to meditation's lonely things  
Till cloud and darkness staggered upturned  
The thoughts, —

The loves, the friendships causing <sup>now</sup> ~~leisure~~ delight;  
The schemes postponed and the road power  
To make their paths both plentiful and bright,  
Soon afford escape, when January's frost  
Was past, and March had with directing us  
Had scanned the other chronicle of life  
Where fiction yielded to stern reality.

4

4  
With Universe so beautiful and grand,  
The Infinite Display'd in order & plan,  
And Nature blessing all with <sup>her</sup> kindly hand,  
Well might we glorify the Creator's hand!

27. Could he be selfish in the midst of Love?  
Could he be mean where endless riches reign?  
Could passion base his prejudices more?  
Could he with cruelty his actions stain?

5  
What doth the Despot in his guilty throne,  
And treats he those the subjects of his will?  
Why doth the miser starve and alone,  
With shining dress, his dingy coffers fill?  
What speaks the frown upon that angry brow,  
Where Malice, Hate, and Dulchurn join for wrong?  
What means the wail which thro' attention  
Doth tell of Woful Sorrow, foul, and long?

6  
Whatever is good for Nations is for Man,  
But power in Multitudes confer not Right;  
And hence opposed to God's all-equal plan,  
Are Laws which flow from <sup>the abuse</sup> ~~excess~~ of Might.  
My Home to me, a private, sacred thing,  
Is fenced 'gainst comers, who would it be;  
No Strangers, neighbours, nor the Licensed King,  
May ruthlessly invade its sanctity.

7  
Be the dark outrage done by few or more  
They who contrive <sup>must answer for</sup> ~~not guilty of~~ the crime;  
Though distant be their <sup>state</sup> ~~stage~~, the vengeful hand,  
Requital will be just, and close the time.



Ye rulers, see ye not Jehovah's hand? Let  
ye Counsellors <sup>of it</sup> ~~in it~~, feel ye not the blow  
Which falls the foremost in a wicked land?  
Where Innocence and Right are trampled down.

What! fit meet to wage a hateful war?  
To ~~stain~~<sup>glut</sup> the globe with carnage of the dead?  
Midst curse and jibe to mount the victor's car?  
To set a price on man's devoted head?  
and this for Liberty, - to sever the slave,  
your pride would hound to misery and death:  
are ye not satiated with the power ye have?  
or do ~~ye~~ ye seek it with a murderer's breath?  
Nature ~~begets~~<sup>endures</sup> much, yet there is a bound.

Nature ~~beats~~ <sup>endures</sup> much, yet there is a bound,  
Beyond which ~~the conqueror~~ <sup>the conqueror</sup> should not dare.  
The heart will bleed, and with <sup>lacerating</sup> ~~exhausting~~ wounds,  
And ~~yet~~ <sup>still</sup> beat on 'gainst Tyranny and Fear.  
But Demons must they be who ~~would~~ <sup>fight</sup> ~~thus~~ <sup>thus</sup> strive  
Till Reason fails, and Mad Despair be its place,  
Leaving a wreck - lost sense and shattered brain -  
Anguish and violence ~~their~~ <sup>their</sup> ~~only~~ <sup>truly</sup> trace!

---

4<sup>th</sup> May 1845

The Prison of Paris

[See Page 31.]

(To stand for Verse 15)

Thus, banished from the happy grove,  
Though captive, weave their thrilling harmonies,  
Forget their haunts and, rich they used to live  
Content with poor their narrow cage supplies.

天 天 天 天 天 天

The Prisoner of Paris.

Piercing the clouds, dim forms of giant-height,  
 Saint Buttoine's Towers salute the morning-light;  
 Massive and rough the frowning battlements  
 A specter of dread, and seen with stern frowns  
 The timid Burger and the <sup>belated</sup> knight  
 Though used so e'er to battle's gory fight.  
 Through centuries frow, a pile of awful mien,  
 The Bastille guards the city of the Seine,  
 Its Palace and its Prison, a savage gloom  
 Invests its walls; <sup>in them</sup> ~~for there~~ a living tomb  
 Have many victims ~~had~~ <sup>known</sup> more cruel fate  
 Than death, the mildest blow of Tyrants' hate.

<sup>2</sup>  
 Aye, languishing and lost, the captives there,  
 From love and home, and children sadly torn,  
 But breathe the dungeons dark and loathsome air,  
 To feel existence and its bitter mourn.

<sup>3</sup>  
 And one was left, nigh fifty circling years,  
 Whose locks all white, and iron life had grown,  
 Whose blanched cheeks, deep furrowed with cold tears,  
 Put on the semblance of the rigid stone.

<sup>4</sup>  
~~He~~ <sup>He</sup> ~~struggled~~ <sup>struggled</sup> to the sky and cheering-  
 He faintly made the doory, whose time;  
 To him the day and night were but as one,  
 Wanting the music of the turret-chime.



The Past had vanished, his poor memory 30  
With sorrow dull'd, retained but one faint thought  
For which he pray'd, - his Death & Liberty -  
Then sunk in slumber, magically brought.

Thus he lived on, trusting to Hope and Heaven,  
When tidings jingled to his ear and heart,  
To him by unknown voice were softly given, -  
"Rise, Prisoner, Thou mayest hence depart."

"Could it be true? He fancies it a dream,  
A false and <sup>sapping</sup> cruel wife, and nothing more.  
But hark the creaking hinge, a sunny gleam  
To doubting eyes displays the open door.  
But how to move? - With trembling limbs he stives,  
and step by step descends the winding stair.  
The count'ry <sup>reached</sup> ~~ground~~ he wonders, gasps, and lives!  
He halts for strength, inhales the freshening air.

Heaven smiles again upon his pallid brow,  
The <sup>sunshine</sup> ~~sunlight~~ dazzles his enfeebled sight;  
He cannot ~~well~~ <sup>well</sup>, his tongue doth fail him now,  
Till <sup>pathless</sup> ~~pathless~~ <sup>rough</sup> ~~rough~~ <sup>handed</sup> ~~handed~~ direct his course aright.

and borne along to seek his former place,  
Anguish unspeakable doth fill his breast:  
"There is the spot," but of his Home, no trace  
Appears, - to shelter, or afford him rest. -

— (over) —

All changed around, - the City, and the Crowd,  
 as terrors new upon his spirit tell.  
 Bewildered, helpless, and with weakness bowed,  
 He craves asylum in his Prison-cell.

12

But He, who set the fainting Captive free,  
 Doth not desert him in his sore distress;  
 Though Children, wife, and kindred cease to be,  
 A friend survives to aid him and to bless!

13

An ancient servant his Master knew;  
 Unmindful now of kindnesses long past;  
 Like a good son, - to love and duty true, -  
 The aged sufferer <sup>recourse</sup> ~~led~~ to the last.

14

produced

But Liberty to him ~~had~~ brought but grief;  
 All his were gone, and he had none to save;  
 In solitude again he sought relief.

Welcomed the hour which laid him in the grave!  
 See Page 205

(See next Page.)

The incident, which the Poem attempts to delineate  
 is literally true. It is given at length in the  
 Supplement to the Universal Magazine for  
 December 1701 / or volume 69. The person alluded  
 to was a Prisoner in the Bastille, where he had  
 been confined for 47 years; and was one of those released  
 at the accession of Louis XVI<sup>th</sup>, when the Ministers  
 caused a revision of the Register of the Prison.  
 It is stated that in July 1709, when the Bastille  
 was stormed and destroyed, ~~there~~ only three



unknown persons were left, one of whom <sup>32</sup> had been a female for 30 years, and found frozen. The unfortunate inmates of this terrible abode were so effectively removed from the world in death, as often to be entirely forgotten, and in some cases it was found impossible to discover either their origin, or the cause of their incarceration.

---

to \_\_\_\_\_ 16 25 Aug 1865.

Say, would ye view the Dungeon-keep again,  
dyed with Oppression's dark and cruel stain,  
Lone dwelled in the dust its dreaded form,  
Tell 'neath an outraged People's vengeful storm,  
and leave the trace of human guilt and pain,  
No relic of the Prison-house remain?  
In later days, <sup>as justice reigns</sup> ~~before~~ <sup>reigns</sup> ~~peaceful~~ <sup>peaceful</sup> ~~rights~~ <sup>rights</sup> ~~shall~~ <sup>shall</sup> ~~be~~ <sup>be</sup> ~~maintain~~ <sup>maintain</sup>  
more equal Laws <sup>condemned to</sup> ~~be~~ <sup>peaceful</sup> ~~rights~~ <sup>rights</sup> ~~shall~~ <sup>shall</sup> ~~be~~ <sup>be</sup> ~~maintain~~ <sup>maintain</sup>  
Rules, and <sup>order</sup> ~~shall~~ <sup>shall</sup> ~~be~~ <sup>be</sup> ~~maintain~~ <sup>maintain</sup>  
Promoting <sup>order</sup> ~~shall~~ <sup>shall</sup> ~~be~~ <sup>be</sup> ~~maintain~~ <sup>maintain</sup>  
happiness, and ~~shall~~ <sup>shall</sup> ~~be~~ <sup>be</sup> ~~maintain~~ <sup>maintain</sup>

Staryas.

yet Slumber is not rest, unless the Mind  
be undisturbed by worldly care and woes;  
The fear of coming trouble, like the wind  
Which <sup>drives</sup> ~~spreads~~ seeds and trees so overflows  
Both thought and action. This, unblended,  
A sad and premature old age bespeaks.

35. Their Works, their Names to Britain still survive,  
Enriching times which poorest Pleasure give.

A Stranger here, but wanting not the praise,  
Which English Worth to Britain always pays;  
Whilst living, each his smiling face would greet,  
Delighted all to share his converse sweet:  
When Death removed him to a higher Sphere,  
Respect and Love dropt his lovely bier:  
The Spot all-hallowed, where his ashes lie,  
But simple words record his memory:  
Though few, they speak; for an example true  
A Gorducius's Course, his peaceful resting-place.

Like the soft snow, array'd in Beauty's hues,  
Which pleasant perfume o'er the lawn diffuse  
Which fade so quickly; drop their gentle head,  
As soon as Night her sable veil doth spread,  
Thus Man more noble, yet if mortal form  
Must sink and die with the ignoble worm;  
Wealth and power, and elevated state  
Can guard the race from its impending fate.  
Still there is Hope, - a future bright is given  
To every child of Adam, heir of Heaven:  
This hope of bliss doth mitigate the pain  
When friends depart, but part to meet again.

its scattered leaves which strew'd in Autumn fell,  
a downy white he they great or small,  
even below a stone and dashed behind  
for good or ill, reflected in the mind:



All teaching lessons to the youthful heart, 36  
'The pearls of Price' which trials past impart.

Alte.

Ugo Foscolo, the eminent Poet, soldier, and  
patriot, was born at Sea, near Zante in  
1776, of which Island his father was Italian Governor.  
Educated at Padua, he went to the world his  
tragedy of Thyestes before he was 20 years old.  
After the evacuation, Fortuny was placed under  
his Austrian yoke he returned to his father,  
where he published his celebrated Letters  
of Otis, a Romance which established his  
name. He entered the army in the 10<sup>th</sup> Italian  
Legion, and was at Genoa when it was besieged  
by the Austrians in 1800, and there composed  
two of his fine Odes. He left the army in  
1805.

He subsequently produced "The Tomb," a  
poem; also an edition of the Works of Dante-  
cacci, and was in 1809 appointed Professor  
of Literature at Padua; but the bold  
Language adopted in his Introductory Lecture  
in the origin and office of Literature, in  
which he induced the ~~Austrian~~ to suppress  
the Professorship immediately. In 1811  
he gave further offence by his Tragedy of Ajax,  
which it was supposed was a satire on  
Napoleon, and a panegyric on Napoleon. He  
was then compelled to withdraw to Florence  
and Switzerland, and to England in  
1815, having joined in the plan to expel  
the Austrians from Italy. While in  
England he published his Tragedy of  
Ricciardi, Essays on Retrospect, Notes  
and Disquisitions on Dante, and other

37 to the Edinburgh, Quarterly, and Westminster  
Reviews and other Periodicals

He died of Dyspepsy Sept: 10<sup>th</sup> 1827, and  
lies buried in the Churchyard of Christchurch,  
near the Graves of East Macartney; and  
Hogarth, de Lutterbrough, and Hittler  
(the Painter) Thacker, the Megasthenes Johnson,  
and Cady, the poet; no unworthy companions  
in death of so great and good a man.

The memorial to him originally consisted  
of a flat stone, with an upright head stone.  
but in 1861 the latter was removed and replaced  
it by a tomb of polished granite sur-  
mounted by an Iron Reclining. Upon it are  
inscribed the words "Ego Fuscus died Sept: 10-1827;  
aged 51" with the word "Restored 1861." -  
on either side is a shield containing his  
arms - Argent, a chevron Azure, and  
underneath the motto - Accingat Zona  
Futurarius. -

In the Spring of 1864, whilst on a visit  
to the Duke of Devonshire at Tisbury, the  
illustrator, Jacobus visited the  
tomb of his great compatriot, and  
placed upon it a Floral Chaplet.  
For this has since been substituted  
a wreath of Bronze, upon which is  
verse in Italian is inscribed. -

Septembris 9<sup>th</sup> 1865



Love is a subtle creature of Heart and Eye,  
 It is a firm but gentle tyranny.  
 Love fills the mind with pleasing fantasies,  
 yet racks the soul with sad subselties.  
 Awake, asleep, continuous it glows,  
 Beguiled, Oh! what ecstasy it knows,  
 Neglected, spurned, to jealousy cloth turn,  
 Like fiercest furnace surges cloth burn;  
 Unquelled, its rage to madness grows in time,  
 Wild too, and blind, it rushes into crime

<sup>2</sup> Love <sup>2</sup> passes up to the heights to win its way to Heaven;  
<sup>1</sup> Sublimest attribute to Mortals given;  
 Affixed with virtue, Truth, and candour,  
 'Gainst sternest trials it doth for life;  
 The magic Talisman that rules the heart,  
 The hidden spring which doth true joy impart,  
 The link which lead, where'er we chuse to roam  
 Our latest Knights to absent friends and home

<sup>3</sup>  
 How oft is risked His more than mortal prize  
 When avarice doth mar our destinies  
 And sordid Schemers practice cold deceit,  
 For sterling Love would proposition to meet,  
 With wiles our hearts and happiness pursue,  
 In sacred feelings drive a hateful truth.

With Love, a Union of Heart and Hand,  
 By Providence of God pre-ordained,  
 (From outrage free of Nature's proper laws,  
 To which is traced Discomfort's surest Cause.)  
 More perfect render ~~our~~ <sup>our</sup> ~~for~~ <sup>our</sup> ~~future~~ <sup>State</sup>,  
~~Then~~ <sup>above</sup> Paradise to emulate!  
 First, add to Love Intelligence and Worth,  
 We taste in part the bliss of Heaven on Earth.

---

19<sup>th</sup> Sept<sup>r</sup> 1865

How Love doth charm the youthful and the grey,  
 Gilding the hours with its enchanting ray;  
 The aged, alike, in wisdom and years,  
 The silver bond to younger hearts endears:  
 Nor clime nor rank restrains its sovereign sway,  
 All know its impulse - its behests obey;  
 Whence we turn, whither we look in vain,  
Creation owns the peerless power of Love.





— Were it ordained that evils yet to come,  
 Should be foreshadowed by a present gloom,  
 Bidding the mind with <sup>low</sup> spiritude,  
 Whilst idle fears augment their magnitude,  
 How fars the pressing ordeal might bend,  
 Still less such ~~galling~~ chain of misery might <sup>bead</sup>,

4

Thus wrong the energy of youth to thirt,  
 With cold neglect its aspirations foil;  
 Experience doth teach the wiser mode,  
 Whereby each hand can <sup>yet</sup> perform some good,  
 Were life reduced to dull realities,  
 The mind deprived of thoughtful exercise,  
 How tied to earth, could its desires arise,  
 To taste of bliss eternal in the skies.

5

Oh! why doth Love so much ~~enter~~ <sup>enter</sup> the sense;  
 Oh! doth it not approach in excellence  
 The purest passion of the human breast,  
 With blessings to endow the heart possess'd,  
 And a dying grace to graces felt and known,  
 Creates a glorious idol, all its own? —

6

Thus thro' the strange vicissitudes of life,  
 Each coming year with darkening sorrows rife,  
 To trace their course, when Fortunes separate,  
 An anxious task and hard necessities,  
 But if their labours yet result in joy,  
 How well are spent the moments they employ,

The pleasure great when such the eventful scene,  
Our friends long absent fondly to embrace,  
But youth has fled, - the glow of manhood's years,  
And creeping age its wing let it trouble ours;  
Lost is the jaunty step, the cheery smile,  
Freshness and bloom have left the cheek and white;  
A pensive sadness o'ers the features, frowns,  
The eyes decay beam, but with subdued rain:  
Life wanes, and takes a character severe,  
And strength diminished marks the closing scene,  
Yet bright withal, if at the latest day,  
The soul through Christ doth find its heavenly home!

And if the eye should fail to recognize  
The object of our thoughts and sympathies,  
The mention of some by-gone incident,  
Than many words by far more eloquent  
Joyous or sad its memory will move  
Again the springs of deep undulating love.  
1401 to 1865.







He had one wish, and that his constant aim,  
To add fresh lustre to his country's name!  
But ~~he~~ <sup>he</sup> ~~swore~~ <sup>he</sup> ~~not~~, how large the gain might be,  
From the strict line of stern Integrity,  
For wrongs ~~in~~ ready ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> atone,  
When both the source and injury were

Full of years and wisdom; a <sup>grace built a</sup> ~~town~~ of <sup>known</sup> ~~ruins~~  
I kept seeing a cheerful <sup>in</sup> ~~place~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~ruins~~

Exquisite, cheerful, affable and kind!  
No virgin a star effulgent in a sphere,  
Where glistened few, survival or compeer.

The last of his high lineage and name,  
The pen of history will preserve his fame.

Who dares aspire to his lofty place,  
 Since memory lures his lengthened course

Since membership dues this year mean considerable to the  
Wile Hazard Fund.  
~~The~~ ~~not~~ ~~have~~ ~~great~~ ~~use~~ ~~less~~ ~~the~~ ~~public~~ ~~voice~~  
all the ~~will~~ ~~be~~ ~~great~~ ~~15~~ ~~th~~

Strengthen her hands and ratify the choice.  
 Mark! Mark! The kernel from your <sup>uplifted</sup> ~~choice~~ <sup>choice</sup>.

proclaims and lifts his <sup>and</sup> <sup>defending</sup> <sup>fighting</sup> <sup>Troops</sup>  
 with his <sup>best</sup> <sup>brightest</sup> <sup>unbridled</sup>

And lacks but just the bright and golden tear  
Which speaks our love, and consecrates

In return state his martial part is borne  
To the grave where he was <sup>his</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>born</sup> ~~born~~

himself, with the fact, that some sublimity  
comparisons honored to the end of the

Companions removed at the end of time  
26 Oct 1965

Why should we sigh for hours by-gone,  
 The moments spent in vanished years,  
 Since busy Memory doth own  
 a mingled web of smiles and tears?  
 'Tis true, the bloom of youth hath fled;  
 The ~~fruits~~ <sup>fruits</sup> ~~beaute~~ <sup>beaute</sup> ~~with~~ <sup>with</sup> ~~free~~ <sup>subdued</sup> subdued;  
 Too many friends removed and dead,  
 Produce a rent of white.

Yet other hearts, sincere and warm,  
 Their kindly offices supply,  
 Yielding to life a light and charm,  
 That cheers the mind, makes bright the <sup>eye</sup> eye.  
 And what if age the form doth bend,  
 And we are of declining breath,  
 If Faith and Peace, two angels, tend  
 To soothe the <sup>3</sup> sting of cruel Death!

How much of grief which rends the breast,  
 Is self-created and in vain;  
 To nurse our sorrow, breed unrest  
 And calls dark troubles back again.  
 The Sun, which shines so fair above,  
 Bestows of Joy and Plenty given,  
 The pledge of His grace and love,  
 Bids us be glad and look to Heaven.

The hope that all will meet once more,  
 The dread of parting takes away,  
 And smooths, when gone our toil and care,  
 Our passage to the realms of Day.  
 Then sigh ye not for hours by-gone,  
 The moments spent in vanished years,  
 But rather for bliss to come,  
 And seek the land where flowers' tears



Hark to the rushing of the blast,  
Hark well the threatening sky;  
See, see, the rain is falling fast,  
Drenching the paper-by.

2  
Foreigners, Strangers, with downcast head,  
The Poor they crowd the way;  
Ill-clad and wanting warmth and bread,  
Thro'out the dreary day.

3  
How many creatures sick and weak,  
Whose guilt and strength are gone,  
Our love and charity bespeak,  
For comforts they have none.

4  
Ye rich, grant freely of your hoard,  
Ye own enough and more;  
"Be right, lendeth to the Lord",  
"Who giveth to the Poor."

5  
Our holy Master, He who gave  
Himself to save the Poor,  
He needeth well the good ye have,  
Drawn from His ample store.

6  
Wear ye no Rapiers, and do ye feed,  
Like hungry Worms and blind;  
The grace which ye one day must need,  
Your Gold it could not find.

7  
The bounties of this World to all,  
A sacred trust are given;  
Be sure, not as we great or small,  
Will pave your path to Heaven.  
Think of the Poor, - Their toiling hand  
Contribute to your ease,  
Ye only do what God commands,  
If ye their want to appease.

47. <sup>9</sup> "He giveth twice, who quickly gives"; -  
'Tis hard to ask in vain;  
and doubly blest he who receives,  
If he be shar'd that pain.

<sup>10</sup>  
How gripping poverty doth press,  
None but the needy know;  
Its sorrows and its wretchedness  
The bravest spirits bow.

<sup>11</sup>  
Cold as the Snow on Alpine height,  
as Wind on ocean's breast,  
The pangs of Want, its cruel blight,  
With dread the soul invest.

<sup>12</sup>  
Stern Winter, from thy rage refrain;  
Restrain thy savage wrath,  
Nor let the moments of the Reign  
Be armed with shafts of death.

1 Decr 1865.

Thoughts on Christmas. (No. 1.)

<sup>1</sup>  
Scarcely is Autumn come and gone,  
Then busily Winter shows his face,  
And Christmas, his companion,  
With smiles demands the highest place.  
Truly, a merry wight is he,  
To cater well, a jolly band,  
Whilst stirring up festivity,  
In every corner of the land.



(40)

2

Happy but brief, his grateful reign  
Is shared by neighbors rich and poor,  
Whatever their means, all entertain  
The cherished friend who seek their door.  
But yet the thought, that some removed  
To our embrace will never return,  
Doth warn us, these most deeply loved,  
Ours not, too soon, it is to mourn.

3

Quickly, and silently the stream  
Of Time doth wend its chequered way,  
And life, but likened to a dream,  
Is but the evanescence of a day.  
Let wisdom then content the heart,  
When pleasure rules the present hour,  
and strive to win "the better part"  
The future held in richest store.

4

So welcome Christmas, since it brings  
Remembrance of our Mother's love,  
The promises of precious things  
His mercy spread from above.  
And what more ~~fitting~~ Festival,  
Than acts of tenderkindness done,  
Which rival's advent to recall,  
When our Redemption's Star first shone?

5

If grief hath marked the waning year,  
Or fortune failed to favour thee,  
If age its lively dith' worn,  
Foretelling Death's sad calamity,  
Then greet ye Christmas, faithful home,  
Doth wear the mind from vain regret,  
Preserves the wish, creating the power,  
The source of sorrow to forget.

49. Thoughts on the  
Festival of Christmas. (No. 2.)—

O! Christmas, could we have thy smiles  
Without a loss of youth and years,  
Precedence of thy pleasant wiles  
Would save sad thoughts, regret, and tears.  
When thy delightful hours return  
Thou winter hold thee in command,  
A thousand mischievous spirits born  
To clasp the New Year's tiny hand.

2  
A sacrifice enjoyment makes  
To savages of latter time.  
When Christmas fresh to life awakes,  
His locks are bleached with age and time.  
With spots should Wisdom fust to blend,  
and Prudence lose her wonted store,  
Whom should we seek a trusty friend,  
When youth and vigour are no more?

3  
Fast fading leaves, a solemn crown,  
The comely brow of Autumn dead,  
and Winter soon with darkening frown,  
Lays all the bending forests bare.  
So, Nature sympathising, sees  
The near approach of pale Decay;  
Like blossoms cast beneath the trees,  
Death deals destruction o'er the way.



50

When Beauty fills an early soul,  
No earthly gift at all avails;  
Who can the fatal victim save,  
When Death his front of Life assails?  
What treasure can his aid replace,  
When this vain world doth meet its end,  
If Christ once suffers His healing grace,  
And hence is our abiding friend.

5

To those, who His behests pursue,  
Whose cause was His life and Love,  
Doth God His promises renew  
To grant us Peace and Rest above.  
No can there be more fitting how,  
Sweet acts of kindness to display,  
And bless not only the Will and Power,  
If we so mark His Natal Day.

---

10<sup>th</sup> Dec. 1865.

---





52

5

But Caution cries to naughty boys, -  
"Your wives will find it out,  
and at such parents will make a noise,  
or, have a sultry bout."  
So, Friends all, ye heed your fate,  
The fruits of such deceit, -  
To see your comforts soon or late  
Upon the stony street. -

6

The Penalty is known to you,  
Who are in wedlock tied, -  
Which is the course best to pursue,  
Ye therefore must decide.  
But if ye are "good men and true,"  
With wife and child at home,  
Ye will all foolish ways eschew,  
Nor with strange Samuels roam.

10 Dec. 1865.

In Memoriam.

Mr. Martha Beale,  
died at Hammondsmith, December 20<sup>th</sup> 1865  
Aged 30 years.

1

Oh! Can it be that Thou art gone,  
Like a meteor flashing by?  
Why hast Thou left us thus alone,  
Not ever vanished from our eye?

2

Could not a Husband's constant love,  
Thy Children's' atchievements, for a pleasing wife,  
Could not Thy Friends' affection move  
Thy gentle spirit here to stay?

53.

3

Was it Jesus' love that won thee,  
~~Christening~~ Thine from Earth to Heaven?  
 Was His precious blood upon thee,  
 All freely for thy ransom given?

4

Transported to thy last abode,  
 To Saints' and Angels' converse borne,  
 In company with Christ and God,  
 May we thy absence sadly mourn.

5

Since Jesus loved His earthly friend,  
 Lamenting o'er his lowly grave,  
 So, we will prize thee to the end  
 And pray that He thy soul will save,

6

"Tell my children, I am going,  
 "Where the Sun need fail to shine,  
 "Where a fount of grace is flowing,  
 "Eternal life to me and mine!"

7

"Holy Spirit, guard them ever,  
 "Redeem them Jesus, blessed one!  
 "Almighty Father, leave them never,  
 "Until Thy sacred Will be done."

2 <sup>nd</sup> edn 1865



The Clowns Song for the Pantomime, 54  
Christmas 1868

Oh! Bussing Day is come again,  
Also the Pantomime,  
Both welcome ever, now and then,  
At their appointed time.

And so it is, cause days are short,  
And nights are very long,  
The Clown must furnish you some sport,  
His capers, and his song,

And Pantaloon, not far behind,  
He hopes to have a shine,  
If he can manage here to find  
His favorite Columbine.

Now ever were the Pastimes Three,  
More jolly comes than now,  
Intent upon a Christmas-Spoor,  
Which endeth in a row.

'Tis certain too, there is no doubt,  
The Reelers we shall meet,  
Two Tedjants are in the look-out  
In every neighboring street.

Although they wear their Helmet-Caps,  
With Trunchans on their backs,  
They're sure to get true outward caps,  
Upon their poor old nobs, -



Now test a foul conspiracy  
The public peace to break,  
You, God, hatch in the gallery,  
I shall my escot make,

Should any Bobbies here be seen,  
Enquiring for the crown,  
"Inform them that I do not mean  
To linger in the town,"

8  
Please add - I'm gone in little boat,  
"Like Stephens in a crack  
"And quite forgot to leave a 'note',  
"If e'er I should come back,"

10 Decr 10 65.

### A Christmas Chant.

1  
Merry Christmas, happy day,  
When we throw our griefs away,  
Friends delighted, Neighbours meeting,  
With a warm and cheerful greeting,  
Joy and smile their faces wearing,  
Rich and poor the feast all sharing.

56

2

Brother, Sister, Mother, Father,  
Old and young, excited gather,  
With relations everywhere,  
To enjoy the Christmas Eve -  
Dancing, singing, kneeling, giving,  
Fires and fancies brightly flaring.

3

High Thanks to Him who send the blessing,  
Joyous Season, Peace - expressing,  
Health and Plenty e'er abound  
To our visitors around.  
Luck to all ~~as far~~ from Home,  
Travelers compelled to roam.

4

Christmas, ~~Season~~ of God's Love,  
In our actions may it move  
Man to Man sweet kindness showing,  
~~In~~ Words of ~~friendship~~ ever glowing,  
Joining every Land and Nation,  
In close brotherly relation!

5

Three Cheers for Christmas! May it come  
Happily to every Home,  
To each Heart God ~~thine~~ impart  
Making glad some every Heart,  
~~Chasing~~ <sup>Chasing</sup> ~~expelling~~ tears and silent sorrow,  
Reveling <sup>ing</sup> in a brighter morn.

25 Dec. 1865



The year is dying! His dark couch beside,  
The Sours of Time with noiseless footsteps glide.  
Thine of the Past, 'tis written on the Page,  
Which History lends to each succeeding age.

Watched lovingly o'er Earth's extended space,  
How many smiled with joy its infant face,  
Hope pictured Days more prosperous than before,  
And glories to survive its finite hour.  
But varied as the Skies its Seasons loom,  
Both Smiles and tears the Months alternate bore;  
And happy those who in records find  
A source of future profit to the mind.

Within the compass of its narrow Day  
Death poured with glee upon his helpless prey,  
The rich, the poor, the pious, and the great,  
With terrible eye his ravages bespeak,  
King, Prince, and Minister, - the School - all  
Have trodden alike the Tyrant's carnival,  
And who may heed him to his call attend  
If Heaven and Host admit them in the band?

No deed of Marvel marks the year's brief reign,  
Both Good and evil equipose sustain,  
Peace fairly smiles, the sturdy Sons of War  
Descend in triumph from their Iron Car;

But Turnvil dreads, alas! our subject-<sup>Land</sup>  
Where Race against Race have reared their  
And like <sup>five</sup> Tempets' deadly shafts appeal  
Engulphed, the guiltless with the guilty fall  
The Past is told, the future blunts and fells  
But in the Past are Warnings not revealed  
Whence come the wrongs? Why probe we not the  
and <sup>stem</sup> stop their progress by benignant <sup>Cause?</sup> not the  
No rule is just, if Right forms not its base,  
and private Gains to Public Good give place,  
Mankind are equal in Jehovah's Eye,  
But, here, our lot is ordered differently;  
Extremes of Wealth and Poverty occur,  
The accidents of Birth respect confer;  
yet 'tis His will that all in peace should live,  
The Rich to the Poor of their bounty give,  
and thus, in part, the Saviour's precept keep  
"Love one another, feed my Lambs and Sheep."

20 Dec 1865.



Suggested by the Restoration and Reopening  
of Hereford Cathedral Bells,  
13<sup>th</sup> February 1866.

The spell of Silence ceaseth: - once again  
The Morn is greeted by a cheerful strain;  
Since last was heard the flowing melody,  
How many a form, how many an eye,  
Familiar to Love and memory,  
Are gone; yet now e'er be a tear and sigh.  
Still, Nature wears her fair and pleasing face,  
And Beauty reigns within the hallowed place,  
Whose graceful arc and architrave sustain  
The pride and glory of Siluria's plain.

List to the music of the Bells,  
How it softens, how it swells; <sup>\*</sup> Minster-towers,  
Now <sup>now</sup> speaking from the things,  
It speaks of joyous things,  
And then a tale of sorrow brings  
Sadness and grief to heart and howl.

But now again with silvery chime,  
They mark the course of fleeting time,  
The moments we can never renew.  
Yet these dread metaphors will stand,  
A final reckoning to demand,  
Ere happiness shall be our due.





61.

4

Stem Winter, too, with Icy ~~foot~~ <sup>finger</sup> and breath,  
Holds in his clutch the bosom of the East;  
His Harvest-gatherer rich in Tears and Death,  
And there to Melancholy thought gives birth.

5

But welcome Christmas, with his grateful cheer,  
(Kind Minister of Mirth, with laughing eye.)  
Effays to hide the closing of the year,  
Bids gloom and sorrow from his presence fly.

6

Brief are the seasons: 'Tis how much of Pain  
A few short months inflict upon the heart,  
Since friend and kindred may not have remain,  
But one by one from busy life depart.

7

Who may be next to swell the Funeral-train,  
Jehovah only can in truth declare;  
He warns each soul with stern word and plain,  
"Put off Earth's coil for Heaven's delights prepare."

9<sup>th</sup> Decr. 1866.

Thoughts on Easter -

[See page 63].

To replace Stanza 2nd

"It is finished." That agonizing word  
So faintly uttered by our <sup>sinless</sup> ~~sinless~~ Lord,  
Announced the Lamblike sacrifice was done,  
Harvest of sinners, whom Redemption won.



Flow'ry and dull ~~rough~~ Winter's day,  
 The Sun pursues his Heavenly way;  
 And now and then, with feeble beam,  
<sup>Salutes</sup> ~~Illumes~~ the hill, the vale, and stream.  
 Morning is gone, and Noontide - how  
 Haste smiled but with diminished power  
 Whilst ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~approach~~ <sup>approach</sup> with waning light,  
 Sinks in the Lap of Torment Night.

The dawn which nescit cloth douse the East,  
 Will greet the New Year's happy birth.  
 All-cheerful hearts, a counsellor strong, -  
 The feathered Warblers' charming song,  
 With music soft: - a brighter day,  
 We'll celebrate its Natal Day.

Sweet Hope, arrayed in scarvy flowers,  
 Fair Spring's delights, warm Summer-hours,  
 Rich Autumn's fruit, its golden corn  
 Will yield us plenty every morn;  
 And if we pray to God above,  
 Who sends us peace, and joy, and Love,  
 The passing seasons, each New Year,  
 Bidding Christ and our Salvation near!

25 Dec 1866.

83. *Let us then*

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*And I want His favor and His will to bless,*

INSCRIPTION FOR A DRINKING FOUNTAIN.

1.

Kind Nature plants soft chords in every heart:  
So fragrant flowers are pleasing to each eye;  
In taese both rich and poor have equal part,  
Enjoy *their* odours, and *her* harmony  
So tae full stream of Holy Love from High  
Doth sate the yearning of each anxious breast;  
None lack the gift who seek it faithfully  
From Him who offers perfect joy and rest.

2.

How grateful then doth prove this fountain clear,  
Refreshing travellers on their weary way;  
When quaffed from heated hand or goblet rare,  
It doth the parching thirst of each allay.  
The sweats of nature never pall the taste,  
So, virtue leaves a sense of peace behind;  
The draught here ta'en ne'er works a moral waste,  
It favours health,—invigorates the mind.

Middle Temple.

ALPHA.

THOUGHTS ON EASTER.

1.

Oh! long desired was that auspicious hour,  
When rose the Eastern Star with lustrous power,  
Discovering where the holy child was born,  
Whom angels' songs proclaimed at early morn.

2.

In stature growing, soon with comely grace,  
Glory ineffable illumed His face;  
All-wise in words, Divine in act and thought,  
Repentance, piety, and truth He taught.

3.

"It is finished." That agonizing word,  
So faintly uttered by our sinless Lord,  
Announced, "the lamb-like sacrifice was done,—  
Marvel of marvels, Man's redemption won."

4.

Mocked, pierced, and scourged, Christ passed through  
pangs of death,  
Yielding His state, His Godhead, and His breath;  
But risen now to His resplendent seat,  
Where praise and homage countless tongues repeat;  
"Immanuel," he reigns for ever there,  
A crown of crowns in majesty to wear!

5.

Shall we then fail (yet earthward prone to cling!)  
To seek our Master, Saviour, and King,  
To share with saints around his throne above,  
The joy and riches of his peerless love.

Middle Temple.

ALPHA.

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The glory of His presence, - Where to be  
Is life, and health, and true felicity?  
Good Friday (19<sup>th</sup> April, 1867.

## HEREFORDIA,

A Poem.

By J. H. JAMES, F.G. & H.S.

MIDDLE TEMPLE.

'A Poem intended to celebrate the beauties, and record the fame of the worthies of Herefordshire. In such a composition the two main ingredients to be looked for, are accuracy of description and faithfulness in details. With these requisites Mr. James has strictly complied. He has written pretty verses, he has illustrated his volume with well-executed engravings, and he has enriched it with valuable historical notes. If he is proud of Herefordshire, the people of Herefordshire ought in return to be proud, that among the natives of the county is one so accomplished as a verse-writer, and so diligent both as a genealogist and antiquarian.

"We have but one regret to express upon a perusal of this volume, and that is the scant notice given of St. Ethelbert, a picture of whose shrine forms the fitting frontispiece to the book. The life of St. Ethelbert, King of the East Angles, is a thrilling romance of the dark ages. If Mr. James had consulted the pages of the old monastic writers—if he had looked to the 'Decem Scriptores,' 'William of Malmesbury,' and 'Matthew of Paris,' he would have discovered there, and already prepared to his hand, one of the most tragic tales that ever yet has been told by troubadour or sung by bard. We behold there combined together, as in an ancient tragic drama, the ambition of Offa, the perfidy of Quendreda, the noble generosity of Ethelbert, the love and grief of Elfrida—of her who was afterwards a reclus of Croyland,—and with these the doom and death of Quendreda, and the vengeance of Heaven pursuing the ambitious Offa in his grave. Here was a subject, not for a little ballad such as Mr. James has written, but a theme worthy of an epic poem; and it has been lost, not because a poet was wanting, but because the fitting diligence of a pains-taking antiquarian investigator had not been exercised!

"'Herefordia' is a beautiful volume, and from the manner in which it is printed and illustrated, independent of its intrinsic merits both in prose and poetry, peculiarly fitted for the drawing-room."—*London Review*.

HEREFORD: WILLIAM PHILLIPS, HIGH TOWN.

### STANZAS

(Suggested by the fountain in Garden-court, Temple)

Whilst drinking deep Castalia's charmed stream,  
The flowers of Poesy like magic spring;  
Each glimpse, each thought (a faintly pictured dream),  
Delightful objects to the fancy bring.

Now gazing on the crystal fount below,  
Cool perfumed zephyrs kiss my flushing cheek;  
As youthful maiden's silken ringlets glow,  
Prismatic rays upon my vision break.

And warm with life, upon the leafy stem,  
The feathered songster pours its trilling note,  
Enamoured with the soft, transplendent gem,  
Rare melodies escape its bursting throat.

Though close at hand the busy burghers press,  
Eager to grasp the much regarded coin,  
Peace here presides in all her gentleness,  
Philosophy and Learning (sisters) join.

With modest earnings, health, and friendships blest;  
So, let me labour through the lengthened day,  
That night, approaching with refreshing rest,  
Fatigue and anxious care may fly away.

Middle Temple, 1st March, 1867.

SIGMA.



## THE CASTLE AND CHURCH OF KILPECK.

1.

Unlike yon desolate and barren mound,  
 Where once, with ponderous gate and drawbridge high,  
 The frowning towers of Kilpeck's lords arose,  
 The antique church yet smiles in grace and form.  
 Thus finite things, the pomp and circumstance  
 Of human grandeur fall ; the race and reign  
 Of Princes, Kings, and Emperors decline ;  
 Their strongholds droop, and levelled with the dust,  
 All vestige of their vanished power is gone.  
 Not so, the altar to the Great, All-Wise  
 Creator, King and Father of mankind,  
 Which still survives ; for pious hands sustain,  
 Perpetuate, and beautify the courts,  
 Where God vouchsafes His presence ; and receives  
 The worship of our meek and grateful hearts.

2.

Now to the sacred fane of Norman mould,  
 The faithful flock each Sabbath morn to pray ;  
 There to admire the circling arch, the frieze  
 Enriched with quaint and curious device.  
 The turret, too, with tuneful bell doth mark  
 The course of time, and solemnly proclaims  
 The flight of ransomed souls from Earth to Heaven,  
 There, gathered in their last and quiet homes,  
 The children of the hamlet sleep in graves,  
 O'er which the cheerful sun with splendour shines,  
 And warbling birds salute each new-born day.  
 Middle Temple, ALPHA.

## DORE ABBEY CHURCH.

1.

Far from the road, in Sylvan vale secure,  
 With swelling hills and fertile fields begirt,  
 The ancient Abbey holds its peaceful place.  
 Though sadly shorn of its proportions fair,  
 Beauty yet stamps the consecrated pile ;  
 The lengthened nave, on tapering columns reared,  
 With vaulted aisles, is vanished from our sight,  
 Still the tall tower, with glittering fane adorned,  
 O'er the broad transept keeps a solemn watch,  
 And faultless, stretching tow'ards the smiling East,  
 The chancel yet unblemished strikes our view.

2.

No more a train of white-robed monks appear,  
 No mitred Abbot on his stately throne,  
 Nor humble servitor in cloistered cell ;  
 Yet undisturbed by sacrilegious hand,  
 The hallowed purpose of the church survives ;  
 To pure and simple ordinances given,  
 Both prayer and praise, alternate, rise to heaven.

3.

Preserved and prized through all the shocks of time  
 (Seven centuries recount their former years),  
 Thy courts attest (where, turbulent and rude  
 The strong man long had lorded o'er the soil),  
 A zeal for holy things, exceeded not  
 By those who rule in more enlightened days.

4.

Temple of God, sweet shrine of faith and truth,  
 An altar raised to Christ's unequalled love,  
 Blest by the presence of the Eternal One,  
 Warned by the music of thy tuneful bells,  
 In greater numbers may each Sabbath find  
 The old and young, the rich and poor employed  
 In pious homage to Jehovah's Name.

Middle Temple.

ALPHA.

How long desired was that auspicious Hour,  
 When rose the Eastern Star with lustre peerless;  
 Discovering where the Holy Child was born,  
 Whom Angels' Song proclaimed at East's first morn.

In stature growing, born with comely grace,  
 Glory ineffable illumed His face;  
 All-wise in words, divine in act and thought,  
 Repentance <sup>truth</sup> ~~pride~~ and ~~pride~~ He caught.

"It is finished" — That agonizing word  
 So faintly uttered by our Saviour's Lord,  
 Announced "the Lamb-like sacrifice was done,"  
 "Marvel of marvels, — Man's Redemption won!"

Mocked, pierced, and scourged Christ passed  
 Through pangs of death;  
 Yielding His state, His Godhead, and His breath;  
 But risen to His resplendent seat,  
 Where praise and homage countless tongues extol  
 "Immanuel." He reigns forever here  
 A crown of crowns in majesty to wear.

Shall we then fail (yet backward prone to cling)  
 To seek our Master, Saviour, and King, in  
 With Saints to share and dwell His throne above  
 The joy and riches of His peerless love? —  
 Easter Sunday April 1st 1867.

67.

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IN MEMORIAM.

THE VERY REVEREND RICHARD DAWES, M.A.,  
Dean of Hereford,  
Died March 10th, 1867, aged 71.

I.

All softly breathing through declining years,  
Whilst silvery locks adorned his placid face;  
A quiet traveller in the vale of tears,  
Our pastor, guide, and friend hath run his race.  
He, mortal, born to struggle and subdue,  
Infirmity and care have marked his lot;  
Yet strong in purpose, diligent and true,  
To God and man his duty ne'er forgot.

II.

E'er swayed by kindness, charity, and love,  
His rule was gentle and his teaching wise;  
Steadfast in faith, he sought his rest above,  
Where bliss awaits him in the fadeless skies.  
Aye, he is gone! Now o'er his vacant seat  
The sable plumes our lasting loss declare,  
And muffled peals these solemn words repeat,—  
"Labour like him; for death and heaven prepare.

J. H. JAMES.

Middle Temple, 20th March, 1867.

M. H.

may  
Le

me,  
was home!

at home!

at one,

leaves,  
given;

There  
not forth!

spare!

crow.



Beware  
Ward

A JUBILEE CHANT.

2.  
Come with the sash, the horn, and star,  
Badges of Forestry ;  
The sylvan glades shall sound afar  
With stirring melody ;  
Gather ye old, and young, and all,  
Where health attends the breeze ;  
Let thousands join our festival  
Under the green wood trees.

3.  
Come, come with faces blithe and gay,  
Let sorrow be unknown ;  
Nor want, nor pain shall cloud the day  
Which love hath made our own.  
The sick we'll cheer with ready hand,  
Mourners shall happy be ;  
And joy unmixed shall crown our band,  
The band of Forestry.

4.  
Pluck ye the lilac pale and sweet,  
But let the daisy be ;  
Dance o'er the lawn with nimble feet,  
For it is our jubilee.  
Foresters all, set work aside,  
Put on your festal gear,  
For spring and merry Eastertide  
Ne'er meet but once a year.

ROBIN HOOD.

Elm Court, Temple, May Day.

69.  
The Derby-Race Day:  
(May 22nd 1867.)

Impromptu.

THE DERBY RACE DAY.

(May 22nd, 1867.)

Inaugurated by ripe cherries, hail, and snow-storms.

Bright beauty, fresh with glow of Spring,

Appears with cherries in her cheek;

Stern Winter sunshine envying,

Returns with blasts and snow-storms bleak.

'Tis sad, ill-nature thus should blight

The milder seasons of the year,

Since age, with frowns, can ne'er affright

The smiles which Youth and May-day wear.

In passing through Farringdon market at half-past two  
o'clock this afternoon during a sharp snow-storm, I was  
agreeably surprised with the sight of a large basket of  
ripe cherries.

~~VICTOR~~



On my Fifty Fourth  
Birth Day.

22nd May 1867.

40.

Another Year! What doth its record tell?

What  
How  
What  
The Past

And  
Who  
The

Then  
When  
Can  
What

In  
Both

Uncertain are our cherished Home  
If God and Christ vouchsafe not their defence.

### Poetry.

#### MY FIFTY-FOURTH BIRTHDAY.

Another Year! What doth its record tell?  
What mercies unperceived and gone?  
How many sorrows now the volume swell?  
What countless duties, slighted and undone?  
The Past, how brief, yet grievous proved its care;  
And overwhelming, were it not that He,  
Who knew the ill, did hope and courage bear,  
The burthen robbed of its intensity!

2.

Then shall we tarry in this earthly sphere,  
Where Nature shows both frailty and decay;  
Can I dream on, unscathed by harm and fear,  
Whose pleasures vanish with the short-lived day!  
Inane, unsating, is our highest prize,  
If it but savour of mere time and sense,  
Uncertain are our cherished home and ties,  
If God and Christ vouchsafe not their defence.

Middle Temple, May 22nd, 1867.

ALPHA.

71 An Opening in the Public Line.  
(Continued from page 13)

But still the ~~Hotel~~<sup>or Hotel</sup> it is closed, -  
With flag and window blind all down,  
Nor has the Landlady proposed  
To occupy "The Royal Crown".

Two ~~Seven~~<sup>9</sup> long years "His Grace to Let", -  
Has painted been upon the walls,  
Though "Balmoral" a Tavern yet,  
Has opened wide ~~its~~<sup>its</sup> Discount Halls.

But once when Bore the Stock Exchange  
Was well and constantly supplied,  
So Brews and distill'd spirit,  
and customers outside Keyport,  
Demanding spirits, wine, and ale,  
Their dry and parched throats to wet.

But since John Bull the Stock Exchange,  
Nath well and constantly supplied,  
Should he by faint, his pleasures staid,  
His ~~good~~<sup>good</sup> and ~~glorious~~<sup>glorious</sup> days denied,

# IN MEMORIAM.

Mrs. Jane Jones, wife of the Reverend Albert Jones, M.A.,  
died 7th May, 1867, aged 64 years.

1.

Can it be so? And doth the spark of life,  
Like dazzling meteor quickly pass away!  
With hidden danger is our being rife,  
Ever the fading creature of a day?  
So lately smiling, and by hope upborne,  
To share the joys of friendship, love, and home,  
From fond relations so abruptly torn,  
Thou sleepest now, a tenant of the tomb!

2.

How shall we realise the treasure gone?  
An untrue tale doth it not rather seem;  
Are life and death, the dear and absent one,  
But fleeting phantoms of a mystic dream?  
'Twere wild to challenge God's supreme decree,  
Which hath our hearts, our choicest idol riven,  
To blame the voice that softly summoned thee,  
To quit dull earth, and shape thy course to heaven.

3.

Yet not despairing, we would fain be free,  
Nor sadly hence thy exit now deplore,  
With thee in bliss, each anxious soon to be,  
Where thou, in Mercy, art but called before.  
And stricken sorely, overwhelmed by wo,  
Thy kindred lose thy precious love and care:  
Bereaved, beneath th' Almighty's hand they bow,  
Warned by thy end, for *ours* all must prepare.

J. H. JAMES.

Middle Temple, 13th May, 1867.

## OUR CIVIC MOTTO.

*Invictæ Fidelitatis Præmium.*

Courage doth nerve the warrior to fight  
For kindred, country, liberty, and right.  
When danger hovers, prudence prompts the way  
To shun the perils of a deadly fray.  
But true to honour, loyalty, and love,  
Fidelity the surest stay doth prove;  
Nor might, nor threat with duty interferes,  
No selfish thought, no jealousy appears.

A friend sincere performs the noblest deeds,  
Success e'er smiles, where his example leads;  
The good achieved, no recompense he seeks,  
Save but the thanks a grateful heart bespeaks.  
His name revered, his virtues often told,  
Are themes delightful to the young and old.

NOTE.—The present armorial bearings of our ancient city are:  
Gules, within a border azure, charged with ten saltires, or,  
three lions passant guardant argent. Supporters: two lions  
rampant guardant of the last. Crest: A lionelle guardant  
argent, collared azure; in dexter paw, a sword erected  
proper, hilted and pommel or; and in a scroll the motto  
prefixed, '*Invictæ Fidelitatis Præmium.*' The border, saltires,  
and motto were granted by Charles II, in addition to a new  
charter, for the gallant defence, by Sir Barnabas Seuda-  
more, of the city and castle of Hereford, against the Scotch  
under the Earl of Leven. This event was the last piece of  
success gained by the Royalists. It has not been stated in the  
later histories what were the civic arms prior to the time of the  
Plantagenet dynasty. Probably they were the same as those  
assumed by the bishops previous to the time of Goutinpe,  
namely: Gules, a bezant between three Saxon crowns, composed  
alternately of points and crosses. Would some of the cor-  
respondents of the *Journal*, connected with the corporation, be  
kind enough to inform me upon this matter?

HEREFORDIENSIS.

Middle Temple, 20 May, 1867.





Suggested by a temporary attack of Deafness.

'Tis sad though Earth yet verdant with flowers,  
And Nature smiling, present to the sight,  
Afford a landscape rich in groves and woods,  
All bathed in perfume, verdure, and light,  
If solemn Silence rules the peopled air,  
The Song of Birds be heard no more by me,  
The Voice of Children cheers not my distress,  
To form a strain of welcome Melody.

<sup>2</sup>  
The mind is joyless if the coming Day  
Be ushered not by many tuneful Bells,  
Wanting the Last to hail the Sun's first day,  
The glow which Labour's busy hours forgets.  
Life is but drear without its chiefest charm,  
The interchange of Thought and converse sweet,  
The pleasing Word, the sympathy so wide,  
Each heart doth prompt when Friends  
and Loved-ones meet!

Sept. 15<sup>th</sup> 1867.



In Memoriam.

Miss Sarah Hanbury / Widow of the Rev.  
 John Hanbury M.A. died 16<sup>th</sup> Sep<sup>r</sup> 1867  
 aged 70 years.

'Tis forty years, ~~but~~ <sup>it seems</sup> ~~though~~ as yesterday,  
 When first the fair, the loved, and trusting Bride  
 Of one much prized, ~~too~~ quickly called away, —  
 Thou ~~forgot~~ <sup>forgot</sup> the risk of life's too fickle tide;  
 Sharing the duties of ~~a~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~course~~ well-spent,  
 Teaching the path of peace to folk around,  
 Thy labours, ~~well~~, a ~~fitting~~ <sup>travelling</sup> complement  
 With him in heavenly rest and bliss have found.

Now are thy grateful memories forgot,  
 Since friends and children shed ~~the~~ ready tear,  
 And bent with grief to kneel, 'tis their lot,  
 Whose ~~works~~ <sup>works</sup> and richly adorn thy bier.  
 By all revered, who were thy ~~grateful~~ <sup>grateful</sup> ~~kins~~  
 Blest by the poor who ~~felt~~ <sup>love</sup> thy generous love,  
 Thy names, a charm, thy lasting, sweet and true,  
 A source of fond remembrance will prove.  
 Sept. 22<sup>d</sup> 1867.

AUTUMNAL LEAVES FROM SOMERSET.

STANZAS:

[Suggested by the Scenery from St. Vincent's Rocks (1), from near Bristol.]

1.

Saw, that Jehovah, by His high command,  
Bade Nature first the solid granite hew;  
Or that an Earthquake huge, with iron hand,  
Cleft the grey stone, and forced a channel through, —  
How could the silent Avon make her way,  
Like silver serpent, thread the deep defile,  
Where sparkling prisms reflect the Solar ray,  
And rock on rock in wondrous strata pile?

2.

Magnificently grand, from dizzy height,  
Glancing along the amber-tinted trees,  
It is to trace the stream defined and bright,  
Now smooth as glass, then crisped with rippling breeze!  
Dappled and blue, with here and there a cloud,  
The sky is mirrored on the river's breast,  
And sinking slowly in its moulted shroud,  
The Sun doth vanish in the glowing West.

3.

Swift as the flight of birds in morning air,  
Or slow and swan-like o'er its limpid wave,  
The buoyant craft their living burdens bear,  
Seeking the rest which Mild and Boly crave;  
Nor woo they health in vain, whilst jocund Spring  
And Summer-sunshine with their smiles appear;  
Whilst Autumn doth its golden riches bring  
To crown the portals of the dying Year.

4.

Here Nature shapes her course in rare outline.  
Where Hill and Valley form a matchless view,  
Where Sky and Water, Shadow soft combine,  
To deck the scene with fresh, luxuriant hue.  
Nor lacks it Music's ever pleasing strains,  
Where lark and linnet sing the long day through,  
And Philomel, by night doth charm the plains,  
With warblings chastest, thrilling, sweet and new.

5.

*But* mark, how Art with Nature dares to vie,  
And Science scorns the magnitude of space,  
In air suspended (perilous to the eye!),  
O'er the broad chasm slim arches hold their place.  
From shore to shore, see, curving chains appear,  
Not touched by waves, unscathed by storm and wind;  
Where travellers, free from accident and fear,  
A ready path, from hour to hour, now find.

Temple, 27th August, 1867.

ALPHA.

## THE LOST BARON.

'Twixt Queen and Lords we're doomed to hear  
A most uncivil strife ;  
Both stickling for a living peer,  
But not a peer for life.

Lord CAMPBELL deemed the patent queer,  
Of Baron WENSLEYDALE, &  
Which, though he has no "son and heir,"  
Shall in remainder fail—

To make a Lord of child unborn,  
Or, male kin more remote,—  
Who might the Roll of Peers adorn,  
With name and blood of note !

St. LEONARDS, too, upon his word—  
/'Gainst which none dare dissent, /  
Declared that PARKE, altho' a Lord,  
Is *not* of Parliament.

So 'twixt the two, the BARON's lost  
A Judge's snug retreat ;  
But has a title at the cost—  
Of Salary and Seat !

THE FLEETING YEAR.

"Eheu! fugaces, Postume, Postume,  
Labuntur Anni."—HORACE.

How swift is time, whilst o'er its silent way,  
Nor storm, nor tempest stems its ceaseless flow;  
And circling years exhaust both night and day,  
Into the past their memories softly go.

With smiling mien, young Spring hath come—is gone,  
Painting the mead with rainbow-tinted flowers;  
Bright Summer warm, with ruddy beam hath shone,  
Protracting eve with twilight's charming hours.

Next, golden Autumn crowned with fruit and corn,  
Outpouring ruby wine in glistening streams,  
To human hearts a fount of joy hath borne,  
Promoting rest and pleasurable dreams.

Stern Winter, too, with icy palm and breath,  
Holds in his clutch the bosom of the earth,  
His harvest gathers, rich in tears and death,  
And these to melancholy thought gives birth.

But welcome Christmas with his grateful cheer  
(Kind minister of mirth with laughing eye),  
Essays to hide the closing of the year,  
Bids gloom and sorrow from his presence fly.

Brief are the seasons, and how much of pain  
A few short months inflict upon the heart,  
Since friends and kindred may not here remain,  
But one by one from busy life depart.

Who may be next to swell the funeral train?  
Jehovah only can in truth declare;  
He warns each soul with solemn words and plain,—  
"Put off earth's coil, for heaven's delights prepare."

J. H. JAMES.

Middle Temple, 22nd December, 1866.



49  
CAMBRIA.

A SONNET.

Hail Cambria! Thee, Nature, grand and wild,  
Superbly clothes, excelling rule and art;  
Faery-land, ocean-girt, and mountain pil'd,  
Where terrors strange huge cataracts impart;  
Thy ancient prowess yet makes glad the heart;  
Thy bardic glories in the memory throng;  
In visions fresh thy martyr'd spirits start;  
Birth-place of Music, Loyalty, and Song,  
The strains of David's harp thy minstrelsy prolong.  
Who traces now thy fertile plain and hill,  
The smiling hamlet studded here and there,  
Surveys the flocks which feed beside the rill,  
Can but enjoy thy sweet, contented air;  
Recalling days, when wasted, lone, and bare,  
Castle and cot succumbed to foeman's rage,  
He must the bright and peaceful change prefer,  
Nor wish renewed the dark and cruel age,  
When with thy sons and soil stern havoc did engage!  
Thy shores, dear Wales, no longer teem with war,  
The plough succeeds the devastating sword,  
The pruning-hook supplants the death-winged spear,  
Rich golden sheaves the bread of life afford;  
So verified hath been the prophets' word,  
Victoria fills Old England's peerless throne,  
Of whom true love and praise are ever heard;  
Thou, too, doth prize thy Prince, her first-born son,  
And him with pride thy faithful people look upon!

J. H. JAMES.

Middle Temple, 7th January, 1867.

An Memoriam.

THOMAS PRICE, ESQ., LL.D.,

Secretary of the General Insurance Company), died 27th  
May, 1867, aged 64 years.

I.

Not of this world, though in its busy scene,  
Fulfilling duties which his station bore;  
Active and anxious, modest and serene,  
The garb of truth and soberness he wore!  
And who, when grief or trial crossed our way,  
So promptly lent his sure and valued aid;  
Soothing the arrows of the troublous day,  
By love and kindness quick deliverance made.

II.

Gentle, yet firm, he sought the purest end,  
Meek guide and pastor of his fellow-men;  
Fond parent, husband, Christian, and a friend,  
Oh! where shall we descry his like again?  
Stranger to deceit, undismayed by fears,  
Well-timed and eloquent, his words were few;  
And blending wisdom with the grace of years,  
His earthly course he usefully passed through.

Middle Temple,

AMICUS.



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C A M B R I A :  
A SKETCH.

Some thirty years have smoothly passed away,  
As many springs have worn their bright array,  
As many golden autumns ceased to glow,  
As many winters robed the fields in snow.  
Since in my youth I saw thee, beauteous Wales;  
And gamhol'd o'er thy pleasant hills and vales.

Enticed by summer's halmy air and sky,  
Tired of the world, its cares, and apathy,  
Once more I breathe in Camhria,—where to be  
Is paradise of life and ecstasy !  
There, to avoid the strivings of mankind;  
The greed for wealth, collision of the mind,  
I roam at liberty, as if no bound  
Constrained the earth and elements around.

At morn I climb the mountain's dizzy height,  
There gazing watch the skylark's rapid flight ;  
Soaring through clouds, entranced I contemplate  
The warbling songster close at heaven's high gate ;  
Thence, crimsoned with the sun's exciting glow,  
I look upon the moving mass below,  
Not in cold hate, such feeds the coward's breath,  
Suggesting deeds of vengeance, guilt, and death,  
But kind forbearance, charity, and love,  
The constant attributes of God above.  
Screened from the stroke of noontide's fiercer heat,  
The verdant plains afford a safe retreat ;  
Ensnconced in shade of over-arching trees,  
Where hahhling rivulets and whisp'ring breeze  
Tell their soft tale, I read through nature's book,  
And through her to the great Creator look ;  
Him ever bless'd, yet praise and prayer can reach  
The meed of thanks, which gratitude should teach :  
Praise for the goodness now vouchsafed to me,  
Prayer that His mercies may continued be !

As twilight o'er the fading landscape steals,  
Wafting the dew, which coming night reveals,  
My footsteps wander to the pebbly shore,  
Where the green waves their ceaseless waters pour ;  
Bearing unseen upon their dappled crest  
The countless treasures of old Ocean's breast.  
Drear grows the scene, and hollow is the sound,  
Which moaning comes athwart the wave profound.  
A sense of terror, dim, and undefin'd,  
Chills the warm blood, and agitates the mind ;  
Till the broad moon attracts the straining sight,  
Gilding the clouds with slow, increasing light,—  
Climbs the blue vault, and o'er the ruffled main  
Draws the bright stars in her resistless train !  
'Tis then the spirit gains its proper tone,  
Though tranquil, yet it ne'er can be alone ;  
God, who hath fashioned earth, and sea, and land,  
Sustaining worlds in His Almighty hand  
Is e'er present, and by His Son hath given  
To every soul eternal bliss in Heaven.

Soft as the sky in rosy month of May,  
Quiet as ocean with its sunny spray,  
Peaceful as forests in the summer wind,  
So Cambria prospers with a placid mind,  
Thrifty and clean her children bear their way,  
Pains-taking, happy through the livelong day,  
Nor strife, nor havoc scares the fertile land,  
Such once prevailed, when Rome with iron hand  
Essayed her arms in Briton's blood t' emhrue,  
T' enslave thy people and thy soil subdue.

If wildness reigns, 'tis in Creation's face,  
Where Nature lives in grander forms to trace  
The pow'r of Him, who can in thunders peal,  
His boundless will and majesty reveal ;  
Yet condescends the lowly flowers to rear,  
Master-piece of work, subject of his care.  
Gently as an infant, with unshod feet,  
Treads the soft glebe and tends the daisy sweet,  
So God as father o'er the world presides  
Guarding with love whate'er His hand provides.

Cambria ! famous is thy land ; in story,  
With deeds and names thou fill'st the roll of glory ;  
Princes and hardy, great warriors, and those  
Who in science, and learning's page disclose  
Triumphs of thought, and on the heart unheard  
Pour the bright truths of revelation's word.  
Where, too, are they ; dull both of soul and tongue,  
Who, list'ning to thy dulcet harp and song,  
Can fail to catch the fervour of the strain,  
But, listening, try to utter it again ?

Cambria ! Thou hast lasting charms for me ;  
Thy daughters chaste in maiden purity,  
Thy sons, too, cheerful, temperate, and kind  
(The social virtues happily combin'd),  
Of the world's burthens take their proper part,  
Religion ruling both the head and heart ;  
Each for the other generously lives,  
Sharing the bread a hounteous Maker gives ;  
Ne'er slighting any, not the low and poor,  
Or stranger worried at their open door !

Cambria ! Bright gem in Albion's crown,  
Thy prince and monarch claim thee as their own !  
O'er mountain, valley, and the trackless sea,  
Victoria knows thy love and loyalty :  
In peace or war, a faithful friend, and tried,  
With English, Scotch, and Irish, side by side,  
The gallant Welshman fears no foreign power,  
But glories in the fight, enjoys the hour,  
If come it must, to join the common cause,  
Protect his sovereign, country, home, and laws !  
And all alike would grace the scroll of fame,  
Where Nelson, Wellington, Picton, Campbell, claim  
A lasting tribute to their deeds and name !

J. H. JAMES.

Middle Temple, 15th January, 1867.

*Well'sley*

51

MUSIC

(A Souvenir of the Hereford Festival, 1867.)

1.

Wherefore hath Music soothing tones,  
Entrancing to the Mind and Ear?  
Speaketh it not of lost loved ones,  
To Heart and Memory ever dear?  
Yes! It renews a pleasing strain,  
By gentle lips long since exprest;  
Restores fond wishes, (but in vain,  
Late buried deep within the breast).

2.

Music recalls the solemn time  
When souls delight in prayer and praise,  
And mingling tongues, in song sublime,  
Proclaim Jehovah's peerless ways.  
Hark! Music prompts the moaning Wind,  
Whispering through yon bending tree,  
Whose scattered leaves and blossoms find  
Light wings to waft them o'er the lea.

3.

Soft Music steals across the Sea,  
As white waves strike the pebbly shore,  
Discoursing wondrous things to be,  
When Earth and Ocean are no more!  
When Spring and Flora grace the plain,  
Announced by tuneful melody,  
Fair Nature smiles, and Care and Pain  
Succumb to powers of Harmony.

4.

Wherefore doth Music captivate  
The hearts alike of Rich and Poor?  
Doth it not courage stimulate,  
Make pleasure innocent and pure?  
So, Music, breathe thy charming tone,  
The welcome Hymn of Peace and Love,  
That I, in rapture, when alone  
May have foretaste of Joy above.

5.

Now Heavenward led by sweetest strain  
Charity claims our sympathy,  
The faithful in yon sacred fane  
Their highest pledges ratify.  
To ease the Widow's sad distress,  
To staunch the Orphan's bitter tear,  
Are deeds which God doth deign to bless  
To Christ, our Master, bring us near!

~~J. H. JAMES~~

~~Temple, 15th August, 1867.~~

# RECOLLECTIONS OF WALES. THE BLACKBERRY HUNTERS.

Half clothed, yet happy, without sock or shoe,  
In troops the children berry-hunting go,  
With bonny face, and blithe, contented mind,  
All eager try the luscious fruit to find.

In leafy lanes, where lofty hedges hide  
The sun's fierce ray, and on the green hill-side,  
The motley groups of every size and age,  
In the sweet task both hande and-eye engage.

Clam'rous and quick the rosy striplings toil  
To beat the bushes, and secure the spoil,  
Nor fails the search, nor satisfied the will,  
E'er bonnet, hat, and basket well they fill.

Close with the crowd, and party to the work,  
The brindled curs in quiet thicket lurk ;  
To win his share young Pug will e'en propose,  
Till thorn and briar incommode his nose.

Thro' Cambrian vales the peasant maiden moves,  
With wild flowers decked in fashion nature loves ;  
When day declines, her footsteps backward roam,  
With smiles she bears the blushing berries home.

Middle Temple.

J. H. JAMES.

## THE NEW YEAR.

Slowly and dall, through winter's day,  
The sun pursues his heavenly way ;  
And now and then, with feeble beam,  
Salutes the hill, the vale, and stream.  
Morning is gone, and noon-tide hour  
Hath smiled, but with diminished power,  
Whilst eve appears with waning light,  
Sinks in the lap of sombre night.  
The dawn, which next doth rouse the earth,  
Will meet the New Year's happy birth ;  
All-cheerful hearts—a countless throng,  
The feather'd warblers' charming song,  
With music soft—a brighter ray  
Will celebrate its natal day.

Sweet Hope, arrayed in starry flowers,  
Fair spring's delights, warm summer hours,  
Rich autumn's fruit, its golden corn,  
Will yield us plenty every morn ;  
And if we pray to God above,  
Who sends us peace, and joy, and love,  
The passing seasons—each new year  
Bring Christ and our salvation near.

J. H. JAMES.

Middle Temple, 25th December, 1866.



THE PATRIOT'S GRAVE.

*"Accingiar zoni fortitudinis."*

Retired and solemn where Thames' wave,  
The verdant bank of Chiswick's meads doth lave;  
An Exile, long from relatives and home,  
The bones of Foscolo have found a tomb;  
Whom, lost yet loved, Italia softly mourns,  
To him with pride the muse of history turns,  
Patriot, scholar, christian combined,  
His country's friend, her great and master-mind;  
Unawed by frowns, regardless e'en of might,  
Upholding Virtue, Liberty, and Right,  
From foreign rule he strove her land to save,  
For her dear sake now fills a distant grave!

Constrained by duty and his world-wide fame,  
His truth, his talents, and his honoured name,  
Bright kindred-spirits meet in silence here,  
O'er his poor dust to drop affection's tear;  
And last, not least, Italia's noblest son,  
(Her fetters burst, her second life begun),  
To bless his shade, in accents keenly felt,  
In grateful homage Garibaldi knelt,  
With pious hands a floral chaplet wove,  
A tribute of his deep and lasting love.

Such a man as Rossi! but not alone

Welcome, welcome, our own dear Home,  
Where Love affords supreme delight,  
Our constant thought whenever we roam  
From silvery Morn to dusky Night.  
And here in 'Childhood's' sunny day,  
When Pleasure fills the ardent breast,  
With sports we chase the Hours away,  
Till yielding Nature sinks to rest.

3  
 Welcome, welcome now our dear Home,  
 Though life may seem with care and pain,  
 Whither we breathe, whither we roam,  
 We hail thy Heart with glad acclaim.  
 If troubles mar our young career,  
 Love makes the future <sup>smuggles</sup> prospect bright,  
 Hope banishes all doubt and fear,  
 But casts despair to instant flight.

Thou'rt welcome Home in later years,  
When sorrow marks the stricken brow,  
When the sad shade of death appears,  
And time the manly form doth bow.  
Still there is joy when friends provide,  
A smile will make our anguish less,  
Where Love doth reign, in age will hide  
Its tears, its griefs, its feebleness.

Welcome welcome our own dear home,  
 Whatever thy fate or fortune be,  
 Where'er we breathe, where'er we roam,  
 Thy children sigh and pray for thee!  
 Wide o'er the world till life shall part,  
 Thy sacred claims will never cease.  
 Each weary heart, each sorrowing breast  
 Would seek thy shelter, share thy peace.

THE PATRIOTS' GRAVE.

"*Accingar zona fortitudinis.*"

Retired and solemn where Thames' wave,  
The verdant bank of Chiswick's meads doth lave;  
An Exile, long from relatives and home,  
The bones of Foscolo have found a tomb;  
Whom, lost yet loved, Italia softly mourns,  
To him with pride the muse of history turns,  
Patriot, scholar, christian combined,  
His country's friend, her great and master-mind;  
Unawed by frowns, regardless e'en of might,  
Upholding Virtue, Liberty, and Right,  
From foreign rule he strove her land to save,  
For her dear sake now fills a distant grave!

Constrained by duty and his world-wide fame,  
His truth, his talents, and his honoured name,  
Bright kindred-spirits meet in silence here,  
O'er his poor dust to drop affection's tear;  
And last, not least, Italia's noblest son,  
(Her fetters burst, her second life begun),  
To bless his shade, in accents keenly felt,  
In grateful homage Garibaldi knelt,  
With pious hands a floral chaplet wove,  
A tribute of his deep and lasting love.

So sleeps dear Foscolo, but not alone,  
Near him repose,—to glory not unknown,  
Children of Science, Poetry, and Art,  
Who in their day played no unworthy part;  
Their works, their names to Britain still survive,  
Enriching tones which purest pleasure give.

A stranger here, but wanting not the praise,  
Which English worth to virtue ever pays;  
Whilst living, each his smiling face would greet,  
Delighted all to share his converse sweet;  
When Death removed him to a higher sphere,  
Respect and sorrow draped his lowly bier;  
The spot all-hallowed, where his ashes lie,  
But simple words record his memory;  
Though few, they speak; for our example trace  
A good man's course—his peaceful resting place.

Ugo Foscolo.—This eminent Italian writer was born at sea in 1776, near Zante, of which island his father was the Venetian governor. He was educated at Padua, and produced his "Tragedy of Thyestes," before he was 20. After the Venetian territory was placed under the Austrian yoke, he returned to Lombardy, where he produced his celebrated "Letters of Otis," a romance which established his fame. He entered the army in the First Italian Legion, and was at Genoa when that city was besieged by the Austrians in 1800, and when there, he composed two of his finest odes. He left the army in 1805. He subsequently published "The Tombs," and was editor of the works of Montecoulli. He was appointed professor of literature at Pavia in 1809; but the bold language he used in his introductory lecture on the "Origin and Office of Literature" is said to have induced Napoleon to suppress the professorship immediately. In 1812 he gave further offence in his "Tragedy of Ajax," which was supposed to be a satire on the Emperor, and a panegyric on Moreau. He was then compelled to withdraw from the kingdom of Italy to Florence, thence to Switzerland in 1814, and having joined in a plan to expel the Austrians from Italy, he settled in England in 1815. Here he published his "Tragedy of Ricciardi," "Essays on Petrarch," "Disquisitions and Notes on Dante," and contributed to the Edinburgh, Quarterly, Westminster, and Retrospective Reviews, and other periodicals. Foscolo died of dropsy, September 10th, 1827, having for a considerable time suffered much from disease and penury. He was buried in the churchyard of Chiswick, at the south-west end of the church, but a few yards distant from graves of Cary, the poet, Hogarth, De Loutherbourg, the painter, and the great and good Earl Macartney, our first ambassador to China. His tomb was restored in the year 1861, by the late Mr. Gurney, who survived but a short period this grateful tribute to the memory of the exiled patriot and poet. In the spring of the year 1863, General Garibaldi, accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, and other distinguished persons, visited the grave of Foscolo, and placed upon it a floral chaplet, and for this a wreath in bronze has since been substituted, upon which a verse in Italian is inscribed. This interesting event has been commemorated by a clever painting by my relative Mr. Charles Lucy, which was included in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy of Arts in the year 1865, adding another gem to his already numerous list of historical pictures. The grave of the poet was originally denoted by a plain upright slab, with the name, age, and date of death. The present tomb is of sarcophagus form in polished granite, surrounded by a rail of bronze. At the head is the name "Ugo Foscolo." At the foot, "Died 10th September, 1827." On either side are the arms of the deceased, namely:—A shield azure, surmounted by a coronet set with pearls, and motto, "*Accingar zona Fortitudinis.*" I am sorry to have mislaid the Italian verse inscribed on the bronze wreath, which has been placed where the floral chaplet of Garibaldi was deposited.

J. H. JAMES.

Middle Temple, November 22nd, 1866.



~~The Song of the Heart~~ + ~~Self~~ ~~Book~~.

84.

Welcome, welcome, our own dear Home,  
Where Love affords supreme delight,  
Our constant thought wherever we roam  
From silvery Morn to dusky Night.  
For here in Childhood's sunny day,  
When Pleasure fills the ardent breast,  
With sports we chase the hours away,  
Till yielding nature sinks to rest.

2  
Welcome, welcome our own dear Home,  
Though life may teem with care and pain,  
Wherever we breathe, wherever we roam,  
We hail thy heart with glad acclaim.  
If troubles mar our young career,  
Love makes the future <sup>smiles the</sup> prospect bright,  
Hope banishes all doubt and fear,  
And chills despair to instant flight.

3  
Thine welcome Home in later years,  
When sorrow marks the shrunken brow,  
When the sad shade of death appears,  
And Time the manly form doth bow.  
Still there is joy when friends provide,  
A smile will make our anguish less,  
Where Love's soft reign in age will hide  
Its tears, its griefs, its feebleness.

Welcome, welcome our own dear Home,  
Whatever thy fate or fortune be,  
Wherever we breathe, wherever we roam,  
Thy children sigh and pray for thee.  
Wide o'er the world till life shall pass,  
Thy sacred claims will never cease,  
Each wears thy name, each thy blood bears,  
Would seek thy shelter, share thy peace.

85. In Memoriam.

Fredrick Guest Tomlins Esq.  
Died September 21<sup>st</sup> 1867 aged 63 years.

Artless as a child, - with a mind endow'd -  
Deep, thoughtful, ripe, of rare, creative powers,  
Opposed to vice, attuned to all that's good,  
With profit using every day and hour.

Generous and just to strangers, foe, or friend;  
His heart, his hand were ready to dispense  
What e'er aid his slender means could lend,  
Stamping the gift with true benevolence!

Sincerest sympathy for others' ill -  
Arousd his soul, and urged the slow mind  
To meet the dictates of his active will,  
Looking the Torments of our common kind!  
But he is gone; and lost to us his smile,  
His wit, his eloquence, his beaming eye,  
In vain may all his equal seek awhile,  
Who won our love, - Shaped our felicity!

25<sup>th</sup> Sept<sup>r</sup> 1867 -



A Legend of the Castle of Ems.

86

High up among the Linden-trees,  
~~Throning~~<sup>Throning</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>on</sup> Hill and Wood Land  
Braving the storms of centuries,  
~~An ancient~~<sup>standing</sup> Castle stood.  
Naive 1 2

~~Fastening~~ and tall, its ruined towers,  
O'erlook'd the vale below;  
And mouldering fragments, laid with flowers,  
Their former ~~outlook~~ <sup>show</sup> show.

Unroofed and tenantless, the Walls  
Are rugged, grey, and bare;  
Grim Silence rules, where once its halls  
A ~~bright~~ <sup>glorious</sup> face did wear.  
3

Its little Chiefs, their walk and power,  
~~And~~<sup>Long</sup> ~~dreaded~~ cease to be; —  
4

Their valour, evocation of an hour —  
Their home and pageantry.

But though the ~~stirring~~ <sup>stirring</sup> structure fails,  
Its grandeur to ~~maintain~~ <sup>no</sup> maintain,  
Yet Legends quaint, and my ~~stories~~ <sup>tales</sup> tales  
Recorded ~~long~~ <sup>now</sup> remain! —  
5

Over —





<sup>12</sup>  
~~Amira~~ <sup>Amira</sup> prized the good old knight,  
 whose foster-parent dead;  
 His eye <sup>was</sup> ~~beamed~~ <sup>glow</sup> with fond delight,  
 - Whenever she did appear.

and looking to the joyous hour,  
When she should be his bride,  
Of <sup>grace</sup> youth and excellence the flower,  
She clung to his affric's side.

Then But Bert and excite from his home,  
~~He was absent~~ long and far,  
 and Alice soon induced to do so.  
~~He joined~~ in the 80th Regt.

But years rolled up untold, and drear,  
and we at length did return; I knew  
~~the night~~<sup>last</sup> ~~of my~~ ~~high~~ ~~the~~ ~~dearest~~ ~~tears~~  
~~Admiral's~~ ~~eyes~~, Checkered were.

Sir Egismund to vest had gone,  
~~But~~ <sup>because</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>he</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>left</sup> his ~~Heir~~  
~~The~~ <sup>Almira</sup> ~~marriage~~ <sup>had</sup> ~~been~~ <sup>compromised</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~lost~~ <sup>as</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>long</sup>  
 Sweet object of his love.

When Alfred reached his native land,  
gave Hope, her place ~~but~~ died.  
A wife, - the mother of his race,  
~~Laborer's place~~ ~~suffered~~  
the crown let (over) right denied.





4

90

The people now are thinking,  
What next will come and go,  
Asces are demolishing  
The whole of "Middleton Road."

5

A viaduct is promised soon,  
Spick-span, and straight to go,  
To save the breath of passengers,  
Who sadly puff and blow!  
The Church, it is in danger,  
Saint Andrew's in the Hill;  
and Ely Place has lost the space,  
The Priests used to file.

7

Saint Sepulchre, its dismal Bell,  
For certain are to stop;  
Huge Newgate and the Fatal Knell  
Grim Calcraft and the Drop.

8

If I should be a dreadful deed,  
A job so very ill,  
Why should the Law and Minister Ketch  
So many creatures kill?

9

A good example always proves  
~~an~~ <sup>best</sup> antidote to loving;  
But hanging men like unto dogs,  
Of vengeance savours strong.

91  
 — And since 'The Bards' are doomed to fall,  
 The 'Gin-Shops' and 'The Mill' —  
 Why should The Gibbet dark and tall  
 With horrors scare us still?  
 27th —  
 September 1867. —

# AUTUMNAL LEAVES FROM SOMERSET.

## THE POET CHATTERTON.

How few of those who through the city go, —  
 Where love of gold absorbs the eager wind;  
 Where Merchandise and Wealth by thousands grow,  
 And Fashion doth obsequious worship find, —  
 Now think of him who sad privations bore,  
 The dreaming youth, whose soul the Muse enchain'd,  
 A master-spirit, read in ancient lore,  
 Hopelessly lost ere Fame his works had gained.  
 Poor Chatterton! I can but contemplate  
 The overwhelming sorrow, the despair  
 Which dashed thy brain, and urged thy tragic fate;  
 Lacking the bread, the sympathy, and care,  
 Such, Fortune to a favoured child would give,  
 'Tis hard to think — "cold is the human heart";  
 Would it not wish that Genius should live,  
 To share life's joys, her fair and sunny part?  
 Is Britain ever deaf to Nature's cry,  
 When misery makes known her pressing need?  
 Oh! rather does she not her wants supply,  
 And blessings heap upon the sufferer's head?  
 How many troubles might we hourly spare,  
 But for the pride which hides the cause of woe;  
 The moral courage which can danger bear,  
 Must not their certain remedy forego.

Thomas Chatterton was born in the city of Bristol in 1752, and died in an obscure street leading out of Holborn, London, in 1770. This young man possessed an extraordinary genius, and was the supposed author of some poems which he averred were written by Rowley, a priest, said to have flourished in the fifteenth century. Chatterton declared that he found these productions in a chest in a literary city, but the truth has never yet been known. Not meeting with the friends he expected, and having strong unbridled passions, Chatterton, in a fit of despair, put an end to his existence by swallowing poison. He is stated to have been employed as clerk in an attorney's office, where, naturally imbued with a tendency to literary pursuits, his love of poetry, and his power to produce it, may very probably have received additional stimulus. It is greatly to be lamented that in his, as in too many other instances of struggling genius, he should, through the force of extreme sensitiveness, and false, although pardonable pride, have failed to disclose his distressing condition, by which means, in all human probability, he might have been rescued from so wretched fate.

ALPHA.

Temple, September 19th, 1867.



AUTUMNAL LEAVES FROM SOMERSET.  
SELWORTHY AND PORLOCK.

The Sun it shines on Selworth Hills,  
Where Nature sporteth gaily,  
With cheering strains, her music fills,  
The sky, and plain, and valley.

Follow, follow me through the wood,  
Where high the ash tree climbeth,  
Follow, follow o'er orake and flood,  
Where faintest echo chimeth.

Follow, follow me to the moor,  
Where the pink beather streameth,  
Follow, follow me to the shore,  
Where sun on ocean gleameth.

Follow, follow me to the brow;  
Earth, sky, and sea united,  
In prospects, there, of beauty glow  
Upon the sense delighted.

Follow, follow me to the shore,  
Where waves o'er waves are beating,  
Like shades of Time return no more,  
Their courses ne'er repeating.

Follow, follow me to the sea,  
Her breast the deep concealing;  
Follow, follow where wonders be,  
The power of God revealing.

The Earth endures, all firm and grand,  
The sky smiles fair and bright;  
The sea declares its Maker's hand,  
His majesty and might.

Then follow, follow through the wood;  
The heart no grief concealeth,  
Nor sorrow long will e'er intrude  
Where Heaven's sunshine stealeth.

Then woo with me, in Porlock Bay,  
The breeze's gentle motion,  
Health bearing o'er the watery way,  
The tribute of the ocean.

The village of Selworthy is situate about four miles from Minehead, on the road to Linton. Its beautiful woods stretch along the hills to Orestone Point, which overlooks the picturesque Bay of Porlock. In the midst is a rich valley, finely wooded, and containing several pretty villages, the whole commanding a view of Dunkery Mountain and the Channel, with the Welsh coast in the distance. The cluster of houses at Porlock are on the confines of the county of Devon.

Temple, September 6th, 1867.

ALPHA.

In Memoriam.

MRS. SARAH HANBURY,

Widow of the Rev. John Hanbury, M.A., rector of St. Nicholas, and vicar of St. John Baptist, Hereford.)

Died 16th September, 1867, aged 70 years.

'Tis forty years—it seems as yesterday,  
When first, the fair, the loved, and trusting bride  
Of One much-prized, so quickly called away,—  
Thou brav'st the risk of life's too fickle tide,  
Sharing the duties of a course well-spent,  
Teaching the path of peace to souls around,  
Thy labours now, a happy complement,  
With him, in heavenly rest and bliss, have found.

Nor are thy grateful memories forgot,  
Since friends and children shed the ready tear,  
And, bent with grief, to kneel, it is their lot,  
Where piety and worth adorn thy bier.  
By all revered, who well thy goodness knew;  
Blest by the poor, who lose thy generous love,  
Thy name, a charm, long-lasting, sweet, and true,  
A source of fond remembrances will prove.

Temple, 23rd September, 1867. J.

SHROVE-TIDE.

Hurrah, my boys, lay books aside,  
The dinner-hour is near;  
All must be jolly, for Shrove-tide  
With dainties doth appear.  
I scent the pancakes, large and round,  
On which the lemon glistens;  
For second course, in batter bount,  
Next come the apple fritters.  
All crisp and brown, and piping hot,  
They grace the China dishes,  
With claret spiced in silver pot,  
And flavoured to our wishes.  
The season now is good for sport,  
Brave hockey and foot-ball,  
With cricket bats both long and short,  
And rackets 'gainst the wall.  
The frost and snow no more remain  
To bite our feet and toes;  
And sunny days they smile again,  
The wind it south-west blows.  
Each bush and tree proclaim the time  
When birds begin to sing;  
St. Valentine suggests in rhyme  
That love grows warm in Spring.  
The horn, the herald of the chase,  
Invites the strong and fleet,  
To struggle in the rapid race,  
Where rival champions meet.  
Let each, with fair companion armed,  
Escorted quickly be;  
All by their winning glances charmed  
To earn a victory.  
When night doth close th' exciting scene,  
A gentler sport pursue;  
Linked hand in hand, with step serene,  
The mazy dance glide through.

Temple, 25 February.

PHILO-RUSSINUS.



age  
1  
Boundless as the universe,  
The Grand and mighty King he be,  
When my Spirit doth encrease  
With "The Supreme", - Infinity,  
Oh! Then my Soul is great indeed,  
From Immortality derived.

2  
I speak, I know, a fragile thing,  
Exposed to dangers and decay,  
Yes, Feeble as the helpless worm,  
Existing here but for a day,  
Yet burns within the dying fire,  
Which sets to Happiness as fire.

3  
An atom amongst atoms found,  
Scarcely noted, - Yet by tempest driven,  
Yet ~~power~~ <sup>poles</sup> ~~defiant~~ <sup>of fate</sup> might await  
If my trust be placed in Him,  
Where "amid the mountains of the West,  
My Soul shall rest, joyous and free."  
Sunday 13 Dec 1867



6  
"Tarry awhile", the ~~baseless~~ <sup>severe</sup> ~~can~~ <sup>rejoice</sup>, 66  
~~For death and sorrow~~  
A warning gives to all;  
"Pleasures and brief each season's bliss,  
Alas! and fast recall!"

7  
"Tarry awhile", but well to use  
The moments ~~that~~ <sup>these</sup> ~~man~~ <sup>man</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~world~~ <sup>world</sup>,  
Lest we the prize of perishes lose,  
The souls <sup>in</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~world~~ <sup>world</sup> ~~again~~ <sup>again</sup>.

8  
"Tarry awhile", ye seek in vain  
For <sup>dead</sup> ~~kindred~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~gone~~,  
Their places can ye see again, again  
I <sup>gaze</sup> ~~find~~ <sup>look</sup> ~~upon~~ <sup>upon</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~world~~ <sup>world</sup> ~~again~~ <sup>again</sup>?

9  
Sunday 15 Dec 1867.

10  
Still hoping, turning, till at last  
In Heaven's bright sphere the angels  
Bottle ~~beams~~ <sup>beams</sup> ~~more~~ <sup>more</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~world~~ <sup>world</sup> ~~again~~ <sup>again</sup>,  
Let us ~~be~~ <sup>be</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~world~~ <sup>world</sup> ~~again~~ <sup>again</sup>.







6

答

When his night <sup>was</sup> dealt is gone,  
~~And~~ <sup>And</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>long</sup> ~~fills~~ <sup>fills</sup> the skies  
 And the <sup>humble</sup> ~~humble~~ <sup>light</sup> ~~light~~ <sup>fills</sup> the  
~~Then~~ <sup>And</sup> the <sup>humble</sup> ~~humble~~ <sup>light</sup> ~~light~~ <sup>fills</sup> the  
~~Then~~ <sup>And</sup> the <sup>humble</sup> ~~humble~~ <sup>light</sup> ~~light~~ <sup>fills</sup> the  
 B. & the <sup>humble</sup> ~~humble~~ <sup>light</sup> ~~light~~ <sup>fills</sup> the  
 26 Dec/69.

26 Dec/67.

99 W. Jack the Giant killed.

On <sup>Cornish hills</sup> ~~hills~~ amongst the hills,  
Where coasted Eagles fly  
In valleys green where crystal rills  
To stagless sport supply.

2. <sup>west</sup>  
It raved, Giants of ~~great~~ <sup>glowering</sup> size,  
~~Assailing~~ <sup>gripping</sup> and stout,  
and tiny dwarfs with goggle-eyes,  
That ~~we~~ <sup>they</sup> used to strut about.

3  
Some say they came from Taffy-Land,  
The land of Gwene and goats,  
Where David met his Haddu friend  
He charmed them with sweet notes.

4  
Wherein their place of birth might be,  
The folk they filled with fear,  
That none denied their company.  
The part was very clear:—

5  
But hard to put the nuisance down,  
Required some blue-eyed friends,  
I pruned much such forlorn clown,  
Who had but little brains.  
So much a height their troubles grew,  
They took a head ~~quicker~~ <sup>quicker</sup> round  
The Giants' ~~drugs~~ <sup>drugs</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~down~~ <sup>down</sup>  
The villages ~~around~~ <sup>around</sup>.





## THE TEMPLE MOUSE.

(A Tragic Story.)

High in the chambers, close and dim,  
Approached by winding stair,  
Where laundresses, both old and grim,  
At morn and eve repair,—  
A Student, diligent with book,  
Sits poring o'er the law,  
Hardworking in his quiet nook,  
Moot-points and pleas to draw ;  
Exhausting brief, and pen, and thought,  
He would fresh matter find,  
And so repast in cupboard sought  
For body and for mind.  
His favourite reading, cheap and light,  
With provender was there,  
Which Mousey, with his eyes so bright,  
Accustomed was to share.  
Bread, butter, and plum-cake he chose  
'Fore any other fare,  
And in the milk jug poked his nose  
With point and gusto rare.  
The toiling Scholar and the Mouse  
Companions did grow ;  
But Puss alone, throughout the house,  
Was his inveterate foe.  
Unluckily at Christmas-tide,  
Upon a frosty day,  
The little Mouse he pined and died,  
When other folk were gay.  
The Lawyer he had gone away  
The season snug to spend,  
But quite forgot, I grieve to say,  
To cater for his friend.  
And so it was, for want of cheer,  
Whilst all his neighbours fed,  
Poor Mousey, famished, cold, and queer,  
Lay lifeless on his bed.  
But now he's given up the ghost,  
Lost to pass, you, and me ;  
I close my poem and the post,—  
"Quies-cat in Pa-ce."

Temple, January 15th, 1868.

ALPHA.



Bluebeard and His Courtiers, 102  
old stories newly rendered.

II  
Jack and the Beanstalk.

A Widow once, a kind old Dame,  
~~When people were young,~~  
She had our only Son;  
She called him <sup>he was</sup> Jack, familiar Name,  
Though ~~rightly~~ Christened John.

He was but young, twixt Nine and Ten,  
When his poor Father died:  
Yet thought he much of Things and Men,  
Looked up to them with pride.

His Mother she possessed a Cow,  
A Cat, a Dog, and Pig;  
Jack grasped in the Meadow mow,  
and in the Garden dig.

It chanced one day, when work was done,  
He used to labour late,  
He stood and watched the setting Sun,  
Whilst leaning in the Gate.

A Canny Cown, and full of age,  
Fatigued with waiting pad,  
To tell with ~~strict particular~~ <sup>good fortune</sup> did engage,  
Jack's ~~fortune did engage~~ <sup>with</sup> ~~strict particular~~.

But e'er she could with truth divine  
His future path in life,  
She did ~~require~~ <sup>require</sup> a silver coin,  
A Welcome to <sup>each</sup> Housewife.

Then Jack delighted with her tale  
 He quickly sought his store;  
 Was vexed to find, - it turned him pale, -  
 'I was bare Two goats, - not more.

It looked like a, worn and bright,  
 Just lying by itself,  
 With sundry knock-knacks caught his sight,  
 Upon the kitchen shelf. -  
 With glee he brought the treasure straight,  
 Her ~~story~~ story did demand, -  
 And anxious to declare his tale,  
 She softly crossed his hand.

10

~~A handsome Bride with castle ground,~~  
 "I see," she said, "a happy day  
 and wealth in heaps for you,  
 In country fine, but far away,  
 Enriching to your view!"

11

"A handsome Maid, in castle ground,  
 "Surrounded round with care  
 Will offer you her heart and hand,  
 "If you her Champion are."

12

"But through much danger you must go,  
 And you ~~must~~ the prize gain,  
 a lonely long, privations too,  
 you forthwith must begin!" -



13  
Before this come she said "Adieu!"  
and bade ~~good~~ <sup>his friend</sup> Jack Good-bye,  
Into his Lap she shyly threw  
a little Speckled Bean. 144

14  
'Twas but a trifle to receive,  
But trifles have their worth;  
and Industry with small things weaves  
The richest Web in East & West.

15  
So, Jack was up at early morn,  
With ~~Plough~~ <sup>the sword</sup>, and Hoe, and Spade, —  
and ~~cut~~ <sup>he heard</sup> the Hunter's Horn,  
He had ~~great~~ progress made.

16  
He planted first, some Peas, the best,  
Spinach, and Carrots bright;  
Then went to breakfast with great zest,  
The keenest appetite. —

17  
Near in the Garden, <sup>just</sup> ~~ing~~ wind warm,  
Two Bee-hives trim between,  
and safe from Chicken and from Ham,  
He set the Speckled Bean.

18  
Well watered to form day to day,  
Trained <sup>upright</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>against</sup> an ~~upright~~ fence;  
The Bean ~~Stalk~~ <sup>Stalk</sup> went a comely way,  
By aid of Providence. —

19

Its ~~front~~ was large, and firm and round,  
 and much to his surprise,  
 The top it ~~settled~~<sup>rose</sup>, ~~and~~ quickly formed,  
 a level with the skies.

20

Then Jack resolved he would repair,  
 (its men light up the gas,  
 To highest regions of the air,  
 By quite a swell pass.

21 Sunday-

Dressed in his ~~gayest~~ <sup>best</sup> suit of clothes,  
 With knapsack tied behind,  
 In shining boots, and cotton hose,  
 And hushied to his mind.

22

He kissed his mother <sup>said</sup> ~~and~~ "Good-bye!"  
 and squeezed her <sup>hand</sup> quite tight,  
 Then in the twinkling of an eye,  
 He vanished out of sight.

23

But when he reached the North shore,  
 The place was strange and new,  
~~He knew a little~~  
 He found it difficult to move,  
 Where carriages were few.

24

So, he was forced to lunge his way,  
 Where milestones often fell,  
 Overheated by the sun's hot ray,  
 All by the Ten-Two trail.









acknowledging 30  
And gushing gratitude the best  
Invitation ~~affin~~ <sup>ardently</sup> ~~best~~ <sup>best</sup> friend,  
The Lady's ~~gentle~~ <sup>gentle</sup> ~~heart~~ <sup>heart</sup> ~~precept~~  
"Had I ~~been~~ <sup>been</sup> ~~friend~~ <sup>friend</sup>,  
But ~~now~~ <sup>now</sup> ~~ever~~ <sup>ever</sup> ~~find~~ <sup>find</sup>,  
Then, all 39  
and in due course the Marriage Feast  
Their happiness it crowned  
and Jack with princely and a blast,  
Had ample wealth he owned.

40  
The glory of that festive scene,  
Their truest friend was there,  
Jack's Mother, joyous and serene,  
She joined the ~~modified~~ <sup>loving</sup> ~~friend~~ <sup>friend</sup>.  
10 April 1868

### Moral.

~~Too long to last~~  
There's virtue in a speckled Bean,  
It's goodness is surprising,  
Poor Jack he got ~~down~~ <sup>down</sup> ~~it~~ <sup>it</sup> ~~seem~~ <sup>seem</sup>,  
For work and early rising. —

[See page 106] —

Stanza 20th.

Now it a heavy-kilted sword  
Is suspended in its sheath,  
Bore in red character, the word —  
"Who draws, must draw in death."

109. <sup>111</sup>  
The Ogre.

An Ogre lived long time ago,  
When people were not many,  
When Reels and Stammers none did know,  
Or e'en the Spinning Jenny.

He had a Tower built of Wood  
Surrounded thick by Trees,  
Where few did venture if they could,  
'Mongst its intricacies.

4. <sup>3</sup> 4  
His voice was like the Thunder's roar,  
~~That~~ booming of a gun,  
And when he came outside the door,  
The Cattle off did run.

3 <sup>3</sup> 4  
His beard was rough with shaggy hair,  
His height Ten feet and more,  
Was very like a Russian bear,  
His weight some Fifty Score.

5  
The Children screamed, their Mothers cried,  
And called the youngsters in;  
Amazed their husbands stared and tried  
To imitate his grin.  
6  
There was about the Ogre man,  
No little mystery;  
For in the books 'tis not much you can  
Find 'bout his family.

2 by swanhouse



7. He might have been a German Boer,  
Transformed to Human Shape,  
Gorilla wild the country o'er,  
Dark Indian from the Cape?

8. Oh! that he had foul appetite  
For tundra buckling's food;  
He ate, folk say, ay every night  
Young children boiled or stewed.

9. ~~and~~ Perhaps he had a felding wife,  
Who used him very bad,  
~~and so secluded life~~ to live secluded life  
Poor man was very glad.

10. The awful secret no one knows, —  
I can't find a keener  
If he his tumbles did disclose  
In Christ's Wild's New Coast.

11. The Champs are, some friend, to save  
~~this~~ ~~friendship~~ <sup>friendship</sup>, did suppress  
The scandal, and some money gave  
To purchase quietness.

about  
Too much may trials madd the mind,  
The softer sense deranged, — (over)  
That fleeing all the human kind,  
The Heart becomes estranged. —

The age was as that man,  
 With limit to his days,  
 Who when they reach three hundred years,  
 Age heavily it weighs,

13

And so he died in winter time  
 When frost lay on the ground,  
 The wind they howled his funeral  
 With snow & storm he was bound.

14

His will was that, for he did leave  
 But good and chaste few;  
 The Lawyers they were to draw  
 He gave them money to do.

~~~~~ Sunday April 12/60. ~~~~~

15

Bein Poverty is sometimes safe  
 Whilst wealth is dangerous;  
 'Tis well to live in rations half  
 Than suffer broken bones.





When panic brightens the commonwealth,  
 But little hope remains,  
 Disease attacks the moral health,

Till courage takes the reins,  
 13 April 1867.

I. — ~~Blackbeard~~  
 To follow Stanzas 11 +  
See page 100.

<sup>12</sup>  
 His cap of knowledge it was full,  
 His coat it had sewn here,  
 His shoes fast on the road could pull,  
 His spear great shafts of truth,  
 13 (See page 114 #)

The cruellest among the crew,  
 The giant Blunderbore,  
 In prison Jack he snugly drew  
 and bolted close the door.

<sup>14</sup>  
 Which he invited to his Board,  
 A friend on Jack to dine  
 Jack feared his flesh would not afford,  
 He did that fate decline

<sup>15</sup>  
 The giant he had gone to bed  
 And snoring as he slept  
 and whilst it did rest his weary head  
 Jack took his cut-throat knife.





In Memoriam.

The Reverend Albert Jones, M. D. - Minister of  
 of Hoveford Cathedral, and Vicar of Holmes,  
 died 5<sup>th</sup> November 1865, aged 69 years.

Oh! Tell me, Reader, from thy inmost heart  
 Hast thou not felt a long, intense delight;  
 In quiet musings, from the world apart,  
 Cherished an object dear to Mind and Sight,  
 Like not a tiny flower in opening Spring,  
 The lily budding from its lovely stem,  
 The Rose in Summer, with its garish hue,  
 In beauty vie, e'en with the brightest gem?  
 Hast thou not yearn'd for Autumn's golden corn,  
 The luscious grape, the sparkling, cheering wine,  
 And e'en when Winter, rugged, bleak, and stern,  
 With pelting storm, proclaims its dreaded reign,  
 Would'st thou not greet a fair, familiar form,  
 The welcome converse of an ancient friend,  
 Who in thy bosom holds a constant friend,  
 Though cruel Death his earthly course have  
 Rend'd, where he lies Life's fading Book,  
 A leaf is torn, a much-loved name is gone,  
 For my dear friend I vainly sigh and look,  
 Dost thou his loss, - his Heavenward flight bemoan?

16<sup>th</sup> November 1865.

Alpha -

(Hoveford Journal.)



## 110

Times! 2  
 How many we meet  
 Since Nature smiles afresh and bright  
 The landscape teems with perfume sweet  
 And music fills us with delight.

Remembered by their form and hue,  
The Hill, the Dale, the Sky remains  
and Ocean, with its murmuring tone,  
The secrets of the Deep retaining.

Age, - Rose we lost, who was a charmer,  
To life: sobbing its curve and pain,  
Old friends, eld' trusty, kind, new born,  
Whose Love, like Truth, new have a turn.  
(over)

11/ But still - 7

And with the thoughts of those not here,  
When joyous in a festive hour,  
Introduce upon us - & give the fear,  
That death yet holds us in his power.

Thus, ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> dreaded call must meet,  
Which summons <sup>every soul</sup> each of us away,  
And well it is, if then complete  
one reckoning be in that great day!

Sunday 20<sup>th</sup>  
December 1848, 2 - Alpha

That friend departed from the road  
Where Time & Joy in eternity,  
and yearning power last abide  
We would not bring our sorrow

A Song of Twilight.

Oh! meet me in the Aspen Grove,  
Where the purpling Brooks meander,  
There, softly through its mazes roll  
Where the bright-eyed Children wander.  
Listen, Lilla, to the ringing,  
The Village Bells at Eventide,  
There, faithful to thy Love clinging  
Then join me at the Open Wood's side



2  
Watch the Shadow as it tremeth  
Round the yew-Tree's solemn form,  
Mark the Sunset as it gleameth,  
Smiling down the Summer-Horn,  
Then meet me in the mild Twilight,  
When all the sweet birds sink to rest,  
The silent change from day to night,  
When Rose-tints linger in the West.

3  
Gay though Morn is, when with song  
The sky lark greets the freshening dew,  
and Noontide warm, when eagers throng,  
Five active pleasures all prepared,  
Yet Twilight with its soothing charm  
Invites the thoughtful to the grove,  
Where musing, pacing, worn in dawn,  
Youth whispers words of joy and love.

(Written in Summer  
of 1867. — J —)



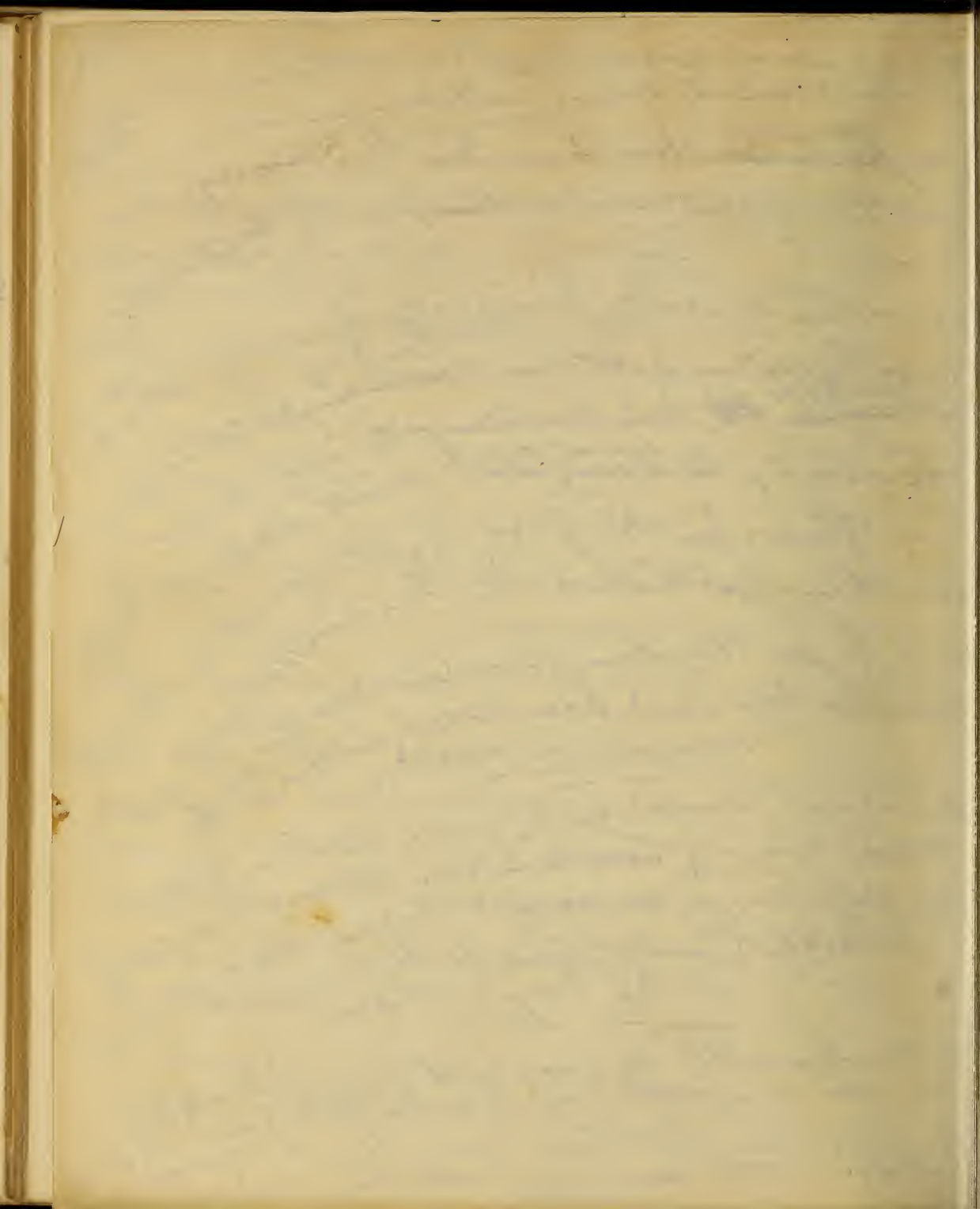
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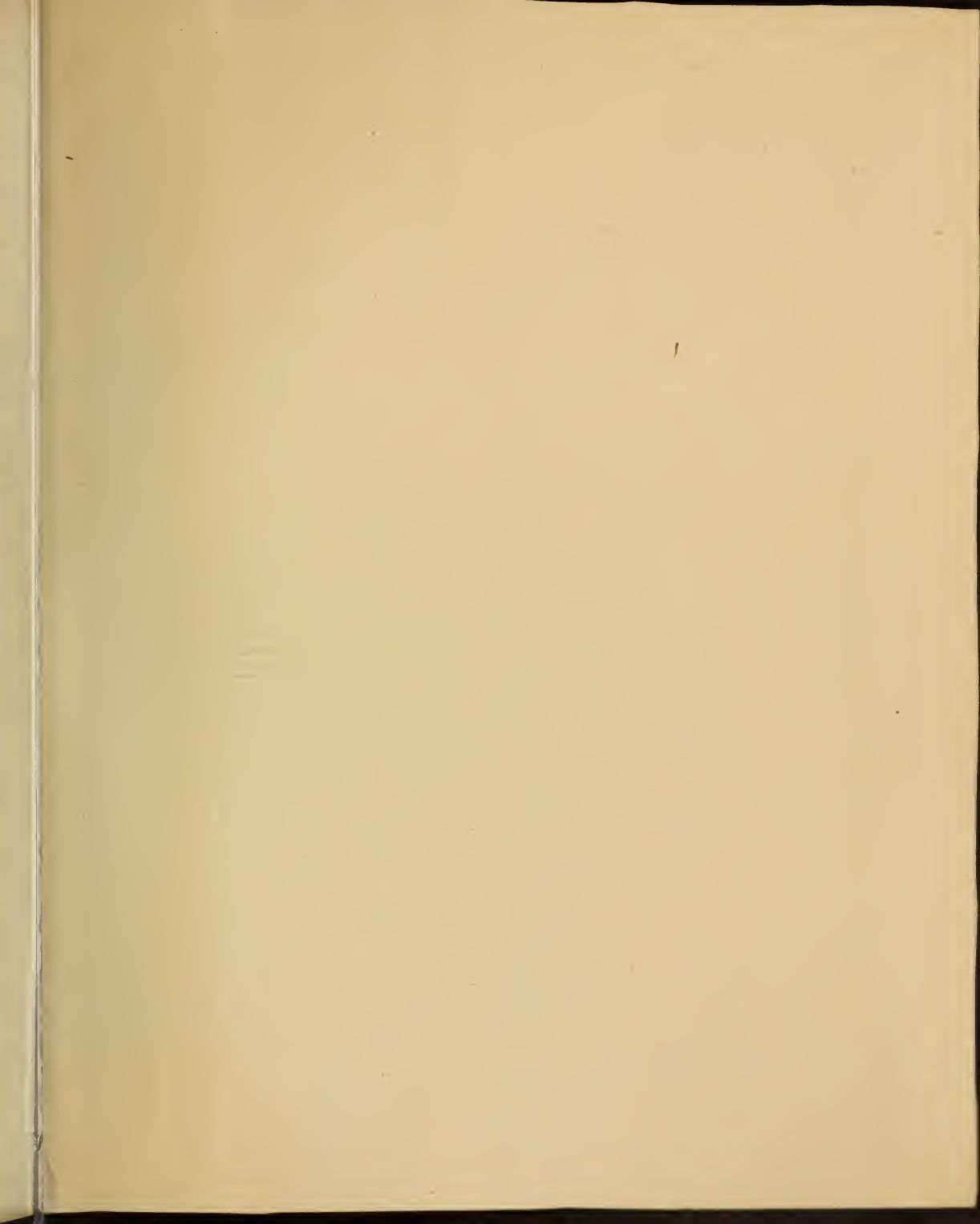
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